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THE NEW YORKER

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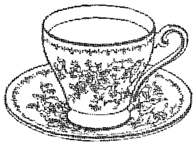

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn. With Paul Shyre, Carole Shelley, Fritz Weaver, Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

All Over Town—A crippled farce by Murray Schisgal. Eleven doors in a set are witty, but not witty enough. Directed by Dustin Hoffman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Bette Midler's Clams on the Half Shell Revue—Bette Midler is more volcanic than clamlike, and a good thing, too. A superstar in the making. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Closes Saturday, June 21.)

Chicago—A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—Twenty-four young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. This brilliant, innovative musical—conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett—is a loving salute to the theatre and to every struggling actor who aspires to be part of it. The performances by the entire company are as near perfect as makes no matter, and so is the entire production. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Dance with Me—A musical mingling of real life and fantasy at a subway stop in Manhattan. Written by and starring Greg Antonacci, aided by members of a young and lively group that calls itself the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Death of a Salesman—A revival of Arthur Miller's 1949 play, with George C. Scott (who also directed) and Teresa Wright. Previews through Wednesday, June 18. Opens officially on Thursday, June 19, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 24. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Diamond Studs—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equus—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Hopkins and Peter Firth, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The First Breeze of Summer—The Negro Ensemble Company's wonderful production of Leslie Lee's interesting play about a crucial weekend in the lives of a fairly prosperous black family. Under Douglas Turner Ward's masterly direction, all the acting is good, and that of Frances Foster, Moses Gunn, a young man called Reyno, and Mr. W. himself especially so. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

The National Lampoon Show—A sharp-witted, brutal, often dirty, and often funny revue. The four young men and one young woman who wrote and perform it are energetic and accomplished—John Belushi in particular. (New Palladium, 120 W. 51st St. 974-6740. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10:15; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:45, and midnight; and Sundays at 7:30.)

The Ritz—Terrence McNally's ingenious farce about the travails of a frightened heterosexual garbage collector in a homosexual bathhouse. Doesn't sound much like "Martin Chuzzlewit"? No, that's right, it doesn't. With Jack Weston and Rita Moreno. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Rodgers & Hart—Many samples of the handiwork of a great team of songwriters. What ought to be a zestful evening goes curiously flat. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Rubbers and Yanks 3 Detroit 0 Top of the Seventh—A double bill by Jonathan Reynolds, directed by Alan Arkin. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Same Time, Next Year—A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Shenandoah—Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sherlock Holmes—A bright revival, under Frank Dunlop's direction, of the William

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THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515

EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

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The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, comptroller; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LI, No. 17, June 16, 1975. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

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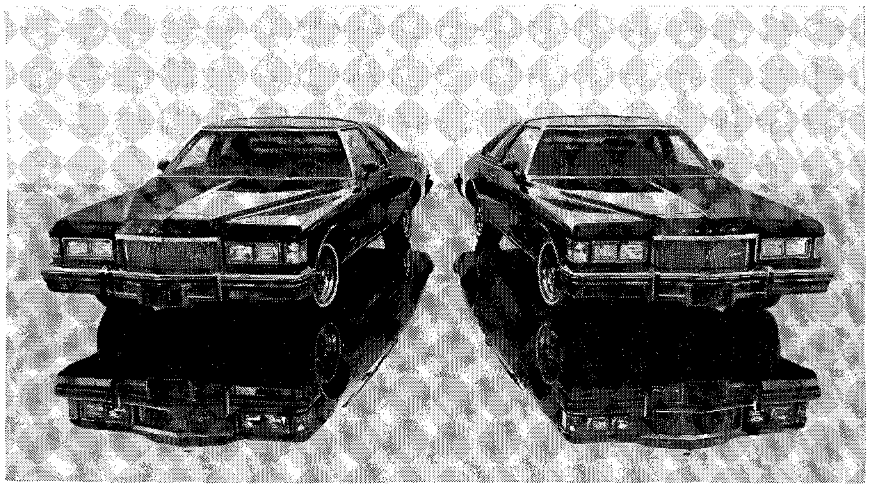

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MARK OF EXCELLENCE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Gillette classic. John Neville is the great, ice-cold ratiocinator. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Taking of Miss Janie—Ed Bullins' powerful, complex, and often funny play about the turbulent sixties. The setting is southern California, and much of the action takes place at a party that three black college roommates give for their black and white friends. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 15.)

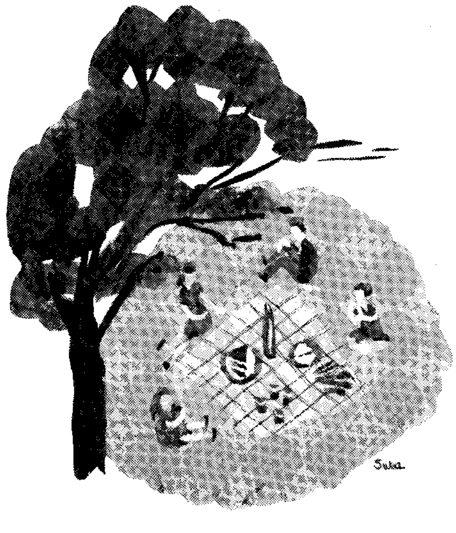
Waiting for Mongo—A melodrama, much of it consisting of the fantasies of a black youngster in Mississippi who is hiding out in a church basement from a lynch mob and the Klan. Silas Jones, the playwright, has written some good lines, and has even managed some effective comedy in the midst of nightmare and tragedy. There is a strong performance by, among others, Bill Cobbs. Douglas Turner Ward directed this final entry in the Negro Ensemble Company's season. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 15.)

What Every Woman Knows—An agreeable revival of the J. M. Barrie play. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Wiz—An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Women Behind Bars—This takeoff on awful old movies, set in the Women's House of Detention in the Village, is often very dirty and almost always very funny. Tom Eyen is the playwright. With the remarkable Madeleine le Roux, as an empty-headed pyromaniac. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CANDIDE:** A triumphant version of the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,297 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white-middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Thursday, June 19, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, June 12, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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BALLET AND DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, June 11, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Thursday, June 12, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Friday, June 13, at 8: "Watermill" and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Saturday, June 14, at 2: "Coppélia."... ¶ Saturday, June 14, at 8: "An Evening's Waltzes," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Sunday, June 15, at 1: "Bugaku," "Pas de Deux," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "Divertimento No. 15." ... ¶ Sunday, June 15, at 7: "Jewels."... ¶ Tuesday, June 17, at 8: "Watermill" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Wednesday, June 18, at 8: "Coppélia."... ¶ Thursday, June 19, at 8: "An Evening's Waltzes," "Symphony in Three Movements," "In the Night," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Friday, June 20, at 8: "Watermill" and "Symphony in C." ... ¶ Saturday, June 21, at 2: "Divertimento No. 15," "Saltarelli," "Pas de Deux," "Scherzo à la Russe," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Saturday, June 21, at 8: "La Source," "Sinfonietta," "In the Night," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 29.)

Stuttgart Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée and evening, June 11: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, June 12-13, and Friday evening, June 20: "Initials R.B.M.E." and "Daphnis and Chloé" (American première).... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, June 14, and Thursday evening, June 19: "The Taming of the Shrew."... ¶ Monday evening, June 16, and Saturday matinée and evening, June 21: "Eugene Onegin."... ¶ Tuesday evening, June 17: "Brouillards," "Arena," and "Voluntaries."... ¶ Wednesday matinée and evening, June 18: "Romeo and Juliet." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—A one-week engagement of a program that consists of "Sports and Follies," "3 Epitaphs," "Duet," "Private Domain," and "Esplanade" (New York première). (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesday through Friday, June 11-13, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, June 14-15, at 2 and 8.)

Nikolais Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Monday, June 30—Wednesday, June 18, at 7:30 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 777-1120); Thursday, June 19, at 5:30; and Saturday, June 21, at 7:30: "Temple" (New York première), "Tensile Involvement from Masks, Props & Mobiles," triple duet from "Grotto," and "Cross-Fade."... ¶ Thursday, June 19, at 8:30: "Sanctum Suite" and "Scenario."... ¶ Friday, June 20, at 5:30: "Alphabet from Allegory," duet from "Somniloquy," trio from "Vaudeville of the Elements," "Noumenon from Masks, Props & Mobiles," and "Foreplay."... ¶ Friday, June 20, at 8:30, and Saturday, June 21, at 3: "The Tribe" (New York première). (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. For information about tickets, call 598-3067.)

Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev with the Martha Graham Dance Company—A single benefit performance of "Lucifer" (especially choreographed by Miss Graham for this occasion), "Swan Lake Pas de Deux," "Seraphic Dialogue," "Night Journey," "Lamentation," and "Diversion of Angels," with commentary by Miss Graham. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Thursday, June 19, at 8.)

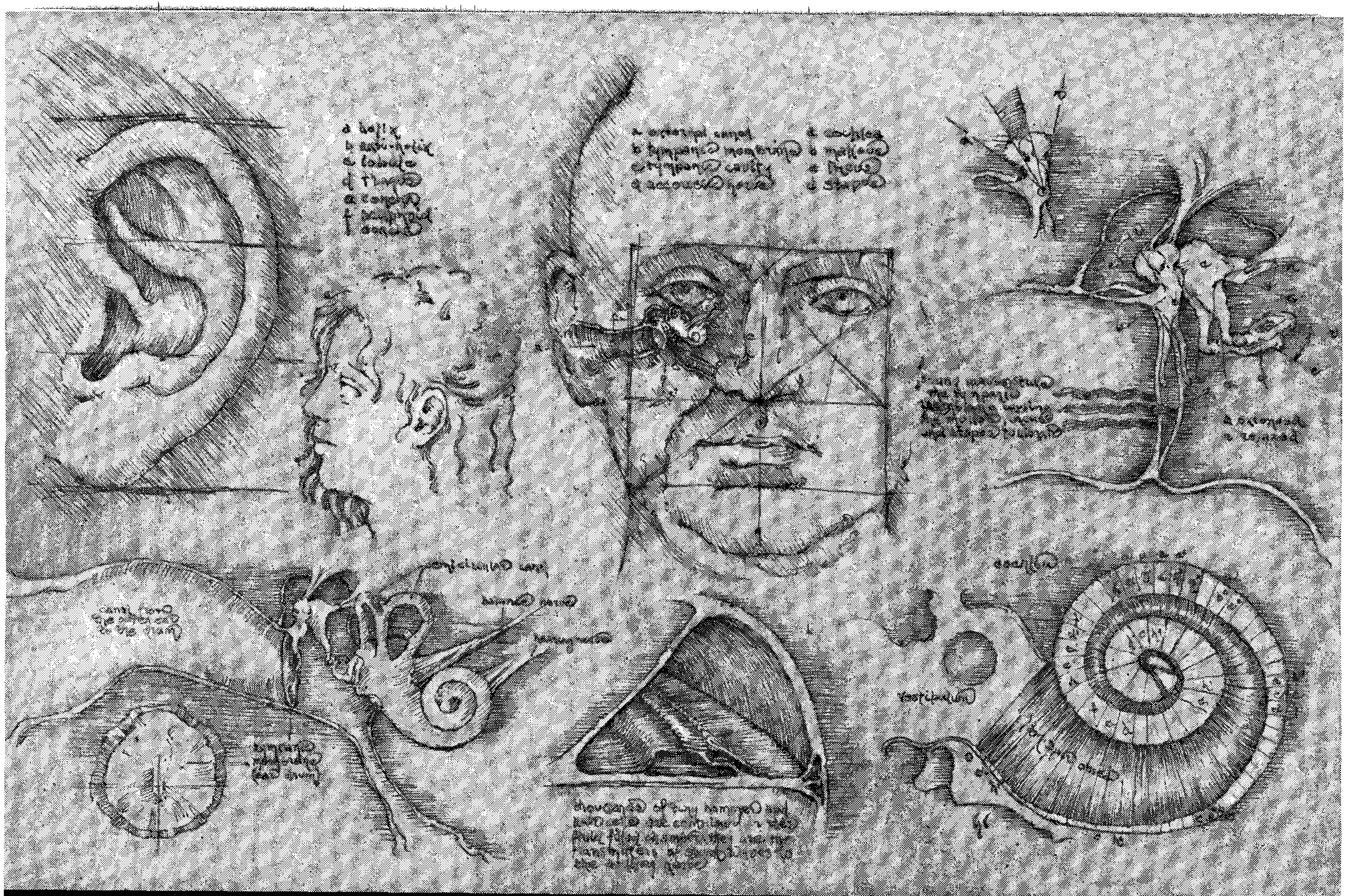
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

•

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**HELEN HUMES** is back, and—barring the last couple of weeks in July, when she will sing at the Cannes Jazz Festival—she will be here through Labor Day, which means that New York this summer will be bearable. After her long retirement, her stay at the Cookery last winter served to get everything aligned—the voice (freighted with a cold a good part of the time), the phrasing, the timing, the confidence. So now she is once again a master popular singer whose second choruses—in the first, she properly and gracefully holds up for display the song as written—are miracles of legato improvisation. For those who weren't around, *this* is how Billie Holiday and Mildred Bailey did it. Her new accompanist—neat, direct, echoing—is Jerry Wiggins, a New York pianist and Art Tatum admirer, who has long lived on the Coast. Johnny Williams, who once worked side by side with Sid Catlett in Teddy Wilson's band at Barney Josephson's Café Society Uptown, is the fine bassist. From eight-thirty to one every night but Sunday, when jazz singer Nancy Harrow appears with pianist Marco Swados and bassist Richard Davis. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—For a long time, jazz was a noisy music. It predated the microphone and was mainly played in theatres and tonks and parks, so it had to shout to be heard. Even the advent of the microphone didn't make that much difference; one was never sure the thing was on or that it worked or that it carried the sound more than ten feet. Then, in the thirties, **RED NORVO** came along. Everything was quiet about Norvo—his voice, the way he played the xylophone and the vibraharp, his vocalist (Mildred Bailey, who was also his wife), and his first band (the first full-time non-Dixieland small band, and a beautiful lights-are-low one at that). He and Mildred Bailey were nicknamed Mr. and Mrs. Swing, but Mr. and Mrs. Subtle would have been better. Norvo, who is now sixty-seven, hasn't changed. The delicate, quiet style, with its whispering runs and spidery double-time figures and love of melody, is intact. And so are his hypnotic and benign mannerisms: his head ducking up and down, he alternately examines each note as it is released and then searches the audience for that Mysterious Presence who has yet to appear. His repertory is cheerful and uncomplicated, and a set will go by with "When You're Smiling," "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To," "Indiana," "You Stepped



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Out of a Dream," "Tea for Two," and "Ida." He does "Ida" with his big flat slap mallets, and it is a funny and engaging bit of vaudeville, which is where Norvo, then Kenneth Norville, got his start. On hand with him at Michael's Pub are Hank Jones, whose playing is equally dulcet; the indefatigable and marvellous Milt Hinton; and Mousey Alexander, whose time is fine but whose sticks are a *little* thunderous. This is choice music, and Norvo, who was once a seemingly permanent part of the New York firmament, isn't here much anymore. If you miss the first show at nine-fifteen, catch the second or third. Closed Sundays; on Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper.

•

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—A pleasant, low-keyed little hideaway just off Sheridan Square, frequented on Monday nights by feverish devotees of Chicago jazz and Dixieland. The Monday-night band, known as the Grove Street Stompers, is composed of avocational musicians: they may just be tired businessmen when they begin, but by eleven-thirty or so, they have taken on the loose and limber and perspiring attributes of authentic jazzmen. The rest of the week—Tuesday through Saturday—is claimed by singer and pianist Mabel Godwin from nine to three. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Reedman Robin Kenyatta wanders from jazz to soul to pop with his quintet through Saturday, June 14. On Monday and Tuesday, June 16-17, drummer Louis Hayes shows up with a five-man group. Guitarist Ted Dunbar begins working with tenor saxophonist Frank Foster, bassist Bob Cranshaw, and drummer David Lee on Wednesday, June 18. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Several well-known and diverse performers are scheduled for the following dates: **Miles Davis,** through Thursday, June 12; rock-and-blues singer Al Kooper, Friday through Sunday, June 13-15; Roger McGuinn and Jimmy Buffett, Monday and Tuesday, June 16-17; and **Charles Mingus** and Novella Nelson, Thursday through Saturday, June 19-21. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner. Closed Wednesday, June 18.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Piano-bass duos in a pleasant, occasionally chaotic dark-pine-walled Village sanctuary. The Monday-through-Saturday musical chores are handled by John Bunch and his bassist Jay Leonhart. On Sundays, **Jaki Byard,** who doesn't seem one bit tired after his band-leading stint an hour or so earlier at the Five Spot, plays enthusiastic sets with his bassist. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine-thirty to one. Dinner.

Buddy's Place, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—The **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis** band—seventeen pieces usually crammed into the Village Vanguard, a conch shell of a night club—has elbowroom to spare in these quarters, although the audiences that come with the room tend to be less devoted. The musicians let go with some studied and unstudied big-band looseness every night (except Sundays), alternating with David Brenner, who tells one-liners. Shows at nine-thirty and midnight. Supper.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **Bobby Short** demonstrates his unique, hard-hitting ways with classic popular songs Tuesdays through Saturdays. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. Short and company go on at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . ¶ Muriel Roberts, an industrious and swinging pianist, has taken over in the Bemelmans Bar, which appears to have become a permanent music room. Mondays through Thursdays from nine to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine, is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club), and Ronnie Cole. On Tuesday, June 17, **Tiny Grimes,** who is usually found uptown at the West End Café playing four-string guitar and wearing a golf cap, pays a visit, along with reedman Eddie Barefield, who played in just about every noteworthy band in the thirties. Red Richards mans the piano nightly beforehand, from five to nine. Closed Sundays.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—**Sun Ra** and His Humanitarian Arkestra Earth Solar Dimensions, a thirteen-person collective, travel through space, time, and, sometimes, the audience. (A few years ago, Sun Ra and his musicians would inevitably leave the stand and march into the audience when they played Slug's.) Through Sunday, June 15. On Tuesday, June 17, the **Cecil Taylor** Unit returns for a three-week engagement. Drummer Andrew Cyrille and saxophonist Jimmy Lyons keep pace with the gymnastic pianist. The music begins after ten. . . . ¶ On Mondays: **Dave Matthews'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from nine-thirty to two. On Sundays from five to nine: the Music Complex Jazz Orchestra, also made up of studio musicians. Like the old territorial bands it resembles, it doesn't always get the right sound in the right place, but it has enthusiasm and several impressive soloists. The pianist **Jaki Byard** acts as the leader. Chinese and American food.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-three-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fancier **Brooks Kerr** works with and learns from drummer **Sonny Greer,** who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist **Russell Procope,** who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, alto saxophonist **Lee Konitz** swaps ideas with pianist Dick Katz and bassist John Beal. Pianist **Al Haig** plays from six to nine every night but Sunday, when he is joined by guitarist Sam Brown and bassist Jamil Nasser for a few sets from four-thirty to nine-thirty.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**Roy Eldridge** will take a brief leave of absence, but he'll be back on Tuesday, June 17. Eldridge's accompanists—Dick Katz or Cyril Haynes on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Joe Muranyi on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—who usually provide camouflage for him during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part, bolster Max Kaminsky, who'll be filling in for Eldridge through Monday, June 16. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky is in charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. Pianist Lance Hayward plays nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Some intricate, super-cool, and lazy rhythm-and-blues is offered up by bassist Gordon Edwards, guitarist Cornell Dupree, pianist Richard Tee, tenorman Charlie Brown, and drummer Chris Parker; most Sundays through Thursdays. Their music is of the puristic, early- and mid-fifties variety—the basic and raw materials, untarnished by sixties and seventies rock-and-roll inflections or soul mannerisms. Friday through Sunday, June 20-22, vibraharpist Roy Ayers pilots a quintet. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Known for years as the Bitter End, these revamped quarters have preserved only the abused-looking brick walls and a multitude of posters, plastered everywhere, which announce coming attractions at the old club. The most noticeable changes or refinements: the school-day pews have been pulled out and replaced with infinitely more comfortable tables and chairs, and the list of ice-cream concoctions has been discarded and replaced by a wine list, by golly, and a menu that features ham-and-cheese sandwiches and Perrier. The double-bill entertainment policy has been retained, although many of the opening acts still tend to be relatively unknown and, sometimes, futureless performers. The adjacent restaurant, also called the Other End, offers more casual proceedings, with fledgling folksingers and other musical types presented after ten. Through Sunday, June 15, **Michal Urbaniak,** the fiery Polish jazz-rock violinist, will be here with his band, Fusion, and his vocalizing wife, Urszula Dudziak. Papa John Phillips and *his* vocalizing wife, Genevieve Waite, whose style is less jazz and more Shirley Temple, arrive on Wednesday, June 18. Shows begin after nine and midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Lainie Kazan is the show (every night, except Sunday, at nine-fifteen and eleven-thirty), but that doesn't really matter. One goes to the Rainbow Grill to dig the Rainbow Grill, which is the only night club in the world one would immediately move into, given the chance. Dining.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—When the Rainbow Room was first described in these pages, more than forty years ago, two qualities were singled out. The first was air-conditioning, which dissipated the haze—"a mixture of cigarette smoke, talc, waiter's venom, and the strange Pontine vapors arising from glasses of gin and ginger ale"—that night-club habitués had grown accustomed to peering through, and thus enabled them to notice the view of the city. The second was an organ, which tinged the "fox trot with an odd piety." The customers here nowadays seem to have adjusted themselves to the novelties of air-conditioning, and the management has wisely done away with the organ. The music is currently provided by **Sy Oliver's** orchestra, which plays gustily rather than piously every night but Sunday. Dinner.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The most exotic night spot for blocks and blocks, with an enthusiastic clientele and a reverence for just about anything campy. Clifton Davis takes time out from a TV series to sing here opposite Arnetia Walker; through Saturday, June 14. On Tuesday, June 17, English singer-composer, bumper-grinder Dana Gillespie returns for a week's stay. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—The music is very much alive and kicking, especially on Monday nights, when **Joe Lee Wilson** sings with a small, fifties-sounding group of jazzmen. Wilson, at thirty-nine, has enjoyed a respected but scarcely remunerative position in the New York jazz hierarchy for some time (he currently runs a music loft at 2 Bond Street), and his album, "Livin' High Off Nickels and Dimes" (on the small Oblivion label), has received wide airplay on New York's two-and-a-half jazz stations. The record shows off Wilson's excellent vocal control and a certain rococo slickness reminiscent of King Pleasure, of Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross, and of other jazz-novelty vocalists; Wilson's live performances are another matter entirely. Wilson is tall and solid and has enough presence to dispel a riot—it's no novelty when he sings Miles Davis's 1958 cooker "Milestones," nor is he playing games when he fires off a version of Davis's "Four," set to lyrics some time ago by Jon Hendricks. The musicians—usually saxophonist Monty Waters, bassist Brian Torff, pianist (and proprietor) Hod O'Brian, Masuo (Sonny Rollins's regular guitarist), and others—don't back Wilson up, they blow along; the interaction between Wilson's voice and Masuo's staccato hard-edge guitar runs seems to be as much a revelation to the musicians as to the listeners. Wilson can make an old chestnut like "Moonlight in Vermont"—a song first turned on its head by Betty Carter some twenty years ago—sound like tomorrow's nervous breakdown. Wilson also does what may be the loosest, gutsiest "Summertime" since Billie Holiday got hold of it in 1936. Some performers play small clubs because they aren't good enough to play elsewhere; Wilson plays them because he's too hot and too good for the flashier houses. Perhaps that's his bad luck and our good luck. Wilson is scheduled for every Monday night in June, as well as for Friday and Saturday, June 13-14. Enrico Rava, an up-and-coming trumpet player, performs with O'Brian, drummer Beaver Harris, and bassist Cameron Brown on Wednesday and Thursday, June 11-12; **CHET BAKER** soloes with the three resident musicians Wednesday through Saturday, June 18-21; and on Sundays, the three—O'Brian, Harris, and Brown—work just as a trio. Music from about ten. Closed Tuesdays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—On Mondays and Tuesdays, **CHET BAKER** returns to this attractive and darkly lit home base. His young and enthusiastic cohorts sometimes forget what page they are on, but they keep him afloat from nine-thirty to two. Altoist **LEE KONITZ** takes command of a nine-piece band on Wednesdays and mellophonist Don Elliott performs with a relaxed quartet on Thursdays. On Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, saxophonist Anatol Gerasimov heads up his quartet. Sundays, from nine to two, are given over to the guitar duo of **JOE PUMA** and **CHUCK WAYNE,** who exchange more notes than there are begats.

Studio 77 / Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The Revolutionary Ensemble, a trio comprising violinist **LEROY JENKINS,** drummer **JEROME COOPER,** and bassist **SIRONE,** works through some heady, out-there material Thursday through Sunday, June 12-15. On Tuesday, June 17, **RASHIED ALI,** an amazingly gifted percussionist (and proprietor of this SoHo loft), begins playing again with his intense, free-form quintet. Music from ten to three. Soul food and nonalcoholic beverages.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An airy, spacious restaurant with clear-varnished pine-panelled walls, a picture window filled with lush hanging plants, a black-marble-topped bar, and an acoustically perfect corner where the musicians are to be found. Pianist Ray Bryant lurks in that corner through Sunday, June 15. On Wednesday, June 18, John Abercrombie, a way-out guitarist, arrives with a trio. Music from eight on Sundays, from nine on Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Tangerine, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The fine Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—A lively though scarcely palatial evening haunt comprising two enclosed sidewalk galleries—affording views of the Bowery—and a large inner room with exposed-brick walls and a black ceiling of hand-pressed tin. Nothing much happens until around ten-thirty, when, on Wednesdays and Thursdays **ATTILA ZOLLER,** a fine, lyrically swinging guitar picker, leads a trio. Drummer **ROY HAYNES** takes his sturdy, youthful quintet through some familiar and still moving numbers on Fridays and Saturdays. **LEE KONITZ** and his nine-piece outfit have laid claim to Sunday nights. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Pianist Ahmad Jamal, who once estimated he has played "Poinciana" about a hundred thousand times, is currently sequestered at the Top of the Gate with his quintet. Tuesdays through Sundays from ten to two.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Smoky, stuffy, and cramped, this illustrious basement institution continues to present some of the best jazzmen in the world. Subtle and soothing blues classicist **MILT JACKSON** leads his quartet through Sunday, June 15. On Tuesday, June 17, **PHAROAH SANDERS,** an ever-exciting tenor saxophonist with an unrestrained, joyously wailing style, arrives with his lively quintet. Mondays have been turned over to **GIL EVANS** and his youthful, up-to-date, highly percussive sixteen-piece aggregation. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: Mondays through Wednesdays, David Lahm is at the keyboard, and Thursdays through Sundays, pianist Nat Jones works with a bassist. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students. The music that is keeping the students here during the break before the summer session begins is neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams, Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary take the stand. Wednesdays and Thursdays, **TINY GRIMES,** a four-string tenor guitarist, plays bebopping blues with bassist Brian Torff and Shelton Gary. Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Saturdays and Sundays are claimed by drummer **JO JONES,** tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette, trumpeter Taft Jordan (the Chick Webb and Ellington alumnus), and Ram Ramirez. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS

Chicago and The Beach Boys—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday through Sunday, June 12-15, at 7:30.

Fats Domino—With the Persuasions and others. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, at 7 and 11. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.)

Louisiana Red and Blues Band—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, June 15, at 3, 4, and 5. No tickets necessary.

Highlights in Jazz—Chet Baker's quartet, plus Frank Foster and the Loud Minority. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Monday, June 16, at 8.)

Renaissance—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday through Sunday, June 20-22, at 8.

Eddie and Charlie Palmieri—With others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, June 21, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Kermit Adler—Watercolors of food (outsize strawberries, for instance, and cookies and milk) and flowers; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, June 21. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

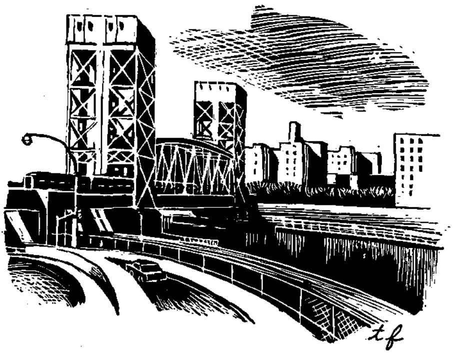
Marc Chagall—Graphics, plus six paintings. Through June 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—Twenty-nine of his boxes done between the late forties and the sixties, a display of memorabilia, and ten collages of the mid-sixties. Through Saturday, June 14. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

George Grosz (1883-1959)—A selection of watercolors and ink drawings from the Berlin period (prurient Prussians, mostly), and a few domesticated-looking oil portraits of the same era. Through June 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Nancy Hagin—Everyday studio clutter is organized into carefully detailed still-lifes and interiors in these realistic paintings; first solo show in New York. Through Friday, June 13. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Jeannette Judson—Recent paintings of abstract geometric patterns. Through Friday, June 13. (Syracuse University Lubin House Gallery, 11 E. 61st St.)



Alberto Magnelli (1888-1971)—Examples of his early figurative paintings, as well as abstractions from later periods. Through June 28. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Reuben Nakian—Bronze and terra-cotta figures, plus some drawings, by this well-known Expressionist sculptor. Through July 2. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Norman Rockwell—A benefit loan show of his slick, all-American magazine-cover designs, oil sketches, and other works. Through June 28. (Gallery 1020, 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays.)

David Smyth—Eleven drawings, done with a few ruled pastel strokes on a dark background. Through July 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Dorothy Tabak—Abstract collage landscapes. Through Saturday, June 14. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Michael Tetherow—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, June 14. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St.)

Jean Xceron (1890-1967)—Neat, small-scale abstract watercolors, and a few larger oils. Through June 28. (Zarre, 20 E. 69th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Sculptures by Willard Boepple, David Smith, and Anthony Caro, together with paintings by Olitski, Matta, and others. Through July 31. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.). . . **ALEXANDER,** 26 E. 78th St.: Prints by James McNeill Whistler, Childe Hassam, Mary Nimmo, and Thomas Moran, on loan from the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design. Through June 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.). . . **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: A tenth-anniversary show of "small works." Among the artists: Lynne Drexler, Shozo Nagano, and Roy Shifrin. Through Saturday, June 14. . . . **BORGENICHT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Small-scale landscapes by March Avery, John MacWhinnie, Paul Resika, and numerous other painters. Through Friday, June 20. . . . **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Painters and sculptors whose recent work is on exhibit include John Wesley, Charles Arnoldi, and Isaac Witkin. Through July 31. . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by five new talents. Through June 27. . . . **GIMPEL,** 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings completed in the forties and fifties by eight first-generation Abstract Expressionists from the New York School: Brooks, Gottlieb, Gorky, Hofmann, Kline, Pollock, Reinhardt, and Tomlin. Through July 18. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.). . . **KNOEDLER CONTEMPORARY ART,** 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings by a group including Motherwell, Stella, and Poons. Through July 31. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings by Pierre Alechinsky, Horst Antes, Asger Jorn, and other gallery artists. Through June 27. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **NICHOLLS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Flora and Fauna," a show of cartoons, magazine-cover designs, and watercolors by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through July 18. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.). . . **RAYDON,** 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: An exhibition in honor of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the National Academy of Design, with works covering the full span of years by artists associated with the academy. They include A. H. Wyant, Hiram Powers, and William Glackens. Through July 31. . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: The gallery is showing realist works by painters who have not had solo shows. Through July 11. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **SHEPHERD,** 21 E. 84th St.: Odd bits of nineteenth-century French figurative art, with smatterings of Ingres, Chassériau, Puvis de Chavannes, and so on. Through June 28. . . . **STONE,** 48 E. 86th St.: Works in a variety of mediums. Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Max Bill / Brett Whiteley—Paintings and sculptures by this Swiss artist, a Bauhaus graduate who took up where Mondrian left off and has worked his way through (and out of, he says) mathematical concepts of art. / Ink drawings with a kind of Oriental dash, by an Australian artist. Through Saturday, June 14. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Edward Hicks (1780-1849)—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings by the American folk artist, who turned out sixty or more versions of the Peacable [*sic*] Kingdom, several of which are included here. Through June 28. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966) / **Pat Lipsky**—Late paintings. Through June 27. / New abstract paintings. Through Friday, June 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Claudio Marzollo—Mirrored shadow boxes filled with orderly patterns of small geometric objects—cubes, balls, parallelepipeds—that glow and glimmer in the dark, changing colors and intensity in an arhythmic pattern of light. Through June 27. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Yvonne Muller—Large abstracts: waterfalls of color, mostly muted in tone. First solo show in New York. Through June 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Isamu Noguchi—Polished and sandblasted stainless-steel sculptures, 1958-74. Through Friday, June 20. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Leon Polk Smith—New hard-edge paintings and collages. Through Saturday, June 21. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ARRAS**, 29 W. 57th St.: Tapestries, sculptures, and paintings by Norman Laliberté, Kosso Eloul, Jeff Hoare, and others. Through Sept. 5. . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: A showing of works by gallery artists who will have one-man shows here later in the year, among them William Fares (geometric abstractions), Ed Kerns (collages), and Nina Yankowitz, who is represented by a painting done in rows of colorful acrylic drippings (they look like musical notations) on a coarsely woven, unstretched fabric. Through July 31. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Regular gallery artists, among them Philip Pearlstein and Joan Brown, along with guest exhibitors. Through July 31. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: The American West depicted in various mediums by Charles M. Russell, Frederic Remington, and others. Through July 3. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Margit Varga, William Palmer, and Robert Vickrey. Through July 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures, most of them never shown before, by gallery regulars, among them Jillian Denby, Stephen Pace, and Jackie Ferrara. Through June 26. (Closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Stephen Antonakos—Vibrant-colored neon tubing is used in these simple, geometric wall sculptures, which cut a fine figure on a solid-white background. Through June 25. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

H. Aoki—A series of paintings of maps in which various bits of Vermont topography are superimposed on Manhattan Island. Through June 26. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Peter Capurso / Peter van der Does—Large, neatly balanced designs involving conventionalized elements (water, bricks, turtles) by a Sag Harbor painter. / Somber abstracts achieved by mixing roofing tar with sand or sawdust and applying it to board. Through June 28. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Francis Colburn—Landscapes of Vermont; first one-man show in New York. Through Thursday, June 19. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Stephanie Kirschen Cole—Collages made from fabric, stitching, and cancelled postage stamps. Through Saturday, June 14. (Benedek, 145 Spring St.)

Robert Ellis—Interiors (many with views out of a window) that combine a painted surface with photosensitized-paper collages; first one-man show in New York. Through Thursday, June 19. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

M. C. Escher (1898-1972)—A show (entrance fee: $1) of original prints, many of them being seen here for the first time, by this Dutch artist. Through Sept. 30. (Vorpal, 465 West Broadway. Open Sundays, 1 to 6.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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15	16	17	18	19	20	21

Gisela Fischer—Drawings in mixed mediums, some incorporating cast cement; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, June 21. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Michael Goldberg—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, June 14. (Cunningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Marcia Hafif—Large color-field paintings, including one done directly on the wall. Through July 31. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Don Johnson / James Torlakson—Stuffed, sewn, and painted works based on the theme of fishing. / Photo-Realist watercolors depicting various vehicles in urban settings. Through June 25. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Beverly Pepper—Three big, angular steel sculptures, plus models and photographs of other works by this artist. Through June 27. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Three large pieces. Through Sept. 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Shows—At the **AAMES**, 93 Prince St.: Ten artists, most of whom have not exhibited previously, showing works in many mediums. Through Saturday, June 14. . . . **A.I.R.**, 97 Wooster St.: Works by all the members of this women's coöperative. Through Wednesday, June 18. . . . **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: A huge checkerboard pattern in bright colors, ten feet high and thirty feet long, by Robert Swain, dominates a showing of paintings and drawings by gallery artists. Through June 28. . . . **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St.: Jennifer Bartlett, Edwin Ruda, and Joel Shapiro are among the artists showing paintings and sculptures. Through June 28. . . . **O. K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Ralph Goings, John Salt, and other artists showing paintings, and Mark Miller showing a conceptual piece. Through Saturday, June 14. . . . **SOHO 20**, 99 Spring St.: A variety of mediums by nine invited women artists. Through June 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . **WEST-BROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway: Paintings, sculptures, and other works by such gallery members as Jeffrey Burtch, Wallace French, and Gabriele Roos. Through June 24.

OTHER GALLERIES

Owen Morrel—Two pieces combining wood, mirrors, aluminum, and light. Both works also use live reptiles. Through Friday, June 13. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Anne Tabachnick—Paintings and drawings of still-lifes and landscapes. Through June 30. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Manuel Alvarez Bravo—Photographs taken during the last fifty years by a Mexican artist. Through June 28. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Paul Diamond / Bernard Pierre Wolff—Autobiographical photographs. / Photographs of India by a French-born artist who makes his home here. Through June 27. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Françoise Nicolas Fried / Janet Garstka—Dye transfers. / Color photographs. Through Friday, June 20. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Eikoh Hosoe / David Freund—A series of narrative landscapes taken in Japan, most of them including a man costumed and made up as a Kabuki actor. / Suburban views of houses and trees. Through June 28. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Irving Penn—Fourteen large platinum-print portraits, all done between 1972 and 1974, of cigar and cigarette butts. Through Aug. 3. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

W. Eugene Smith and Aileen M. Smith—An exhibition chronicling the long struggle of the victims of "Minamata disease"—mercury poisoning from industrial wastes dumped into the sea—to get reparation from the plastics company responsible. Through June 29. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Dan Williams—Prints of the human figure and landscapes, based on social themes. Through July 16. (Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St. Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

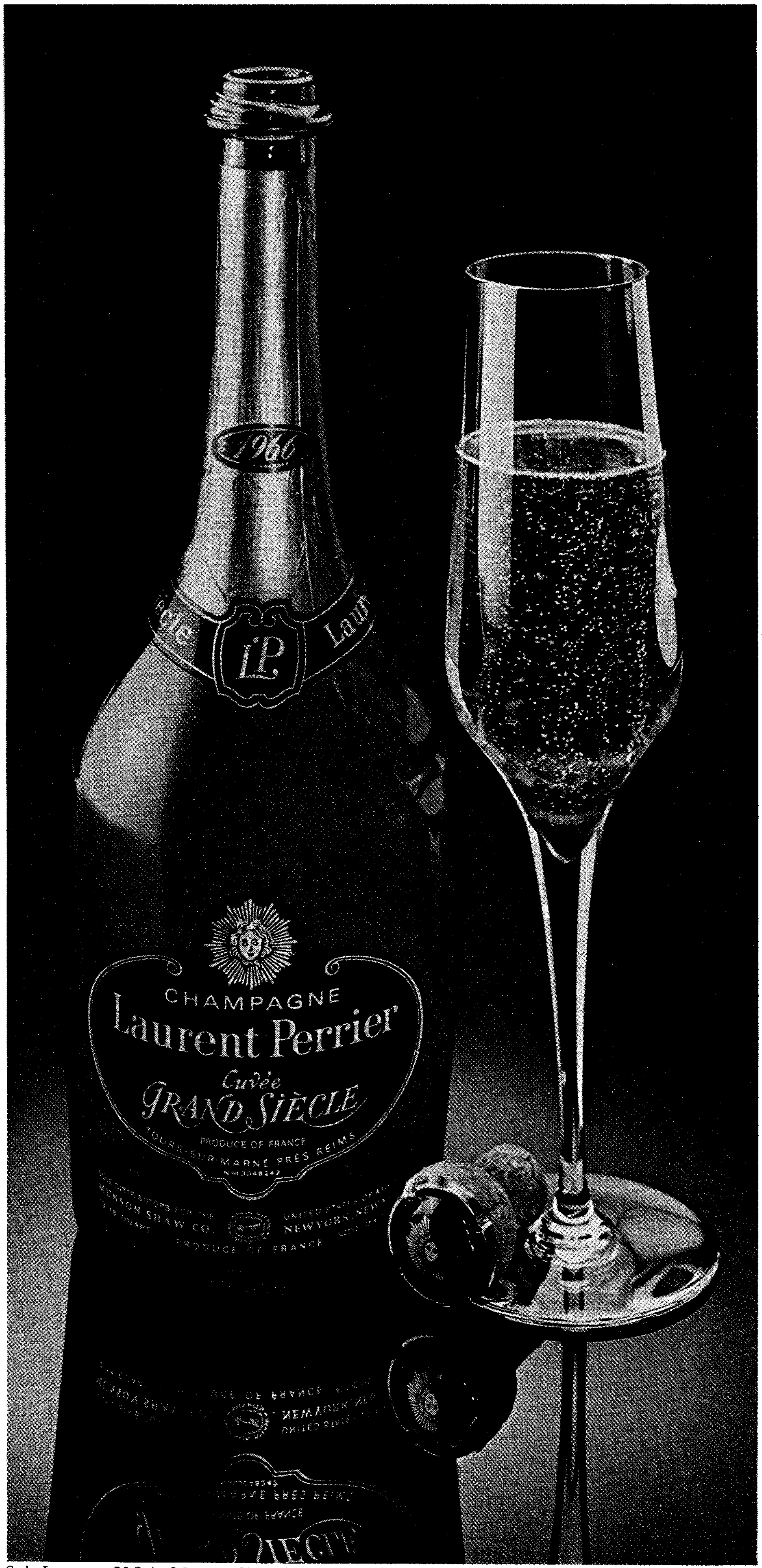
Group Shows—At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: A survey of landscape photography—on loan from many institutions—of the American West, 1860-85, with examples by Carlton E. Watkins, Timothy H. O'Sullivan, Eadweard Muybridge, A. J. Russell, William Henry Jackson, and William Bell. Also on view are such items as a glass-plate camera from the period and stereo cards mounted in hand-operated viewers. Through July 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.) . . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: An exhibition on varied themes by nine artists. Through June 29. (Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Robert Lehman Collection (some three hundred European paintings, more than a thousand drawings, as well as medieval and Renaissance bronzes, tapestries, furniture, glass, majolica, textiles, and jewelry) in a new and permanent installation, a section of which is a reconstruction of seven rooms from the Lehman residence. . . . ¶ An exhibition—part of a cultural exchange with Russia—of artifacts recovered from tombs of pre-Christian nomadic cultures. Included are ornate Scythian gold carvings (almost all for personal adornment) and objects of bronze, wood, felt, horn, and iron. Through July 13. . . . ¶ Recent paintings, among them eight large triptychs, by the contemporary British artist Francis Bacon. Through June 29. . . . ¶ "French Painting 1774-1830: The Age of Revolution," an exhibition jointly organized by the museum, the National Museums of France, and the Detroit Institute of Arts to bring together works by famous artists of this period (Ingres, Delacroix, and David, for instance) and those by comparatively obscure painters. Starts Friday, June 13. . . . ¶ Twenty-four bronze representations of Buddhist and Hindu deities, from India, Pakistan, and Southeast Asia, dating from the fourth century to the thirteenth. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ An exhibition of landscape photography of the American West. Through July 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the sculptures of the British abstractionist Anthony Caro, including about thirty large-scale pieces (mainly painted steel) and a few table pieces. Through July 6. . . . ¶ Drawings, all done between 1920 and 1929, by Moholy-Nagy, Sheeler, Léger, and others. Through Sunday, June 15. . . . ¶ Black-and-white videotapes (made by Vito Acconci, Joan Jonas, and others) are being shown weekdays from 11 to 2 and Sundays from noon to 2 in the auditorium gallery through July 31. . . . ¶ An exhibition of photographs by Irving Penn. Through Aug. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, recitals, and such.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan survey of the works on paper (gouaches, mostly) of Marc Chagall, supplemented by fourteen oils (half of them borrowed from other institutions). Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ An exhibit from the museum's collection of works completed in the sixties and seventies by Americans, among them Dan Flavin, Agnes Martin, and Jack



Sole Importer U.S.A., Munson Shaw Co., New York City

Laurent Perrier is one of the world's three great Champagnes

(Many Frenchmen consider it the greatest of all)

If you are now learning about Laurent Perrier Champagne for the first time, blame it on Gallic pride. The French are notorious for keeping the best for themselves.

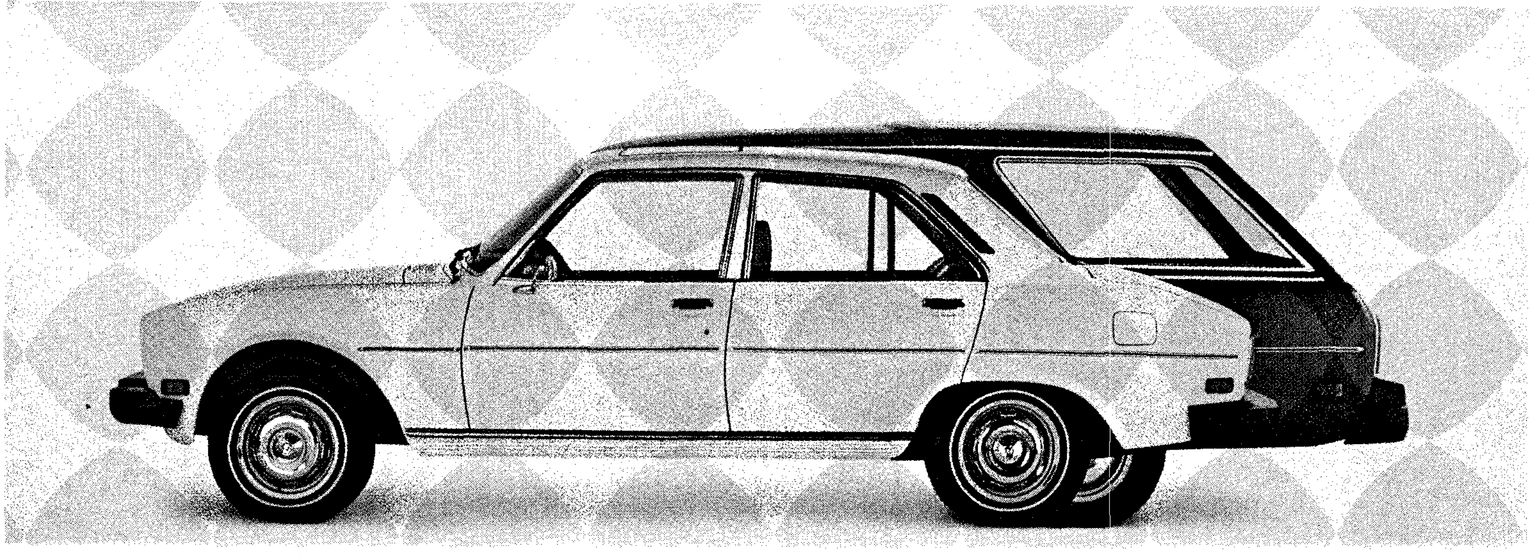
Ask any group of French wine connoisseurs to name the three greatest Champagnes, and Laurent Perrier Grand Siècle will turn up on list after list. In fact, such prominent French authorities as Henri Gault and Christian Millau regularly rank Laurent Perrier Grand Siècle among the very top Champagnes. It is a perfect combination of exceptional dryness, exquisite flavor, and just the right amount of effervescence.

Munson Shaw is now importing this delicious Champagne in limited quantities. Laurent Perrier Grand Siècle (very grand, indeed) is about $22 a bottle. Laurent Perrier Blanc de Blancs is about $15 a bottle.

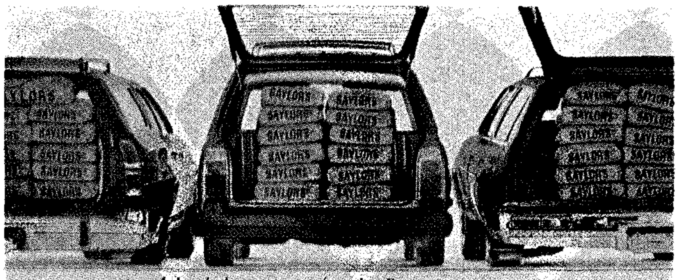
You will find Laurent Perrier at better liquor stores. If yours hasn't received their quota yet, ask your man to order it.

MUNSON SHAW IMPORTS

◀ *This Baccarat glass is named after Laurent Perrier Champagne. It is a proper glass for drinking Champagne. Narrow, so the effervescence won't disappear so fast. Tulip-shaped, to hold the bouquet.*



The Peugeot 504 wagon. It's not just a squared-off sedan.



A loaded argument for the Peugeot wagon: Each car contains 16 bags of cement totaling 1410 pounds.

Unlike wagons that are little more than modified sedans, the Peugeot wagon has been engineered from the ground up to be a wagon.

When you put it up against our sedan you can see a little of what we mean.

The Peugeot wagon is a whole foot longer than our sedan, with a six-inch longer wheelbase. We also gave it a roof that's higher in back than in front, so you don't have to strain your back loading things into it.

When you look underneath the two cars, you can see a little more of what we mean.

The Peugeot sedan has fully independent suspension. The Peugeot wagon has a heavy-duty solid rear axle.

The Peugeot sedan has two coil springs in back. The Peugeot wagon has four.

As a result, the Peugeot wagon has the brawn to carry 1410 pounds of just about anything (including cement bags).

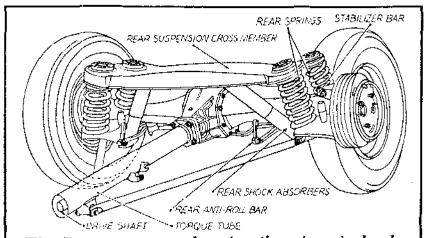
But while the Peugeot wagon is built to do what a wagon should do, it's also built to do what most wagons don't do: handle like a sedan.

So it also has rack-and-pinion steering, Michelin steel-belted radial tires, and anti-sway bars front and back. And to help you handle the price of gas, it has an economical four-cylinder engine. (We also make the only diesel station wagon sold in America.)

But hauling and handling aren't the only virtues of a Peugeot wagon. It's also built to hold up.

We make sure of that by making most of our own parts. And by inspecting every single part at least once, whether we made it or not.

In all, it takes 46,000 quality checks to make a Peugeot. And every Peugeot we make is test-driven over a special track.



The Peugeot wagon has 4 coil springs in back instead of just two.

But you can't really appreciate a Peugeot wagon unless you drive one. At Peugeot dealers in every state across the country, you can do just that. And at many of them, you can take a Peugeot for a 24-hour Trial.

Which may sound like we're sticking our neck out. But we've been building cars since 1889. And when you've been at it that long, you build up a little confidence.

PEUGEOT
A different kind of luxury car.

© 1975 Peugeot Inc.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Tworkov. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A restoration—in spirit, anyway—of the old, Eighth Street, Whitney is the setting for a survey of American painting from 1900 to 1932. The exhibition traces the development of the museum since its inception in Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's Studio Club, where members of The Eight and later luminaries, like Guy Pène du Bois, Edward Hopper, George Bellows, and Reginald Marsh, gathered for evening sketch classes. As time went on, the Whitney Museum became *the* channel for the mainstream of American art, and practically all the masterpieces of that early era are on view here. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ The influence of the sea and the shore on art is the subject of a show of paintings, sculptures, and scrimshaw, dating from the seventeenth century to the early twentieth, with examples by Winslow Homer, Robert Salmon, and others. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century drawings (including watercolors) from the museum's collection, by George Ault, Georgia O'Keeffe, Alexander Calder, and others. Through July 13. . . . ¶ Oils by Jo Baer. Through July 13. . . . ¶ Videotapes (some of them by Nam June Paik, Lynda Benglis, and Peter Campus) are being shown daily at 12, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday) in the museum's theatre through Wednesday, June 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings by, among others, Thomas Cole, Arthur B. Davies, and Albert Pinkham Ryder. Through June 29. . . . ¶ More than a hundred prints, all of them acquisitions of retiring curator Jo Miller, with examples by Bonnard, Hockney, Henry Moore, and others. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Fourteenth- to sixteenth-century Southeast Asian ceramics. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A loan show of about fifty-five Japanese screen and scroll paintings from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Aug. 10. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A loan show of works (paintings, sculptures, pottery, textiles, for example) by contemporary artists from nine African countries. Through Aug. 17. . . . ¶ A loan exhibit of thirty handwoven Egyptian tapestries. Through July 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's awards, among them the artists Paul Cadmus, George L. K. Morris, and Claes Oldenburg, and the poet Mark Strand. Through Sunday, June 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred and twenty-five drawings, most of them being shown for the first time, by a pivotal figure in American painting, Benjamin West (1738-1820). Among the works on display are the preliminary sketches for many of his historical and religious paintings, as well as drawings by his son Raphael Lamar West. . . . ¶ Thirty recent acquisitions to the Mary Flagler Cary Music Collection, including the manuscripts for Brahms' "Hungarian Dances," and John Cage's "Three Dances." Both exhibitions through July 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—"Three Centuries of the American Nude," an exhibition stretching from a few works on classical themes by West, Peale, and Copley to the Pop and superrealist work of Ramos, Rivers, Wesselmann, de Andrea, and Pearlstein. Through July 13. . . . ¶ Contemporary Spanish painters. Through June 29. . . . ¶ A selection of porcelain, stoneware, and faïence from the Royal Copenhagen Manufactory, typifying the company's designs from 1775 to the present. Through Sunday, June 15. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit (from the library's Berg Collection) centered on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning and containing first editions, autograph manuscripts and letters, and related memorabilia. Through Nov. 1. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and drawings by a realist, Arthur Coppedge. Through June 30. . . . ¶ Photographs by Dan Williams. Through July 16. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459.)

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Andre Kostelanetz conducting the final concerts of the "Promenades" season. A benefit repeat performance of "Soirée Parisienne" on Wednesday, June 11, at 8:30 (with Ruth Welting, soprano; for information about tickets, call TR 9-8415); and "Music for Great Concert Halls" Thursday through Saturday, June 12-14, at 8:30 (with Ruggiero Ricci, violin). . . . ¶ Pierre Boulez conducting the opening performances of a two-week series of "Rug Concerts," at 8, that will run through Sunday, June 29. The orchestra will be in the round (some of the audience will be seated on the floor), and divided into varying sizes. Wednesday, June 18, orchestra of seventy (no soloists); Thursday, June 19, orchestra of thirty-five (with Ursula Oppens and André Michel Schub, pianos, and Richard Fitz and Gordon Gottlieb, percussion); Friday, June 20, orchestra of thirty-five (with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, and Gerard Schwarz, trumpet); and Saturday, June 21, orchestra of seventy (no soloists).

Orchestra of the State of Mexico—Enrique Batiz conducting, with Alfonso Moreno, guitar. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, June 13, at 8.)

Elaine Comparone—Harpsichord, in a program of music by the Bach family. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, June 18, at 8:30.)

Benefit Concerts—Larry Adler, harmonica; Paul Draper, tap-dancer; Aaron Rosand, violin; Louis Bagger, Frances Cole, Kenneth Cooper, and Elizabeth Chojnacka, harpsichord; and Ellis Larkins, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, June 15, at 8.) . . . ¶ Joseph Fuchs, violin; Maralin Niska, soprano; Judy Collins, folksinger; David Amram, French horn; Fred Sherry, cello; and others. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, June 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 247-2250.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Sunday, June 15, at 8:15: Preservation Hall Jazz Band. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 17, at 7: Lynyrd Skynyrd, Wet Willie, and Atlantis. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 18, at 8:15: Margot Fonteyn and the Chicago Ballet. . . . ¶ Friday, June 20, at 8:15: Herbie Mann and Joe Farrell. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 21, at 8:15: Ramsey Lewis and Stanley Turrentine. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—METS: Vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, June 20, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 21, at 2:15. . . . YANKEES: Vs. Minnesota, Wednesday, June 11, at 8, and Thursday, June 12, at 4:15. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, at 8, and Sunday, June 15, at 2. . . . ¶ Milwaukee, Monday, June 16, at 8; Tuesday, June 17, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader); and Wednesday, June 18, at 8.

Racing—At BELMONT: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, July 26. The Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 14; the Fashion, Sunday, June 15; and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 21. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 4. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, July 28.

Soccer—New York Cosmos vs. Toronto. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Wednesday, June 18, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.)

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis—New York Sets vs. Indiana, Wednesday, June 11, at 8. . . . ¶ New York Sets vs. Phoenix, Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, at 8. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 19. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

Yachting—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, Saturday, June 14.

ET ALIA

Flower Show—The June Flower Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, June 18, from noon to 6.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, June 11, at 2: English and Continental porcelains, belonging to a number of collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 12, at 2: Old Master paintings, from various owners. . . . ¶ Friday, June 13, at 2: American and English furniture and decorations, from many owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 17, at 10:15, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 18-19, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese works of art, including paintings, netsuke, and lacquerware; Japanese and Korean drawings; and Southeast Asian sculptures and other works of art. From many sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 12. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 17, at 2: Modern paintings, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 12. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 17, at 8: Japanese prints, from the Edith Ehrman Collection. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 12.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Sam Waterston in HAMLET, directed by John Pasquin. The first of two plays to be presented by the troupe. Free performances start on Wednesday, June 18, and will run through Saturday, July 19. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 10. (First concert on Wednesday, June 18—in the event of rain, next evening—at 8; thereafter, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8.)

Wollman Rink—Opening performances in the Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval, running through Saturday, Sept. 13. Monday, June 16, at 6:30: Tony Bennett and Lionel Hampton. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 18, at 7: Bob Marley and the Wailers. . . . ¶ Friday, June 20, at 7: Joe Cocker and the Alex Harvey Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 21, at 7: Leslie West and Thee Image. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Rhythm on the River—The river is the Hudson, the vehicle is the S.S. Duchess, and the music (four hours' worth) on Wednesday, June 18, will be supplied by Mongo Santamaria and Jackie Paris and Anne Marie Moss. (Boarding at Battery Park at 7. For information about tickets, call 541-4235.)

Flea Market—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. at 25th St., is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Lancelot of the Lake."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through June 14: "Show Boat" and "Roberta."
June 15: "A Tale of Two Cities" and "The Prisoner of Zenda."
June 16: "Ben-Hur" and "The Son-Daughter."
June 17: "Today We Live" and "The Road to Glory."
June 18-19: "Les Misérables" and "Men in White."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through June 17: "Amarcord" and "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."
From June 18: "Young Frankenstein" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Saturday Night at the Baths."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 17: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."
From June 18: "Young Frankenstein."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"French Connection II."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Eiger Sanction."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Love and Death."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"French Connection II."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through June 17: "Children of Rage."
From June 18: To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Nashville."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Fortune."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Saturday Night at the Baths."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through June 12: "Cornbread, Earl and Me."
From June 13: "Sisters."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
June 11: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" and "Tristana."
June 12: "Joe" and "Save the Tiger."
June 13: "Psycho" and "The Birds."
June 14: "Chinatown" and "Rosemary's Baby."
June 15: "Ulysses" and "Tropic of Cancer."
June 16: "This Sporting Life" and "If . . ."
June 17: "The Wild Bunch" and "Straw Dogs."
June 18: "The Landlord" and "Harold and Maude."
June 19: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" and "Outback."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Day of the Locust."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nashville."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Shampoo."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Shampoo."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Eiger Sanction."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Le Chat."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Funny Lady."

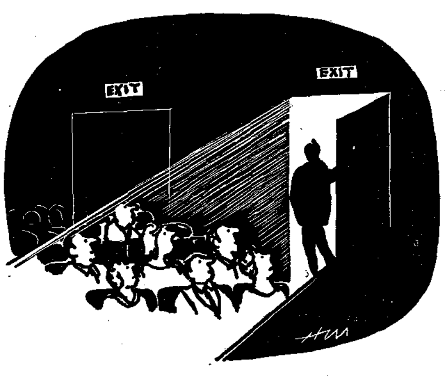
72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 17: "Airport 1975."
From June 18: "The Passenger."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through June 17: "Blazing Saddles."
From June 18: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through June 17: "Stavisky."
From June 18: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Night Moves."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"A Woman Under the Influence."



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Breakout."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through June 17: "Lepke."
From June 18: "Once Is Not Enough."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Mandingo."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Cornbread, Earl and Me."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (Separate admissions; call 674-2560 for particulars.)
June 11: "Woman in the Dunes" / "The Fall" / "Reflections."
June 12: "Woman in the Dunes" / "Potemkin" / "Reflections."
June 13: "The Music Lovers" / "Morgan!" / "Reflections."
June 14: "Painters Painting" / "Reflections" / "Morgan!" / "The Music Lovers."
June 15: "Children of Paradise" / "Reflections" / "To Catch a Thief" / "The Music Lovers."
June 16: "To Catch a Thief" / "Reflections" / Films by Ira Wohl.
June 17: "Two-Lane Blacktop" / "Miss Julie" / "Reflections."
June 18: "Two-Lane Blacktop" / "White Reindeer" / "Reflections."
June 19: "Two-Lane Blacktop" / "The Seven Samurai" / "Reflections."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Shampoo."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"And Now My Love."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through June 17: "Aloha, Bobby and Rose."
From June 18: To be announced.

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through June 17 at one or another of the theatres: "Young Frankenstein" and "Harold and Maude" / "Stavisky" and "Breathless" / "Nurith." . . . ¶ Through June 14: "Diabolique" and "The Lady Vanishes." . . . ¶ June 15-17: "My Man Godfrey" and "Made for Each Other."
From June 18: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
June 11: "Little Big Man" and "The Last Movie."
June 12: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" and "The Decameron."
June 13-14: "Take the Money and Run" and "Serpico."
June 15: One performance, at noon, of "Marat/Sade."
June 15-16: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" and "Steelyard Blues."
June 17: "The Lovers of Teruel" and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour."
June 18: "Five on the Black Hand Side" and "Cotton Comes to Harlem."
June 19: "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" and "Sacco and Vanzetti."

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (869-1537)
"Uncle Vanya" and "Belated Flowers."

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Earthquake."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Fantastic Voyage" and "The Reivers."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Wind and the Lion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Tommy." (No performances on Wednesday, June 18.)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"A Brief Vacation." (No evening performances on Wednesday, June 11.)

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 17: "Lenny" and "The Long Goodbye."
From June 18: "Young Frankenstein" and "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Passenger."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
June 11: "Walkabout" and "Outback."
June 12: "Zazie" and "The Thief of Paris."
June 13: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" and "Tristana."
June 14: "Horsefeathers" and "Monkey Business."
June 15: "Captain Blood" and "The Sea Hawk."
June 16: "Breathless" and "Le Petit Soldat."
June 17: "To Kill a Mockingbird" and "The Member of the Wedding."
June 18: "L'Amour Fou."
June 19: "The Life of O-Haru" and "Princess Yang Kwei Fei."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Le Secret."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Love and Death."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Middle of the World."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Invitation."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 17: "The Happy Hooker" and "The Other."
From June 18: "Chinatown" and "The Optimists."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Shampoo."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 17: "And Now My Love" and "A Man and a Woman."
From June 18: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Lepke."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through June 17: "The Passenger."
From June 18: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 17: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and "Mean Streets."
From June 18: "Young Frankenstein" and "The Producers."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Ten programs in a series of films directed by D. W. Griffith: June 12 at 5:30: "The Idol Dancer" (1920), with Clarine Seymour and Richard Barthelmess. . . . June 12 at 8: "The Love Flower" (1920), with Carol Dempster and Richard Barthelmess. . . . June 13 at 2: "Orphans of the Storm" (1921), with Lillian Gish and Dorothy Gish. . . . June 14 at 3: "Isn't Life Wonderful" (1924), with Carol Dempster and Neil Hamilton. . . . June 14 at 5:30: "Dream Street" (1921), with Carol Dempster and Ralph Graves. . . . June 15 at 5:30: "One Exciting Night" (1922), with Carol Dempster and Henry Hull. . . . June 16 at 2: "The Sorrows of Satan" (1926), with Adolphe Menjou and

Ricardo Cortez. . . . June 16 at 5:30: "Orphans of the Storm.". . . June 19 at 5:30: "The Sorrows of Satan.". . . June 19 at 8: "Isn't Life Wonderful." In conjunction with this series, the museum is showing (through June 29) stills, posters, production records, music scores, scripts, and correspondence relating to Griffith's films, career, and working methods. . . . ¶ Other, non-Griffith, films scheduled during this period are: June 11 at 5:30: "Whistle Down the Wind" (1960), directed by Bryan Forbes, with Hayley Mills and Alan Bates. . . . June 13 at 5:30 and June 14 at noon: "Zero for Conduct" (1933), in French, directed by Jean Vigo, no English subtitles; and "L'Atalante" (1934), in French, directed by Jean Vigo, English subtitles. . . . June 15 at 2: "Lost Horizon" (1937), directed by Frank Capra, with Ronald Colman and Jane Wyatt. . . . June 17 at 2: "White Zombie" (1932), directed by Victor Halperin, with Bela Lugosi and Madge Bellamy. . . . June 17 at 5:30: A program of films by Howard Guttenplan. . . . June 18 at 5:30: "White Zombie." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—June 12 at 3:30 and 5:30: "Marked Woman" (1937), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Bette Davis and Humphrey Bogart. . . . ¶ June 13 at 3 and 5:30: "Second Breath" (1966), in French, directed by Jean-Pierre Melville, with Lino Ventura and Paul Meurisse; English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 14-15 at 3:30 and 5:30: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944), directed by Preston Sturges, with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken. . . . ¶ June 19 at 3:30 and 5:30: "Golden Earrings" (1947), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Marlene Dietrich and Ray Milland. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Flaherty, Eisenstein, Kirsanov, Brakhage, Micheaux, Dovzhenko, Connor, Gehr, Iimura, Gottheim, Sonbert, Méliès, Laughton, Williams, Dreyer, Snow, Kubelka, Wyborny, and others. Showings June 11 at 5, 7, and 9:30; June 12 at 5, 7:30, and 9:30; June 13 at 6, 8, and 10; June 14 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; June 15 at 8; June 17-18 at 5, 7, and 9:30; and June 19 at 5, 7, and 9.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Airport 1975—Processed schlock. This could only have been designed as a TV movie and then blown up to cheapie-epic proportions. One can have a fairly good time laughing at it, but it doesn't sit too well as a joke, because the people on the screen are being humiliated. Jack Smight directed, fumblingly; Karen Black and Charlton Heston do the most emoting. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/28/74.) (72nd Street East; through June 17.)

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (1/13/75) (Gramercy, and Olympia; through June 17.)

Aloha, Bobby and Rose—With Paul Le Mat, Dianne Hull, and Tim McIntire, directed by Floyd Mutrux. (Greenwich; through June 17.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (9/23/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 17.)

L'Amour Fou (1968)—During the first half hour, there's a strong temptation to flee from this legendary Jacques Rivette film, which moves back and forth between the rehearsals for an experimental production of Racine's "Andromaque" and the disintegrating marriage of the actor-director (Jean-Pierre Kalfon) and his actress-wife (Bulle Ogier). But those who stick with the film may find that Rivette's measured, unemphatic style begins to take hold. Tight little Bulle Ogier is ominously compelling; she gives a superlative performance. And there has never been anything like the *folie-à-deux* sex-and-destruction orgy that climaxes the marriage. The purpose of the juxtapositions remains damned elusive, but a highly intellectualized horror story develops inside the smooth, elegantly patterned, abstract camera movement. Rivette has a hypnotic style, partly because of his unusual spatial sense and his "normal" use of time. Four hours and twelve minutes. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 18.)

And Now My Love—A winsome love story that believes firmly in the predetermination of love and in the gifts of Lelouch. The film includes one of those cinéastes' *hommages*—an unusual one, to a movie by Lelouch himself ("A Man and a Woman"). The man in the current movie (André Dussollier) is a poor but honest jailbird who turns to porno filmmaking, then to commercial filmmaking, then to a future of Lelouch-like, snow-white feature filmmaking about life, love, and death; this takes him to America, travelling first-class. The girl (Marthe Keller), rich but also honest, and very, very bored, inherits a fortune from her father (Charles Denner). She becomes a Socialist, gives away her fortune, throws on a simple mackintosh, goes to the airport (in a chauffeur-driven car), and travels to America. She, too, goes first-class, in spite of her Socialism, because she and André Dussollier have been fated to meet all through the film: in a Lelouch movie, love and the director's sense of convenience conquer all. Story and screenplay by Lelouch and Peter Uytterhoeven. In French. (4/7/75) (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through June 17.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—A longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school; Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Mordecai Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (7/22/74) (D. W. Griffith; June 19.)

Belated Flowers (1972)—Based on the story by Anton Chekhov, directed by Abram Room. In Russian. (Bijou.)

Ben-Hur (1925)—The Ramon Novarro-Francis X. Bushman version; it was a remake even then, but M-G-M put five million dollars into it, and so much Amazing, Gargantuan, Stupendous, and Mighty Biblical Pageantry that vast numbers of viewers were swept off their feet. There's the galley manned by a thousand slaves, the sea battle between Romans and ancient pirates, the Valley of the Lepers, and the chariot race staged in a mammoth stadium, with every L.A. man, woman, and child lying about as a super. Novarro has his adolescent charm and beauty, and Bushman's nose is majestically Roman. With Betty Bronson, May McAvoy, Carmel Myers, and Claire McDowell. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 16.)

The Birds (1963)—Some of the special effects are amusing, and a few are perverse and frightening, but the effects take over in this Hitchcock scare picture, and he fails to make the plot situations convincing. The script (by Evan Hunter) is weak, and the acting is so awkward that often one doesn't know how to take the characters. With Rod Taylor, Tippi Hedren, Suzanne Pleshette, and Jessica Tandy. (D. W. Griffith; June 13.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Juliet 1; through June 17.)

Breakout—A jailbreak by helicopter. With Charles Bronson and Robert Duvall, directed by Tom Gries. (Loews Orpheum.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Quad Cinema; through June 17. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 16.)

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a factory worker in Milan; resentful, beaten down to a morose stupor, she's also oppressed by her husband (Renato Salvatori), who uses her sexually as if she were a farm beast he owned. When she collapses and is sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, the schizoid picture leaves this working-class grimness behind; it's swoony romanticism from then on. Clara discovers art and spirituality, and she finds a frail, dewy-eyed lover (Daniel Quenaud) who drips nobility as only a narcissistic bad actor can. In Italian. (3/3/75) (Festival. No evening performances on Wednesday, June 11.)

Captain Blood (1935)—Flynn swashing his buckle for the first time. He plays a doctor pressed into becoming a pirate, spliced up for a time with Basil Rathbone but enamored of the very genteel Olivia de Havilland. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 15.)

Le Chat—With Jean Gabin and Simone Signoret, directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 15.)

Children of Rage—With Helmut Griem, directed by Arthur Allan Seidelman. (Fine Arts; through June 17.)

Chinatown (1974)—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (D. W. Griffith; June 14. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 18.)

Cornbread, Earl and Me—With Moses Gunn and Rosalind Cash, directed by Joe Manduke. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; through June 12.)

Cotton Comes to Harlem (1970)—Two New York City police detectives (Raymond St. Jacques and Godfrey Cambridge) on the trail of various villains. A mixture of hard-boiled detective story and very broad farce, directed by Ossie Davis. Based on the novel by Chester Himes. With Calvin Lockhart (as a very fancy crook) and Redd Foxx. (Elgin; June 18.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel is a mosaic that never comes together. Waldo Salt attempted the next-to-impossible job of adapting the novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (Cinema I.)

The Decameron (1971)—Based on Boccaccio's tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. In Italian. (Elgin; June 12.)

Diabolique *(1955)—Henri-Georges Clouzot's* grisly horror thriller set in a provincial school. The headmaster (Paul Meurisse), his wife (Vera Clouzot), and his mistress (Simone Signoret) work together and at cross-purposes to reduce their number by a third. Scary, but so calculatedly sensational that it's rather revolting. In French. (Quad Cinema; through June 14.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (D. W. Griffith; June 11.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, *but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which* is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (New Embassy.)

The Eiger Sanction—A suspense film, directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (34th St. East, and Beekman.)

The Fall (1961)—The films of the Argentine director Leopoldo Torre Nilsson are very distinctive—atmospheric and sensitive, yet fragile, self-conscious, and not quite satisfying; they always promise more than they deliver. In this one, Elsa Daniel is a lonely young university student who takes a room with a fatherless family. The sickly, neurotic mother seems frightened of her callous, dreamy children; the family hero is an uncle, *to whom the student is attracted. Banality* sets in just when you hope for excitement. From a novel by the director's wife, Beatriz Guido. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 11.)

Fantastic Voyage (1966)—A sci-fi film about a long and dangerous voyage through the human body. With Stephen Boyd and Raquel Welch. (Guild.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté—The theme of Buñuel's latest turns out to be freedom in the sense of "chance": the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is a piffle. The actors *come on in relays; the cast includes Monica* Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (10/28/74) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 13.)

Five on the Black Hand Side (1973)—With Clarice Taylor and Leonard Jackson, directed by Oscar Williams. (Elgin; June 18.)

The Fortune—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing) for her money. Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. The tone is too playful, too bright—you can see where you're meant to laugh, but you don't feel like it. Some vital element seems to be missing—affection, maybe. Jack Nicholson *has some high comic moments, but the film* isn't likable. (Coronet.)

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French Connection II—Directed by John Frankenheimer (the first part was William Friedkin's), with Gene Hackman cast again as Popeye Doyle, the foul-mouthed killer cop of New York who is now in Marseilles, determined to break the French heroin connection for good; the connection is once more played by the suave Fernando Rey. Doyle is taken by the film to be a sophisticated plain speaker, but his sophistication is really a cast of megalopolitan rudeness. Photographed by Claude Renoir, nephew of Jean Renoir (for whom he photographed "Grand Illusion"); the compositions are individually very fine, but there are too many slam-bang closeups that make you pine for a long shot to let you find your bearings. Visually as morally, the film makes you uncertain where its feet are. (6/2/75) (Murray Hill, and Trans-Lux East.)

Funny Lady—The moviemakers weren't just go*ing to make a sequel to "Funny Girl"—they* were going to kill us. (And they wanted to outdo "Cabaret," besides.) As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. She's in beautiful voice, but her singing is too terrific—strident overdramatization that turns a song into a big number. The picture is overproduced and badly edited, with a forties-movie-heartbreak plot. A great deal of talent has been badly used, though James Caan has some good scenes as scrubby, anxious Billy Rose, and Streisand is charming in the wittily staged "I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store." Ray Stark produced; Herbert Ross directed. The new songs are by Kander and Ebb. (3/17/75) (Loews Tower East.)

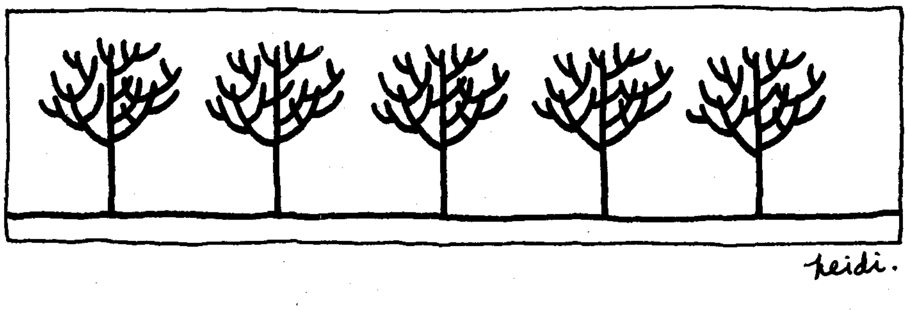
The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966)—Pasolini's interpretation features a rigid Jesus who demands obedience, as well as the *rocky settings of southern Italy and an eclec*tic score. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. In Italian. (Elgin; June 12.)

The Happy Hooker—With Lynn Redgrave as Xaviera Hollander. Directed by Nick Sgarro. (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 17.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Quad Cinema; through June 17. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; June 18.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devas*tated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Res*nais' controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Elgin; June 17.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.'" (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 14.)



If . . . (1969)—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. With Malcolm McDowell. (D. W. Griffith; June 16.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion (1970)—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul *mood. In Italian. (Elgin; June 19.)*

The Invitation—A summery haze hangs over this wonderfully simple and tender film by the Swiss filmmaker Claude Goretta. This tale, which won a Special Jury Prize at Cannes in 1973, is about a middle-aged, shy office worker, delicately played by Michel Robin. He lives with his mother until she dies. After taking two months off from his job, he invites every member of the staff of his small office to a day-long party. They had expected to find their host living as humbly as before; they find him on an estate, attended by an exquisitely played hireling butler (François Simon). In French. (5/5/75) (Regency.)

Joe (1970)—A hardhat type, mouthing prejudices about the young and the blacks and the freeloaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up a murderous alliance. Peter Boyle plays the bigot; John Avildsen directed. (D. W. Griffith; June 12.)

The Lady Vanishes *(1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's* murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film début); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Quad Cinema; through June 14.)

Lancelot of the Lake—Robert Bresson's dazzlingly severe and beautiful version of the legend of Lancelot, King Arthur, Guinevere, and Arthur's slimy enemy, Mordred. No one but Bresson could use the constriction on commonplace expressiveness that wearing armor means; his great art has always thrived on constraints that he imposes on himself, and this film is a masterpiece of eloquent discipline. We're seeing the knights after the early enthusiasm over the quest for the Grail *has been dampened. The chevaliers quarrel,* the Round Table is ringed with chairs that belong to the now dead, and the film ends in a pile of armor in which one remaining figure faintly stirs: we are seeing the fading of chivalry in what amounts to a heap of scrap metal that is the detritus of a shriveled code, and Bresson's austere art entirely counteracts any feeling of bleakness. A film to see and see again; never have economies of composition, of editing, of expository "exciting" climax, of bridging dialogue been more beautifully planned, or ended in such a sense of the copious. In French. (6/9/75) (Art.)

The Landlord *(1970)—About Manhattan real es*tate and racism. A rich white (Beau Bridges), ridden by a wildly overdrawn boozing mother (Lee Grant), buys a tenement to learn what it's like to be poor. With Pearl Bailey. Directed by Hal Ashby. (D. W. Griffith; June 18.)

The Last Movie (1971)—Dennis Hopper directed this put-on, knockabout tragedy, in which he stars as a stunt man with an American film company in Peru who becomes a Christ figure when the natives imitate filmmaking. The movie grinds to a painful halt right at the start; it is visually beautiful, but the editing is so self-destructive that it's as if Hopper had slashed his own canvases. (Elgin; June 11.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, *honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of* actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic

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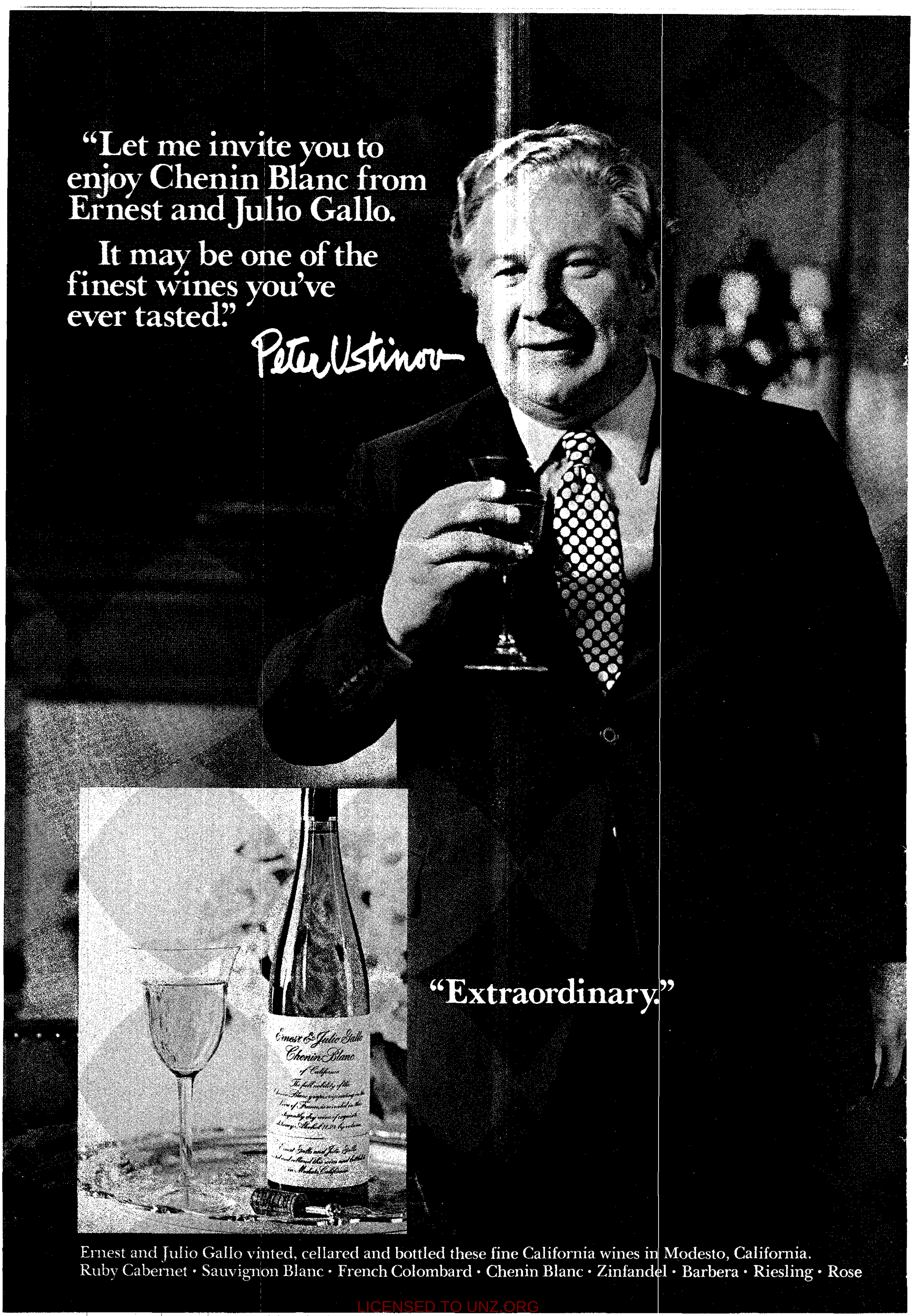
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Playboy; through June 17.)

Lepke—Tony Curtis as Louis (Lepke) Buchalter. Directed by Menahem Golan. (Symphony. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; through June 17.)

The Life of O-Haru (1952)—This Mizoguchi film—his own favorite—took a grand prize at Venice. Kinuyo Tanaka (the wife in "Ugetsu") stars in the story of a woman's life in feudal society; the beautiful daughter of a rich merchant falls from palace wife to prostitute. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 19.)

Little Big Man (1970)—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Elgin; June 11.)

The Long Goodbye (1973)—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (10/22/73) (Playboy; through June 17.)

Love and Death—Directed by, and with, Woody Allen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

The Lovers of Teruel (1962)—An elaborate ballet-drama of romantic tragedy. Ludmilla Tcherina dances the role of a doomed, demented girl, and then finds that life has cast her in the same role. More than a bit much, with dialogue such as "What good is my body if you cannot have my soul?" Directed by Raymond Rouleau. In French. (Elgin; June 17.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. A joy for children. (7/22/74) (In French, with subtitles, at the St. Marks Cinema; through June 17. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the Playboy; starting June 18.)

Made for Each Other (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as plain, ordinary struggling young married folk in New York, having money troubles. The film, directed by John Cromwell, manages to jack up a little excitement when their baby gets sick and serum must be flown from Utah. The mercy plane goes through a storm, gales, blizzards, thunder, and lightning. You'll be relieved to know that the serum arrives in the very nick of time, and the husband gets a promotion. (Quad Cinema; June 15-17.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (New Yorker; through June 17.)

Mandingo—The antebellum South. With James Mason, Susan George, and Perry King, directed by Richard Fleischer. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play. Directed by Peter Brook, with the original stage cast. (Elgin; June 15, one performance, at noon.)

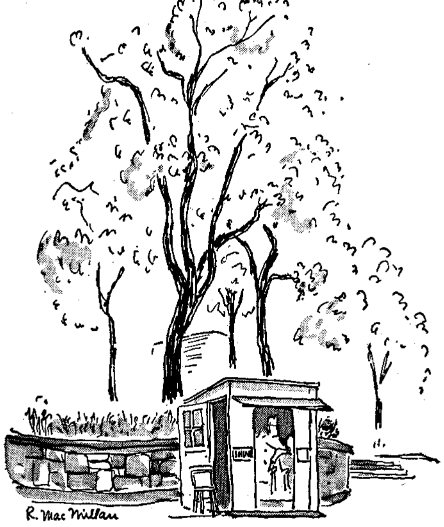
Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (Olympia; through June 17.)

The Member of the Wedding (1952)—The Carson McCullers dialogue is one of the high points of literacy in American films: sharp and full of wit, yet lyrical. Scrawny, cracked-voiced Julie Harris (she was twenty-six at the time) plays Frankie, the motherless, fiercely lonely twelve-year-old tomboy, caught between childhood and adolescence, and fighting them both. Ethel Waters plays Berenice, the cook who looks after her, and Brandon deWilde is Frankie's owlish little playmate and whipping boy. The setting is a small Georgia town; the time is the summer when these three characters, who have been clinging to each other, are torn apart. Adapted from McCullers' 1950 stage success (with the same cast), the film is weak when it tries to "open up" the material, but fortunately Fred Zinnemann's direction respects Carson McCullers' intensity and humor. This remarkable film failed commercially, perhaps for want of a conventional "story;" it is said that in some towns viewers didn't understand the material and, for most of the film, thought that Frankie was a boy. The movie company then cut a crucial twenty-minute segment (which included Ethel Waters' finest scene) and tossed the film into the lower half of double bills. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 17.)

Men in White (1934)—Clark Gable seldom suggests the high-strung and brilliant young surgeon-hero of the Sidney Kingsley Pulitzer Prize-winning play—the man whose idealism overrides any financial or romantic considerations. Nor is Myrna Loy exactly at her best when she is called upon to contemplate "Humanity." The director, Richard Boleslavski, is engrossed in the pictorial aspects of the wards and laboratories and internes' rooms; he loves the shadow of a microscope on a wall, the barred lights from venetian blinds across a sickbed, the glint of knives and pincers in the operating room. The characters don't fare so well, but then their problems are fearfully strained and prestigious anyway. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 18-19.)

The Middle of the World—One of the best, most innovative films about the nature of passionate love to come out of Europe since "Scenes from a Marriage" and the pictures of Eric Rohmer. This is a film of tremendous simplicity with a complex intellectual underlay, directed by Alain Tanner and written by him with the English art critic and novelist John Berger. The hero (Philippe Léotard) is a married engineer who is being manipulated into becoming a local politician; the heroine (Olimpia Carlisi) is an Italian barmaid. Opposites meet, and the film is a record of the two characters' ability to change. Lucid and thoughtful, shot in long takes without cuts. And also very funny at times, and truly erotic. A trailbreaker. In French. (3/31/75) (Cinema Studio.)

Les Misérables (1935)—"Uninspired" is too kind a word; this mild version of Victor Hugo's massive atrocity story, featuring Fredric March as Jean Valjean and Charles Laughton as Inspector Javert, is bottom drawer. The director, Richard Boleslavski, can't seem to get things moving, and the outrages lack inspiration—even the sewers seem namby-pamby. The look of the actors, their makeup, their manner of speaking are all howlingly wrong. With John Beal, Rochelle Hudson, Frances Drake, Cedric Hardwicke, Florence Eldridge, Jessie Ralph, John Carradine, Ferdinand Gottschalk, and Leonid Kinskey. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 18-19.)


R. MacMillan

Miss Julie (1950)—Strindberg's passionate, relentless drama of sexual debasement, directed by Alf Sjöberg. Anita Björk is the fragile, capricious, feudal aristocrat who encourages her father's servile valet to seduce her; she sustains the demanding role with intensity and grace. As the valet, Ulf Palme matches her performance with a surly, sly arrogance that makes his conquest of her a true degradation. The expansion of the play over considerable lyric acreage and preceding generations is ill-advised; it tends to dissipate the confined, harrowing drama. But the performances make this a powerful version, nevertheless, and it took the Grand Prix at Cannes in 1951. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 17.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd. The first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 14.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and now keep growing numbers of Americans in on Sunday night to watch Channel 13 at half past ten. Recklessly funny, with moments of genius, especially in the pursuit of red herrings that have nothing to do with plot. (5/5/75) (Plaza.)

Morgan! (1966)—An unusual movie about an anarchistic left-wing misfit rebel (David Warner). The movie (directed by Karel Reisz, from David Mercer's TV play) often seems to be out of control as it teeters along, sometimes presenting its hero as cute and funny, other times as tragic and in pain. With Vanessa Redgrave. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 13-14.)

The Music Lovers (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 13-15.)

My Man Godfrey (1936)—Carole Lombard shrieking happily as a beautiful, rich ninny, and William Powell modulating impeccably as a suave, bitter victim of the Depression, in an entertaining (and hugely successful) screwball comedy with a muddled social conscience. The movie starts out with a promising satiric idea and winds up in box-office romance, but it's too silly and good-natured to be offensive. With Mischa Auer doing a simian imitation to amuse his patron, Alice Brady. Also with Franklin Pangborn, Grady Sutton, Jean Dixon, Gail Patrick, Alan Mowbray, Eugene Pallette, and, in a bit part, Jane Wyman. Gregory La Cava directed, from a screenplay by Eric Hatch and Morrie Ryskind. (Quad Cinema; June 15-17.)

Nashville—With Karen Black and Keith Carradine, directed by Robert Altman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet, and Cinema II.)

Night Moves—A suspense film, with Gene Hackman, directed by Arthur Penn. (Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Nurith—An Israeli musical, in Hebrew. (Quad Cinema; through June 17.)

Once Is Not Enough—From the Jacqueline Susann novel, with Kirk Douglas. Directed by Guy Green. (Loews Ciné; starting June 18.)

The Optimists (1973)—With Peter Sellers, directed by Anthony Simmons. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 18.)

The Other (1972)—Thomas Tryon, the actor who was in "The Cardinal," adapted for the screen this blisteringly dopey multi-murder story, set in Connecticut in a blithe summer of the nineteen-thirties. Identical boy twins personify good and evil. The physical unidentifiability is the most interesting thing about the picture: Tryon's original novel was a lot more intelligent. Robert Mulligan directed,

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all too elegiacally. (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 17.)

Outback (1972)—A good subject: comradeship among white men in the Australian desert, their boredom, and their erratic, senseless destructiveness. The film, directed by Ted Kotcheff, spends too much time on the melodramatic ordeals of a sensitive but arrogant male schoolteacher (Gary Bond) who hates the coarse life he's trapped in, but the material on the primitivism of the master race is vivid and authentic. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 11. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; June 19.)

Painters Painting (1973)—Painters talking, mostly, often combining the knowledgeable with the dopey. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 14.)

The Passenger—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter trying to flee the coop of himself. Everything has staled for him—work and personal life both—and Antonioni makes, for the first time in his career, a clear causal connection between a character's situation and his environment. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions, which endow him with political purpose. The film is psychologically complex, dwelling on parallel themes about disjuncture and ambiguity, but also declarative in a way that is unique in Antonioni's work; as well as that, it is a picture of astonishing aesthetic beauty and technical innovation. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight about a man whose chances are running out. Maria Schneider exquisitely plays a soft-voiced, attentive stranger whom he meets in his new identity. (4/14/75) (Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Thalia; through June 17. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting June 18.)

Le Petit Soldat (1960)—Godard's first foray into politics, with romance and political extremism and torture and talk of cinema all suspended in an existential mixture. Technically an innovative work, but humanly a baffling one. With Anna Karina and Michel Subor. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 16.)

Potemkin (1925)—In 1950, an international panel of critics voted this Eisenstein film "the greatest film of the past fifty years." The subject is the 1905 mutiny of the sailors of the battleship Potemkin and the massacre of the people who sympathized with them. Eisenstein made the subject exciting by rhythmic editing—"montage." Silent, with added musical sound track. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 12.)

Princess Yang Kwei Fei (1955)—One of the great Mizoguchi's eighty-odd films. This one is set in China in the eighth century; a stirring, gentle love story about an emperor and a concubine. Mizoguchi began his career as a painter, and his films show it. Very rewarding. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 19.)

The Prisoner of Zenda (1937)—Amiable, though familiar, romantic swashbuckler, set in a mythical country, with Ronald Colman in the double role of the king and the look-alike who takes his place for a while, and plushy Madeleine Carroll as the sweetly dutiful Princess Flavia, who puts crown before love. Lewis Stone and Alice Terry played the roles in 1922, and Stewart Granger and Deborah Kerr did them in 1952, but this 1937 version has the advantage of dashing, grinning Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the naughty Rupert of Hentzau. Fairbanks steals the show from the restrained Colman. It's a well-paced production, directed by John Cromwell and W. S. Van Dyke, and shot by James Wong Howe, with banter supplied by Donald Ogden Stewart, among others. With Raymond Massey, David Niven, Mary Astor, and C. Aubrey Smith. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 15.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Olympia; starting June 18.)

Psycho (1960)—The Hitchcock thriller with Janet Leigh getting stabbed in the shower and Anthony Perkins with a fly on his nose. (D. W. Griffith; June 13.)

Reflections—A Ulvi Dogan film. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

The Reivers (1969)—Pleasant, nostalgic Southern comedy, out of William Faulkner. With Steve McQueen, Rupert Crosse, and a beautiful bright-yellow 1905 Winton Flyer. Directed by Mark Rydell. (Guild.)

The Return of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers strikes again, with a wonderfully matured piece of comic embodiment as Inspector Clouseau, the accident-prone French cop whom he first played in 1964. Clouseau's off-center concentration here drives his boss crazy; the boss is brilliantly played by Herbert Lom, reborn in irascible comedy. Sellers' talent for great slapstick is a joy. So is his peculiar and peculiarly contagious English: the consonants stay in place but the vowels run haywire. The first-class screenplay is by Frank Waldman and Blake Edwards (owing a bit to a famous thriller by Hitchcock). Directed by Blake Edwards in the right sober tone for custard pies. (6/2/75) (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East.)

The Road to Glory (1936)—William Faulkner and Joel Sayre wrote the screenplay for Howard Hawks. The setting is the First World War, and the movie demonstrates how gallantly actors can fight and die. With Fredric March and Warner Baxter. Photographed by Gregg Toland. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 17.)

Roberta (1935)—Astaire and Rogers; Irene Dunne singing in white foxes and satin; and Randolph Scott, Helen Westley, and Claire Dodd. The apparatus is a bit heavy, but the Jerome Kern music includes "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "Lovely to Look At." Best of all is the dance to "I'll Be Hard to Handle." William Seiter directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 14.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with knowingness and thriller twinges. (D. W. Griffith; June 14.)

Sacco and Vanzetti (1971)—Would that it were better. With Riccardo Cucciolla and Gian Maria Volonte in the title roles. Directed by Giuliano Montaldo. (Elgin; June 19.)

Saturday Night at the Baths—With Robert Aberdeen, directed by David Buckley. (Cinema Village, and R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1.)

Save the Tiger (1973)—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (D. W. Griffith; June 12.)

The Sea Hawk (1940)—Errol Flynn, playing a hero based on Sir Francis Drake, in a rousing swashbuckler directed by Michael Curtiz. The Spaniards talk peculiar slang, considering that the year is 1585, but Flora Robson's Queen Elizabeth is a vigorous shrewdie. The cast includes Brenda Marshall, Claude Rains, Gilbert Roland, Henry Daniell, Alan Hale, Una O'Connor, and Donald Crisp. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 15.)

Le Secret—With Jean-Louis Trintignant, Marlène Jobert, and Philippe Noiret, directed by Robert Enrico. In French. (Paris.)

Serpico (1973)—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Elgin; June 13-14.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. The full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 19.)

Shampoo—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer). (2/17/75) (Columbia I, Columbia II, Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.)

Show Boat (1936)—Despite (or is it perhaps because of?) the Edna Ferber plot, with its heartbreaks and coincidences, this classic musical melodrama with the Jerome Kern songs is hard to resist in any of its many versions. This one from Universal (which is far superior to the 1951 M-G-M version) features Irene Dunne and Allan Jones, but its greatest attractions are Paul Robeson as Joe and the marvellous Julie of Helen Morgan. James Whale directed, and the cast includes Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, Hattie McDaniel, and Donald Cook. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 14.)

Sisters (1973)—This low-budget horror movie about a psychotic ex-Siamese twin is a long way from being a brilliant thriller, but its limp technique and gratuitous dumbness don't seem to matter to the happily crazy-scared audience. With Margot Kidder, who knows how to turn on sexiness with a witch's precision, and Jennifer Salt, who gives a feeble performance. Brian De Palma, the director, can do flaked-out humor and high-pitched, demented knife slashings, but he can't get two people talking in order to make a simple expository point without its sounding like the drabbest Republic picture of 1938. (10/29/73) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting June 13.)

The Son-Daughter (1932)—Deservedly forgotten. Helen Hayes and Ramon Novarro are cast as Chinese, caught in the maneuverings of tongs. The only possible reason to go see this thing is to watch the dainty Miss Hayes strangle the villain with his own pigtail. Clarence Brown was sentenced to direct this adaptation of a venerable Belasco stage success. Louise Closser Hale, playing a duenna called Toy Yah, may be the most unlikely Oriental ever. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 16.)

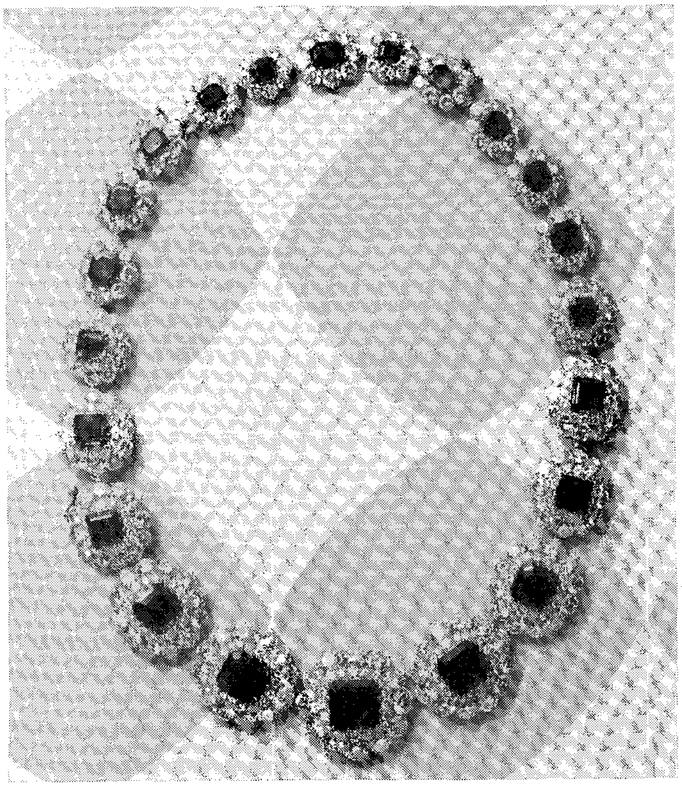
Stavisky—Alain Resnais's death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery-white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (Juliet 2, and Quad Cinema; through June 17.)

Steelyard Blues (1973)—Blithe exuberance turned into cant. Donald Sutherland, Jane Fonda, and Peter Boyle are among the band of friendly outlaws who are persecuted by the stupid, vindictive straights, and who fly away to a better world. With Alan Myerson's amateurish direction, the film never gets a rhythm going, and its adolescent anarchism just seems smug. (Elgin; June 15-16.)

Straw Dogs (1972)—Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill, and the gifted young Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the now fashionable guise of the territorial imperative, and directed by Sam Peckinpah in a way that apparently affects many men at a very deep level. Probably one of the key films of the decade. (D. W. Griffith; June 17.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Elgin; June 13-14.)

A Tale of Two Cities (1935)—In this most popular version of the least typical of Dick-



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ens' novels, Ronald Colman is noble Sydney Carton, and Edna May Oliver is Miss Pross. Blanche Yurka's Madame Defarge dominates the film; a menace in the grand manner, she knits like a house afire and takes the Bastille practically single-handed. Simpleminded and yawny, in the M-G-M style for classics. Jack Conway directed, with Val Lewton and Jacques Tourneur working on the Revolutionary sequences; S. N. Behrman had a sizable hand in the script. The big cast includes Elizabeth Allan, Basil Rathbone, Billy Bevan, Reginald Owen, Isabel Jewell, Fritz Leiber, Donald Woods, H. B. Warner, and Henry B. Walthall. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 15.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? (1969)—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (Elgin; June 15-16.)

The Thief of Paris (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in a very fine account by Louis Malle of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. Photographed by the great Henri Decae. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 12.)

This Sporting Life (1963)—Richard Harris gives a moving performance as a bull-headed professional Rugby player in this savage scramble, directed by Lindsay Anderson. Rachel Roberts plays the woman who cannot love him. (D. W. Griffith; June 16.)

To Catch a Thief (1955)—The suspense plot (reprised in the current "The Return of the Pink Panther") isn't much, but the Riviera scenery, Cary Grant, and Grace Kelly are at their most luscious. It's a romantic comedy-thriller about a retired jewel thief—a pleasant minor diversion by Alfred Hitchcock. With Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 15-16.)

Today We Live (1933)—William Faulkner wrote a story called "Turn About," which had to do with the First World War rivalry between the aviators and the men in the torpedo boats; it had no heroine. Adapted to the screen, it became a vehicle for Joan Crawford, and the subject became how she can be freed from her old love so that she can give herself (in marriage) to Gary Cooper. There are some (uninspired) flying scenes, and some scenes on the high seas; the personal relationships are rather baffling—maybe because although Crawford is the star, she really doesn't seem to have a place in the picture. The director, Howard Hawks, must have been confused, too; he gets minimal results from the cast, which includes Robert Young, Franchot Tone, Roscoe Karns, and Louise Closser Hale. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 17.)

To Kill a Mockingbird (1963)—When Gregory Peck got the Academy Award for his performance as an upstanding widowed lawyer practicing in Alabama in the early thirties, there was a fair amount of derision throughout the country: Peck was better than usual, but in that same virtuously dull way. Robert Mulligan directed, from Horton Foote's adaptation of the Harper Lee novel, and it's all terribly conscientious—the clapboard houses, the slatted porch swings on rusty chains, the Chevy phaetons on dusty streets, the high moral sentiments, the specs on Peck's nose. Mulligan slows the pace down when he wants to suggest the mysteries of childhood or to arouse warm emotions; this works only intermittently. The movie is part eerie Southern gothic and part Hollywood self-congratulation for its enlightened racial attitudes. Brock Peters is the black man accused of rape, and Robert Duvall is the brain-damaged Boo Radley, of whom the lawyer's children (Mary Badham and Phillip Alford) are terrified. With Ruth White, Rosemary Murphy, James Anderson, Collin Wilcox, William Windom, and Richard Hale. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 17.)

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Tommy—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. Like many other mindless satires, it fallaciously respects and exploits what it seeks to criticize. For instance, it pretends to be severe about the false idols of our era, but it is exceedingly religious about show biz and success. Lots of psychedelic shocks and comic-strip effects. Ann-Margret is appealing when she doesn't have to fling herself about. Roger Daltrey plays Tommy. (4/7/75) (Ziegfeld. No performances on Wednesday, June 18.)

Tristana (1970)—Luis Buñuel's study of a grandee Spaniard who is the guardian of a ward played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of the crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and, in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty; it also uses that power to blaspheme which only he seems to possess in world cinema, anticlericalist though he is. In Spanish. (D. W. Griffith; June 11. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 13.)

Tropic of Cancer (1970)—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel about expatriates in Paris. It may be closer to "The Immoral Mr. Teas" than to its source, but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (D. W. Griffith; June 15.)

Two-Lane Blacktop (1971)—Failed attempt at an "Easy Rider" on four wheels. The most fully characterized figure in the cast is a souped-up Chevy that endearingly seems to be made out of a lot of kitchen utensils. Mindless stuff. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 17-19.)

Ulysses (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (D. W. Griffith; June 15.)

RESTAURANT
TWO MART

Uncle Vanya (1971)—A marvellous Russian film of the Chekhov play, directed by Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky with the now familiar Soviet exactness and fondness for the realities of czarist-period literature. Uncle Vanya is played by Smoktunovsky, who was latterly the Russian Hamlet. Sergei Bondarchuk, director of the monumental Russian "War and Peace" and the man who played Pierre in it, is here as Dr. Astrov, a man whose lined, white face seems haunted by thoughts of the promises to himself that he has broken. The characters' spurts of stoic umbrage directed against their own failings are entirely Chekhovian. In Russian. (Bijou.)

Walkabout (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," did the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—an English brother and sister, expensively school-trained, and a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 11.)

White Reindeer (1956)—A Finnish film, directed by Erik Blomberg. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 18.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (D. W. Griffith; June 17.)

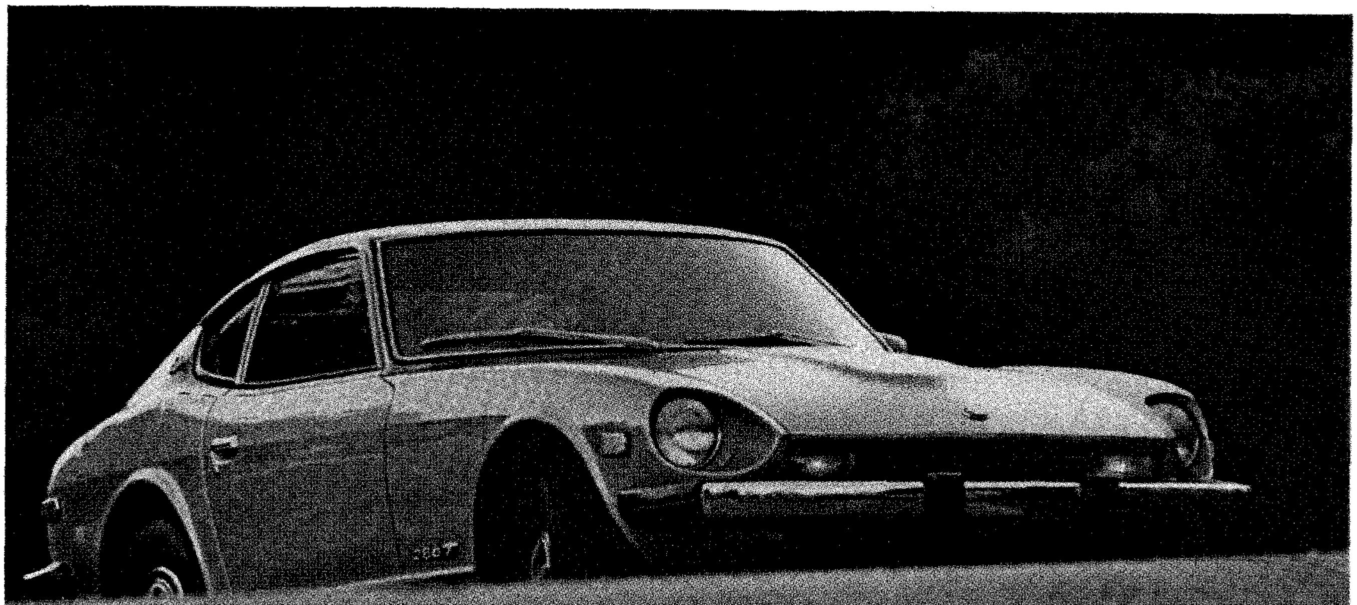
The Wind and the Lion—Theodore Roosevelt (played by Brian Keith) sends the Marines into Morocco to rescue an American (played by Candice Bergen) kidnapped by the last of the Barbary pirates (led here by Sean Connery). Directed and written by John Milius. (Music Hall.)

Woman in the Dunes (1964)—An excellent Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, if one can assume that your sympathies will not be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand and sand-covered bodies, and by an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 11-12.)

A Woman Under the Influence—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (U. A. East.)

Young Frankenstein—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. To go to when your rhythm is slowed down and you're too tired to think; you have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new Monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the Monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the films it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (12/30/74) (Quad Cinema; through June 17. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, Playboy, and Olympia; starting June 18.)

Zazie (1960)—A foul-mouthed, demonic little girl's view of Paris. Louis Malle directed this extraordinarily inventive, maybe too brilliant slapstick comedy taken from the Raymond Queneau novel. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 12.)



The best GT car in its class.

Road & Track names Datsun 280-Z
"Best sports-GT car, $5,500 to $8,000"

The new fuel injected Datsun 280-Z makes its bow in America with a rare honor indeed. It's been named one of the 10 best cars for a changing world in the June issue of *Road & Track* magazine. At $6,284* the Z took top spot in the "Sports-GT cars, $5,500 to $8,000" category.

The new 280-Z has computerized fuel injection for instant acceleration, great mileage and better emission control. The 280 carries on the Z-Car heritage of superior technology with its new 2800cc overhead cam engine, fully independent suspension and transistorized ignition, as well as a long inventory of standard comfort and performance features. Test-drive the new 280-Z and 280-Z 2+2.

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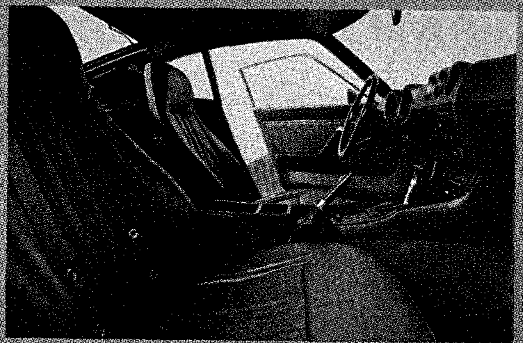

Datsun 280-Z

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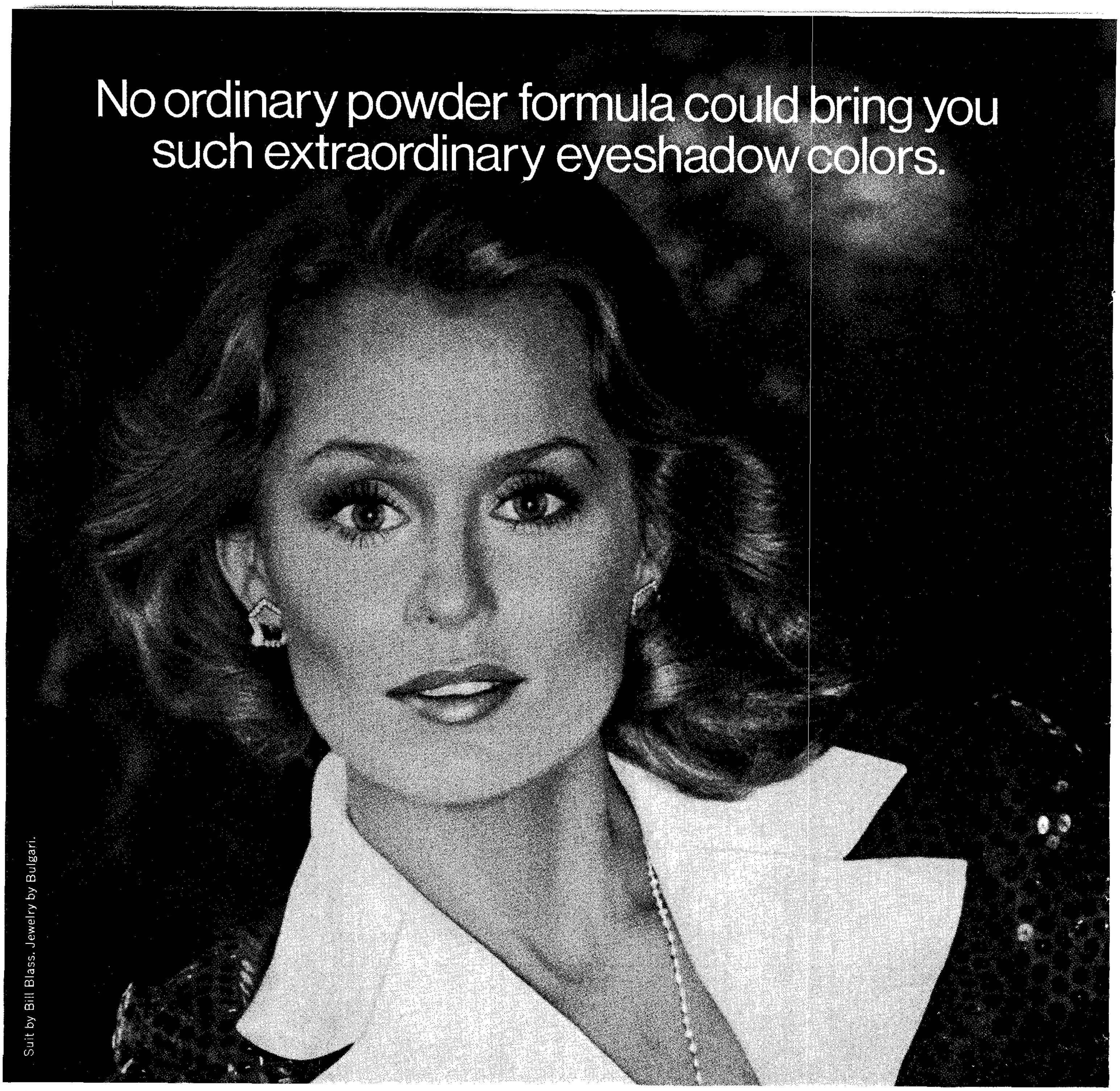
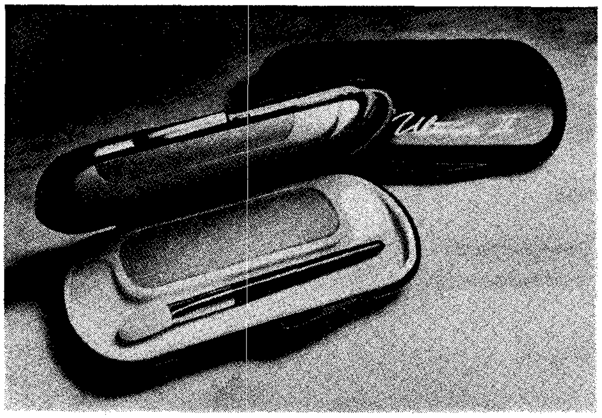


Suit by Bill Blass. Jewelry by Bulgari.

Presenting 'The Impressionist Colors' in New Patina Eyeshadows

Only the perfect balance of creme and powder could produce these 22 muted, original colors. Gentled colors. Plum quieted with mauve. Or apricot with beige. But there's more than color to the new 'Impressionist Colors.' They slip on like silk, cling flawlessly, even moisturize. Like a beauty treatment for the delicate skin around your eyes. The result is such a pretty look you'll be amazed you created it so easily.



ULTIMA II
CHARLES REVSON

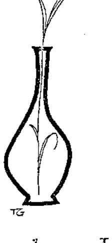
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE American Booksellers Association has just wound up its convention here. Four days. About three hundred and fifty "publishers" displaying their wares at about six hundred booths at the New York Hilton and Americana Hotels. About twelve thousand people who sell books, publish books, write books, or have some kind of stake in books, the "books" being anything, with or without words, on pages. What a lot of selling, selling. Pushing, pushing. Hustling, hustling. We looked in on the fun a few times and then ran for our life. Officially, the thing was called the American Booksellers Association '75 Convention and Trade Exhibit. One of its press releases informed us, "A major thrust of the 75th Anniversary Convention is to foster dialog among the various segments of the book industry." Some of the topics listed for the "dialog" were "Money and the Book Business," "The Editor and the Marketplace," and "Making Movies Out of Books." All over the convention, the word used for the people whose names appear on the covers of the books was "author." (Never "writer.") The press release said, "Authors as diverse as Muhammad Ali and Erica Jong will be among the throngs," and "Three autographing areas will showcase a long list of celebrated authors." There were scores of "authors" signing their books at the convention and giving them away. Convention delegates waited droopily for the free stuff in lines as long as those for television's "Let's Make a Deal" or "The Price Is Right." A major thrust of the convention seemed to be how much loot could be carted away. Many exhibitors gave out free shopping bags to help in the thrust. The best ones, made of canvas or duck, were handed out by Time-Life and Bantam Books. Others were cheesy plastic bags, and included those distributed by this magazine. They gave out and tore under the weight of catalogues, posters, books, and buttons. Some of the buttons we picked up said, "THE STAR-SPANGLED LIST," "KNOW IT ALL. THE NEW COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA," "UNBUTTON YOUR MIND. IN THE MAGIC LAND OF PEYOTE. TEXAS PRESS," "QUIZ BOOKS? FROM DRAKE," "LILLI PALMER" (her picture was on the button).

One of the most popular of the best-selling "authors" at the convention (running neck and neck with Erica Jong) was Richard Scarry, whose books, for children ("Richard Scarry's Best Word Book Ever," "Busy, Busy World," "Richard Scarry's Storybook Dictionary," and seventy-seven other titles), have sold twenty-five million copies in the United States alone. His storybooks—whose characters, known and admired by most people under the age of twelve, including about two million a year in fifteen other countries, are animals named Pickles (a pig), Squeaky (a mouse), Lowly (a worm), and Huckle (a cat)—are published by Golden Press, of the Western Publishing Company. Scarry, who was born in Boston fifty-six years ago, now lives in one or another of two homes he has in Switzerland, but Golden had brought him to New York, for the first time in four years, to attend the convention and to sign and give away three hundred copies of his newest book, "Animal Nursery Tales." We queued up behind a couple of under-twelves named Judy and Erik and listened to them do a quick interview with Scarry while getting their signed books.



"How did you think up Lowly, and why did you make him a worm?" Erik asked.

"Because I wanted a funny little character who could hide in cash registers and places like that," Scarry said pleasantly. (He looks sort of like his character Huckle, the cat.)

"What got you into the field of children's books?" Judy asked.

"When I was your age, I loved to draw," Mr. Scarry said. "When I got out of the Army, I went to Golden Press with my first book, 'The Boss of the Barnyard,' and they published it. It was time, you see, for me to start earning a living."

"Why do you draw animals instead of people?" Erik asked.

"Children relate better to animals," Mr. Scarry said. "Don't you?"

"Right on," said Erik.

"And my animals *are* people anyway," said Mr. Scarry.

"Next!" a Golden Press man said crisply, and Mr. Scarry smiled pleasantly at an adult couple, who asked for an autograph for the Allendale Book & Record Shop, in Allendale, New Jersey.

It was possible to eat and live at the convention for all four days if one was so inclined. There seemed to be at least two dozen publishers who were beating the drums for cookbooks. Some of the publishers were cooking stuff like Potage Bonne Femme, made with purslane, and handing out recipes; the one for the soup had elegant drawings and descriptions of purslane, or *Portulaca oleracea.* A few publishers were giving out drinks and candy—little sample Butterfinger bars to help the delegates remember a book called "The Butterfingers Angel."

Judy Garland was the favorite subject with at least four "authors" at the convention, and their books were being snatched up by people who looked like senior-citizen groupies. The books were "Little Girl Lost: The Life and Hard Times of Judy Garland," by Al Di Orio, Jr. (Manor Books); "Young Judy," by David Dahl and Barry Kehoe (Mason/Charter); "Rainbow: The Stormy Life of Judy Garland," by Christopher Finch (Grosset & Dunlap); and "Judy," by Gerold Frank (Harper & Row).

"I researched the book for four years," Al Di Orio, Jr., said as he signed his book, a paperback, for us.

"He's collected six thousand pictures of Judy," Mr. Di Orio's publisher said. He was a young man wearing a card that gave his name as John Littell, and he was standing behind his "author" and squeezing his hands together with heavy pressure. "He's got tapes of Judy singing when she was three," Mr. Littell said. "He's been collecting since he was thirteen. He put together the book out of love."

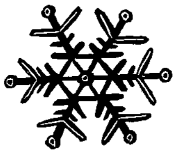
"Did you know Judy Garland?" we asked the author.

"No, but I shook hands with her three times," Mr. Di Orio said.

"He interviewed Barbara Walters about her," Mr. Littell said. "The book is shipping now."

"*We've* got the best book about Judy," the publisher of another Judy Garland book told us. "At the end of *our* book, Judy doesn't die. She signs the contract with M-G-M."

During one of our look-ins at the convention, we had the illusion of walking an old Coney Island path between sideshow hawkers. The Hilton hawkers crammed large, glossy posters into our shopping bags—blowups of book covers to look forward to. The first two we collected were as ugly as any—"The Yum-Yum Book, or, Oggie and the Beanstalk," by R. Crumb (Scrimshaw Press, San Francisco), and "The Butterfly Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast," by Alan Aldridge and William Plomer (Grossman). On the first poster a naked lady held fruit in front of her bosom, and on the second a naked grasshopper clambered up the title of the book. An outfit called The Third Press had a book on display entitled "Coup d'état in America," by Michael Canfield and Alan J. Weberman. The Third Press representative said that the book was about the C.I.A., but he couldn't say anything more about it. "You'll have to talk to Joseph Okpaku, the Third Press president," he said. "But he isn't here. He also runs a travel agency, and he's out travelling."



John Luckman, the representative of the Gambler's Book Club, of Las Vegas, told us his firm had reprinted a gambling book first published in 1895. "It tells you how to cheat," he said, and he gave us an old-timer's wink. "It's going to be big in the fall. Buy it and you'll profit."

There were a number of practical-sounding come-ons. Successful Achievement, Inc., of Lexington, Kentucky, offered "There's *Big* Money for You with Our Self-Help, Inspirational and Motivational *Best Sellers*." Hippocrene Books, Inc. (distributor), and The Future Associates of Shawnee Mission, Kansas, (publisher), offered a way of life as well as books: "Cooperative Capitalism (The Way to the Future). Two new stimulating, provocative books tell how . . ."

We ran into a young man named Chris Brooks, of the Bucks County *Courier Times*. He was carrying two bulging shopping bags (the good canvas ones), and he looked tired.

"I review books," he told us when we asked him what he did at his paper.

"Seen anything you can hardly wait for?" we asked.

"Definitely," he said enthusiastically. "Don't miss 'The Making of King Kong,' by Orville Goldner and George Turner. Published by Barnes. That's going to be a big one."

We looked in at the Americana on the last day of the convention—almost at the last moment, in fact. The delegates had vanished. Workmen were dismantling the exhibits. We kicked our way through discarded catalogues lying ankle-deep on the floor—Les Femmes Publishing, Princeton University Press, Schocken Books, The Viking Press, Celestial Arts, Winchester Press, Atheneum, Macmillan, the Grosset Good Life Series. Wire stands bearing signs that read "Best Sellers" had been turned over on their sides. The booth of Fountainhead Publishers, Inc., New York, was still standing, with its book covers still emblazoned on the counter: "So You're Going to Court!" and "Doctor in Court" and "Columbus *Was* First." The stall of the New York *Times* had been tipped over on its side, but still aloft were big blowups of photographs of Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, identified as "daily book critic," and John Leonard, as "Editor New York Times Book Review," and Anatole Broyard, as "daily book critic." Very classy. Very impressive-looking photographs. The color motif of the stall was black and white. Letters clear and crisp. They still urged copies of the New York *Times Book Review* upon us. "Take one *free* with our compliments," their sign read on the counter lying on the floor. "HELPS YOU SELL MORE BOOKS SEVEN DAYS A WEEK."

Cooking Class

THE Bentley Lower School, thoughtfully situated next door to the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, on East Seventy-first Street, held its final cooking class of the spring term last week, and we went to watch eleven girls (average age, nine; average name, Jennifer) learn how to make appetizers. Regular classes at Bentley end at noon on Fridays, and the afternoon is given over to elective courses in things like Guitar, Sculpture, Art, Shop, Games, and, of course, Cooking. The cooking class is usually taught by the school nurse, but for the final session the girls were treated to a guest lecture by Wendy Nealson, "consultant in food preparation," and the cooking director for a local kosher-meat-processing company.

Working at a large table in the school kitchen before the students arrived, Mrs. Nealson carefully arranged all the necessary ingredients—among them, frankfurters, cocktail franks, sliced salami, mozzarella cheese, rye bread, chili sauce, grape jelly, tomato paste, oregano, and some fresh vegetables. At twelve-thirty, the students came in and surrounded Mrs. Nealson's worktable. She smiled and said, "Hello, girls. I'm Wendy Nealson, and I've come here today to show you how to cook a number of things that we hope you'll be able to go home and show to your mommies. We believe that kids should be in the kitchen along with their mommies, teaching their mommies but also supervised by mommies. We're going to make three things today—sweet-and-sour franks, frank-a-bobs, and coketail pizzas. Some of you children might have seen me do this on the 'Wonderama' show on television. When the class is over, we'll give you some recipes to take home. We do hope that if you're in the kitchen you'll have some adult supervision. Does anybody know why that is?"

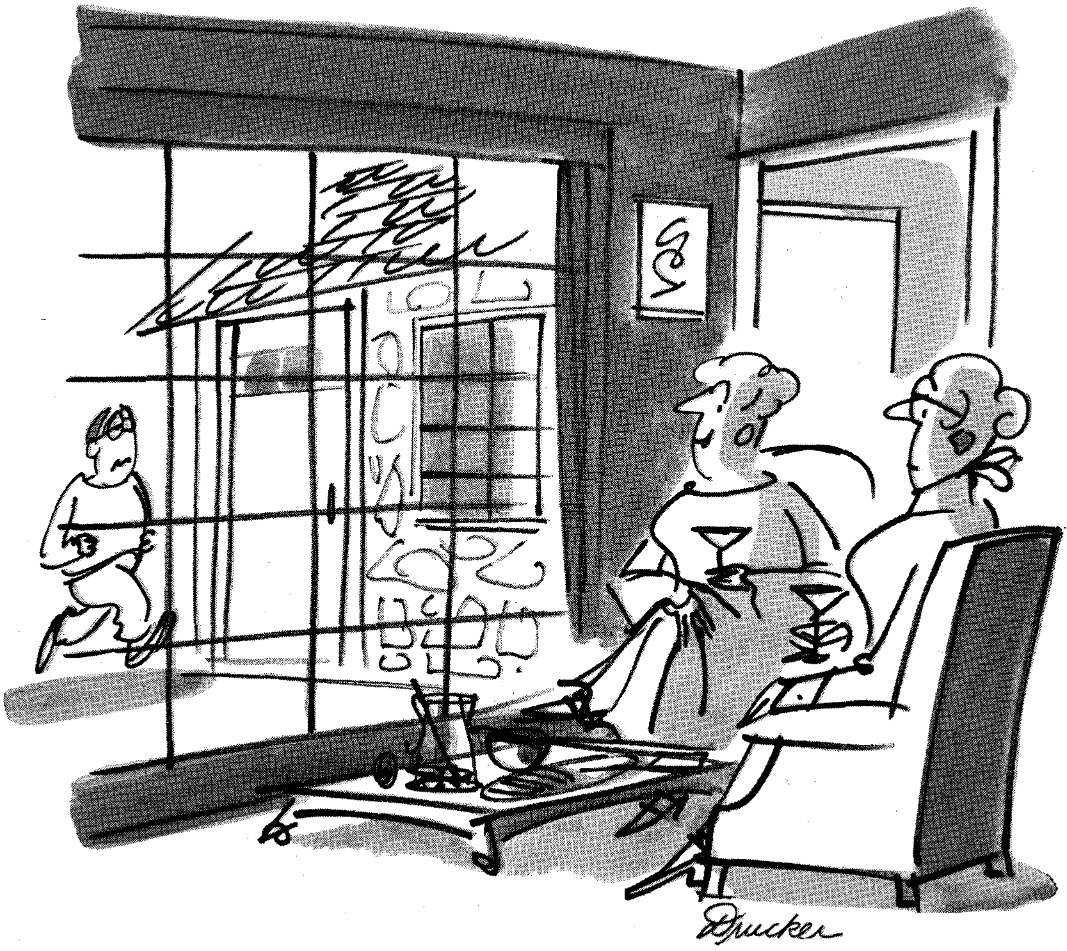
"Because you might get hurt," one girl answered.

"That's right," said Mrs. Nealson. "You might get cut or burned."

"Or spill boiling water!" the girl chirped.

"That, too."

Mrs. Nealson then divided the class into three groups. Three girls worked on the sweet-and-sour franks, which they prepared by dumping large quantities of grape jelly, chili sauce, and lemon juice into a big pot on the stove. When this mixture began to simmer, they threw in several handfuls of cocktail franks, and then left the whole batch to simmer some more. There was a brief discussion about who was entitled to take the jelly jars home. While this was going on,



"Here comes the seven-minute mile now."

another group worked on the frank-a-bobs, which they prepared by skewering marinated slices of frankfurter, onions, green peppers, and cherry tomatoes. When a couple of girls pointed out that they thought the green peppers and onions were "yechy," Mrs. Nealson said, "If you don't like the onions or green peppers, you don't have to eat them, but *I* think the vegetables make the frank-a-bobs *pretty*—especially the little tomatoes on top."

The students on the coketail-pizza assembly line, which had not yet begun to move, were growing a bit restless. We started a conversation with Jennifer Taylor, who is short and slight, has long brown hair, and jumps around a lot when she talks, and soon found ourself in the middle of an argument between Jennifer and Leslie Sloane, who has a round face, pigtails, and a slightly imperious manner.

We asked Jennifer why there were no boys in the cooking class. She explained that the boys prefer to take Shop, and Leslie interjected that the tuition for the Friday-afternoon classes is two hundred dollars.

"It doesn't cost two *hundred* dollars extra," Jennifer said.

"My mother *told* me it does," said Leslie.

"Tough!" shouted Jennifer.

"It *does* cost that," insisted Leslie.

"You think just because your mother's a big deal in the P.-T.A. that means you know everything," Jennifer said.

"Children!" Mrs. Nealson pleaded. "Could you please listen and be quiet? If you're courteous while other people are cooking, they'll be quiet while you are." Before she demonstrated how to make coketail pizzas—known to grownups as cocktail pizzas—a girl with blond hair whispered something to her. Then Mrs. Nealson announced, "I want you all to know that when I was at Debbie Smiley's house the other night she made these pizzas for me." Debbie blushed a bit and said, "Well, it wasn't just me. My father helped."

"See? I told you," said Mrs. Nealson. "You should always have supervision."

A coketail pizza was made by spreading tomato paste on a small piece of rye bread, covering that with salami, adding mozzarella cheese and oregano, and then baking it in the oven. A lot of girls got tomato paste on their clothes, and the group making the frank-a-bobs complained that the marinade was sticky. "Anybody whose hands are really yicky can go to the ladies' room to wash them off," said Mrs. Nealson.

While the frank-a-bobs broiled, the sweet-and-sour franks simmered, and the coketail pizzas baked, some girls went to wash their hands, and others, like Cory Cohen and Sarah Sholes, killed time by wearing paper plates on their heads. When the food was served, everyone agreed that standing up in the school kitchen to eat frankfurters and little pizzas surpassed sitting down in the school lunchroom to eat Beefaroni, Waldorf salad, and cooked cabbage. We tasted everything: the sweet-and-sour franks were O.K., but hot-dogs-and-grape-jelly has never been our favorite combination; the frank-a-bobs tasted as good as they looked; and the pizzas tasted best.

Peregrines

BACK in the nineteen-forties, a pair of peregrine falcons nested briefly on a sixteenth-floor ledge of the St. Regis Hotel, at Fifty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue. More successfully, another pair of peregrines nested on the roof of the Sun Life Building, in downtown Montreal, from 1938 until 1952, and raised a number of young. At least half a dozen pairs of peregrines were nesting, more naturally, high up on the Hudson Palisades until the nineteen-fifties. The only peregrines that now nest east of the Mississippi River in this country do so not at their customary imposing sites—palisades, riverine gorges, rugged rocky seacoasts—but in thirty-six plywood breeding lofts in the hawk barn at Cornell University, where since 1971 Dr. Thomas J. Cade, a professor at the Cornell University Division of Biological Sciences, has been breeding peregrines in captivity. Graduate students observe the falcons and note their behavior. Sometimes the Cornell ornithologists take newly laid eggs from the peregrines, causing the females to recycle and produce more eggs. The birds' courtships are reported on, their sex lives are detailed. The breeding stock at Cornell is made up of peregrines captured in the Arctic, the West, and the Pacific Northwest. In the West, where once four hundred to five hundred pairs of peregrines nested regularly, there are now perhaps fifty pairs, certainly no more than seventy-five. As almost everyone knows, the peregrine—along with many other birds and animals—is on the Interior Department's endangered-species list.

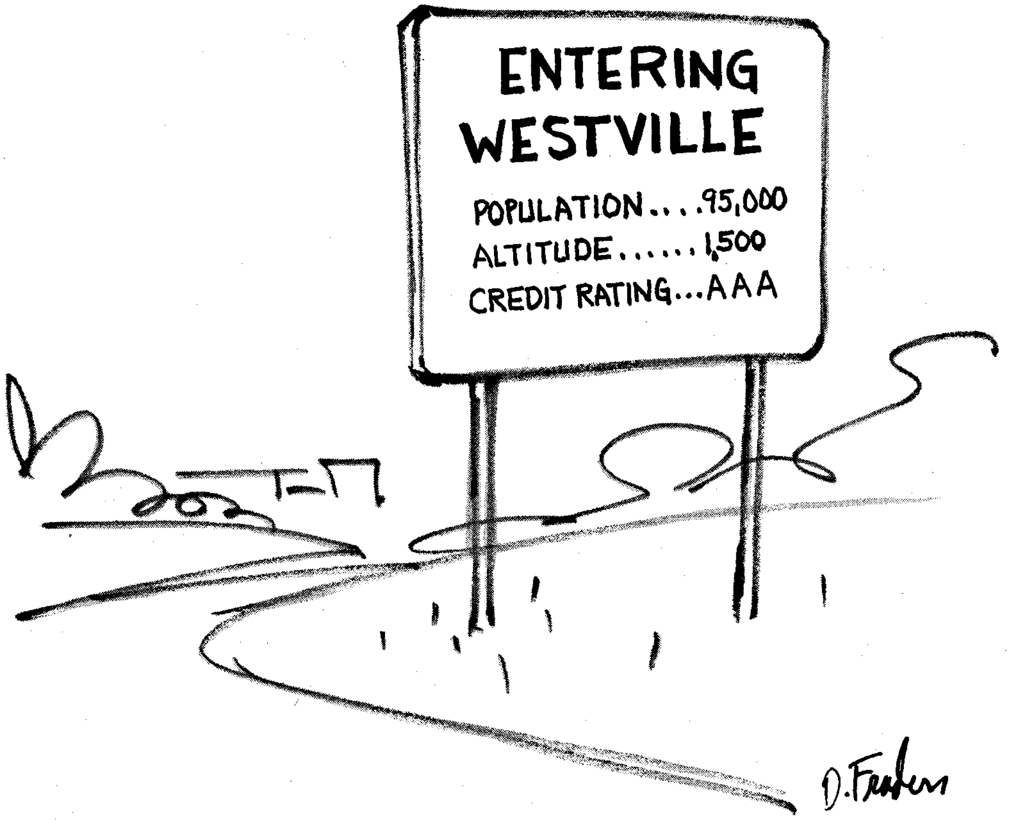
Called by one wildlife expert "the most awe-inspiring bird in America" and by another "the fastest animal in the world," the peregrine is a bird whose diving speed has been variously estimated at between a hundred and fifty and two hundred and seventy-five miles an hour. The adult female is perhaps nineteen inches long and has a wingspan of nearly three feet; she weighs just over two pounds. The male is somewhat smaller. Both male and female have slate-colored backs and whitish breasts, and a black hood that tapers off into a black mustache. The peregrine's wings are long and pointed, its feet—lethal weapons—are large and stout, and its breast muscles are powerful. Climbing to a thousand feet in the air, the peregrine spots its prey far below and, using the powerful breast muscles to pump its wings, overtakes and kills other birds, which it then eats. Peregrines will sometimes attack ducks. They will kill adult pheasants. Usually, though, they attack such smaller birds as blackbirds, jays, and swallows. Until 1972, when the use of DDT was banned in this country, the pesticide passed through the food chain—from insects, which other birds ate, on up to the peregrines. Lodged there, the pesticide deranged some birds, and it also resulted in the deleterious process known as eggshell-thinning. Sometimes the poisoned parents would eat their own eggs; sometimes the shells were so thin that the weight of an incubating parent crushed them, or a strong talon nicked a fatal hole in them; sometimes the eggs appeared to be normal but failed to hatch. The first year that DDT was used on a significant scale for agriculture was 1946, and the eggshell-thinning process began shortly thereafter. There is a direct correlation between the thinness of the eggshell and the amount of DDT in the egg: the greater the level of DDT, the thinner the shell. By the middle nineteen-sixties, the peregrine populations of both coasts of the United States were undergoing simultaneous drastic declines.

Today, there are just four peregrines in the wild this side of the Mississippi—one male and three females, all five weeks old. On a warm, sunny day last week, Dr. Cade and Dr. Stanley Temple, also of Cornell, put these four birds on top of a seventy-five-foot steel gunnery tower—surrogate cliff—on an island off the western shore of upper Chesapeake Bay. The island is in the Edgewood Arsenal area of the Aberdeen Proving Ground, about twenty miles northeast of Baltimore. At one time, the tower had on it a 155-mm. howitzer, which was used to field-test military chemicals. On the top of the tower now is a wooden platform, and on it rests a wooden nesting box—the new home of the four young birds, who came from Dr. Cade's captive-breeding project at Cornell.

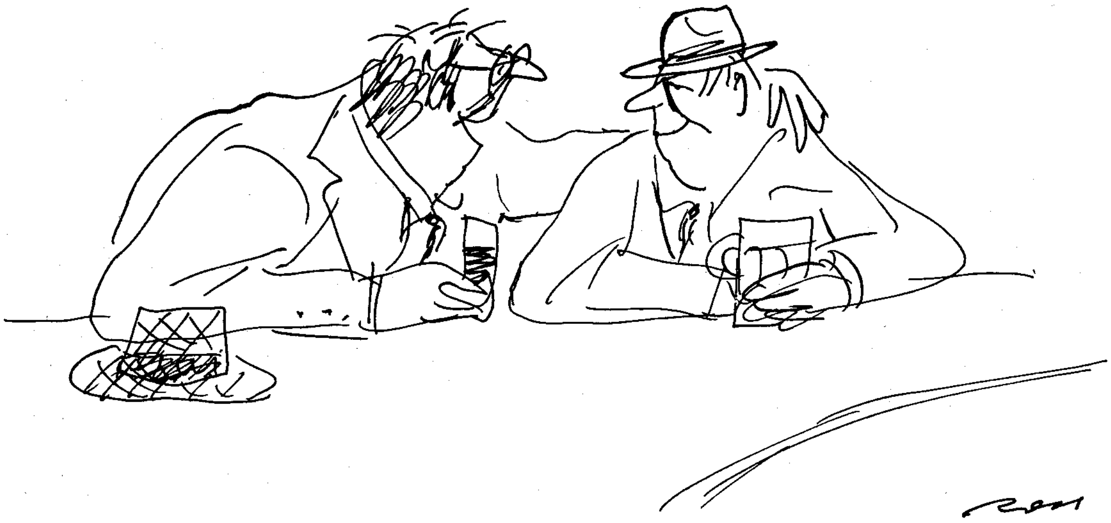
"Once people became generally aware of the fact that the peregrine was in serious trouble, various people began to think about ways to do something to help the bird out—to save it—and captive propagation was an idea that immediately struck the minds of a number of people, particularly falconers or people who had considerable experience with falconry techniques," Dr. Cade said at a press conference a few minutes before he and Dr. Temple climbed the gunnery tower to install the peregrines. "Falconry has provided essentially a technology for handling and keeping birds in captivity that can be taken over intact and applied to the problems of propagation and—even more significantly, I think—to the problems of reëstablishing these birds in the field. By reversing the practices of falconry, I think, you can teach a domestic falcon to become a wild falcon, just as you can teach a wild falcon to become a domestic one. The peregrine, for over two thousand—perhaps three thousand—years, has been a creature of captivity just as much as it has been a creature of the wild, and I think that we can now work this to the advantage of the bird."

The birds at Edgewood will be fed several times a day and watched over by two biologist soldiers and by Dr. Temple, who will remain on the island for a month or so to look after the fledglings. It is hoped that the young birds will eventually be able to feed themselves, and that in two or three years, when they reach sexual maturity, the male will return to the gunnery tower with one of the females to breed. This particular program has been brought into being by Dr. Cade; the New York State College of Agriculture and Life Sciences, at Cornell; the Peregrine Fund of Cornell's Laboratory of Ornithology; the United States Army Matériel Command; the United States Fish and Wildlife Service; the World Wildlife Fund; the National Audubon Society; the United States Forest Service; and the Massachusetts Audubon Society. The idea behind the program is, simply, to hatch enough peregrines in captivity to repopulate a part of nature.

"The last two years, we produced forty-three young peregrines," Dr. Cade said last week. "And this year we expect to be able to produce about



thirty. We're at the stage now where we can begin to think seriously about putting them back in the field and learning how to reintroduce them into the wild. The best and the most natural way of doing this is to take the young falcons and foster them to wild parents"—foundlings on the doorstep. "This works great. But in the East, of course, where we have no wild falcons left breeding at all, we are stuck with having to use the old, abandoned aerie sites, many of which still look to be very good places to put falcons."



"You're an illiterate and I'm an intellectual, but we still respect each other's point of view. That's democracy, right?"

The problem is getting the young falcons to associate themselves with a particular site and to use it when they come to breeding age. "Here, again, I think the falconer's technique of hacking will come into play and be of considerable significance in getting these birds reëstablished," Dr. Cade said. "This simply is taking young falcons (we're going to start a hacking experiment right here today)—taking them before they can fly, putting them out in the area that you wish to establish them in, taking care of them until they're independent and hunting on their own, and then hoping that during that period of formation of their early habits of hunting and fixation of habitat they will home back to this place to breed when they are two or three years old. Now, not only natural sites but also artificial sites are possible places to reintroduce peregrines. We know this because, particularly in Europe, peregrines even today frequently use old buildings or other structures—man-created structures—for nesting. They will even nest right in the center of villages, and on bridge tiers and other man-created structures. So this leads us to think that we might be able either to build special breeding towers or to use existing towers and modify them to suit the needs of the falcons."

A few minutes after the press conference, which was held in the Biomedical Laboratory at Edgewood, Dr. Cade, Dr. Temple, and a number of other people boarded helicopters and flew over to the island where the gunnery tower is situated—eight hundred and fifty-five acres of salt marsh, open meadow, and woodland—which at some time or other during the year harbors nearly three hundred species of birds. Among those who made the trip were Dr. F. Prescott Ward, the chief of the Ecological Research Office of the Biomedical Laboratory, and Tom Smylie, an ebullient public-affairs officer with the Fish and Wildlife Service, who lives in Albuquerque, where he trains peregrine falcons and does research on golden eagles. At the base of the tower, Dr. Temple knelt and opened up an ordinary cardboard box that had been brought along. In it were four cabbage-size birds, downy white with black wing feathers. They set up a raucous cry, like four rapidly squeaking rusty hinges. Dr. Temple picked up the box and began climbing the tower's ladder. Dr. Cade followed. The birds continued to squawk.

Dr. Ward, remaining below, told an onlooker, "Initially, we're going to band these birds and also track them with tiny radio transmitters that will be attached to a tail feather with dental acrylic. The transmitter will have a tiny whip antenna, and we can check the birds' movements with a directional receiver. Of course, when the birds molt, they'll drop the feathers with the transmitters. We haven't named them yet, so for the time being we'll just identify them by their bands—AE I, AE II, AE III, and AE IV. The 'AE' is for 'Alpha Echo,' which has absolutely no significance."

Smylie stood nearby. On his arm perched Kelty, a two-year-old female peregrine, bred at Cornell, who is a sister of AE I, II, III, and IV. "We'll be feeding the young birds with dead feral quail at first, and hope they'll soon be able to feed themselves," he said. "Unfortunately, the mortality rate of predatory birds in the wild these days is sixty or seventy per cent. Some of our Arctic peregrines migrate to South America in the fall and pick up pesticides there. We can ban DDT here, but the birds can still get it into their systems down there. So we'll consider ourselves extremely lucky if we do get a breeding pair out of these four birds. It is a milestone in wildlife management."

Atop the tower, Dr. Cade and Dr. Temple removed the four peregrines from the cardboard box and put them in the nesting box, which can be closed up. "We'll lock them in for a week or so—just until they get used to it," Dr. Cade said. "And to protect them for now from other predators, like owls." Inside the nesting box, the young peregrines stared out through wooden bars, looking somewhat ruffled and angry, and stopped squawking. From this spot, when they learn to hunt on their own, they will command a bird's-eye attack zone of perhaps fifty miles on a clear day—treeline and field, swamp and shoreline.

With the birds hushed, Dr. Temple and Dr. Cade began the slow descent of the iron ladder. At the bottom, everyone looked slightly nervous but happy: Phase 1 of the experiment completed. Three additional East Coast release sites will be chosen soon. "I can't think of another project of this scope that has ever been successfully performed," Dr. Cade said. "With the coöperation that we now have from so many organizations—a coöperation that has been made possible, or at least formalized, by the Endangered Species Act of 1973—I think that with the techniques we now have we should see peregrines nesting again in the Eastern United States. We hope by the end of this decade."

YOUR WEDDING AND YOU

A Few Thoughts on Making It More Personally Rewarding, Shared by Reverend Bob Osman

To Howie, Chris, Lani, Kim, Steve, Greg, Sandi, Carol, Jim, Jaki,
and all the young people who taught me to love them.

In the gentle happy mornin'
Of the country love we've known,
Let's build a life together
And make ourselves at home.

—Jack Aspen

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Designers—Consultants—Caterers
"We Care"

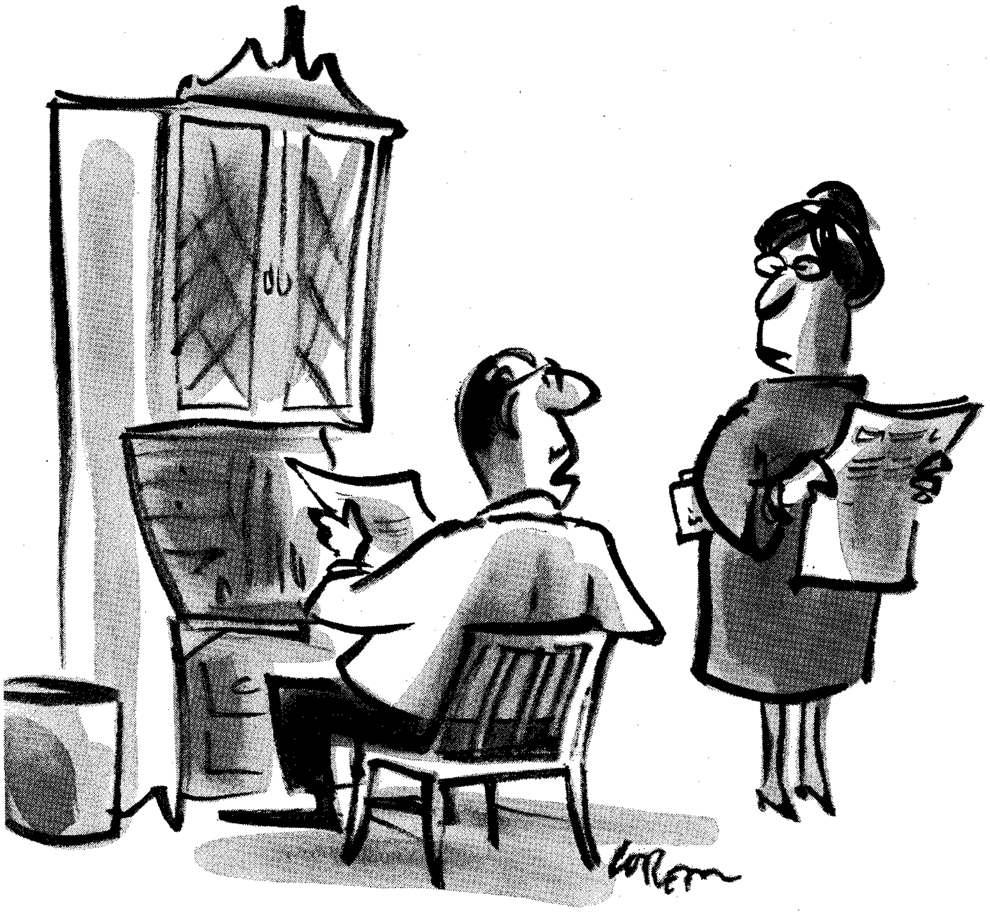
In the past decade, a very rapidly increasing change in our views of marriage as an institution and the wedding ceremony as an expression of two persons' feelings about marriage and about themselves and each other, their place in the community and society, and their relationship to the planet itself (and, of course, God) has undoubtedly taken place. Perhaps this change is summed up fairly well by two young people whom I'll call *Pat* and *Mike*.

"People like us reject the stereotypes, the role-playing, that seem to be so much a part of other people's relationships," they confided to me one day during premarital counselling. "We are individuals with an infinite capacity for loving, sharing, knowing, caring, growing, and expanding. We want our wedding to express that unique personalness, that *beingness*, that each of us, and only us, can bring to marriage. Do you know what we mean?"

More and more, most of us do—especially those in the 18-to-35 age group in which most first marriages take place. Oftentimes writing their own ceremonies and creating their own symbols, language, music, feelings, this generation of young couples is seeking new modes, new marriage styles, to express what one minister called "the naturally religious, the realistically mystical, the practically impossible."

Heavy, right?

Not necessarily. In fact, the emphasis is definitely *away* from heaviness and *toward* lightness and informality. Comfortable. Feeling good. Being yourself. Being okay.



"Which do you prefer—Fed-Up Taxpayer, Outraged Citizen, or just plain Disgusted?"

That is what the "New Wedding" is all about.

What is the "New Wedding"?

Okay, let's get down to specifics.

First of all, the New Wedding is less likely to occur in a formal place of worship or government but, rather, in an environment where the couple feels comfortable—a natural hillside or valley, a favorite restaurant, a nearby park or playground, or the home of a close friend.

Second, it is less likely to involve formal Judeo-Christian-establishment language but, rather, words that the couple would want to say to each other even if they weren't getting married.

Third, it is more likely to make each person attending the ceremony feel like a participant in something that is very interesting indeed.

Of course, many couples still elect a more traditional ceremony: the white tunics and daisy crowns, the lighting of matches by the congregation, the beautiful Peter, Paul and Mary songs, and such a ceremony can be deeply meaningful in its own way. Certainly no couple should reject it just to be "different." An Alternative Wedding should be chosen only after careful and sincere discussion of the couple's own values, dreams, and aptitudes at this most important moment in their life.

What is an "Alternative Wedding"?

That's a good question. I'd say, "It depends pretty much on the individual," so let's look at some individual cases.

Sam and *Judy*, for example. They chose to emphasize their mutual commitment to air and water quality, exchanging vows while chained to each other and to the plant gate of a major industrial polluter.

Lyle and *Marcia*, recognizing their dependence on each other, were joined in matrimony in a crowd of total strangers and had but $3.85 and a couple of tokens between them.

Al and *Tammy*, on the other hand, sharing a commitment to challenge and excitement, were married in 6.12 seconds in *Al's* Supercharged Funny Car, with a minister on her lap and four bridesmaids on the floor (a new track record).

Bud and *Karen* chose a simple ceremony in their own apartment, with *Karen* fixing pizza in the kitchen, *Bud* asleep on the sofa, and their *two children* throwing toys at the guests.

SUPER MARKE
0 36000 24490 6 FOR $2.35
SALE $3 CANS 3.25!
0 111816
SALE! 0 443330 3 FOR $2.25
0 20000 10258 3 CANS 72¢!
0 38900 00143 TW FO
Richter

• •

Charles and *Frank*, however, selected the Early Traditional style, complete with morning coats, Wagner and Mendelssohn, and crustless sandwiches.

Others have been married in canoes or small powerboats, under bridges, in tunnels, beside creeks, on towers, over the telephone (with the groom calling from a distant tavern), and on ski tows, islands, mountain peaks, peninsulas, rooftops, and rocks. A New, or Alternative, Wedding means freedom to be married in exactly the way you always wanted to be.

What is an "Alternative, or New, Wedding"?

Very well, let's look at three basic elements of the marriage ceremony in terms of personal experience today: readings, or literature; ceremony itself, or drama; and singing, or music. All are forms of *celebration*, from the Latin word "*celebratio*," meaning "to get along famously, or quickly."

Music. The music of Scott Joplin, Bob Dylan, Barbra Streisand, the Carpenters, the Grateful Dead, "Sesame Street," Pepsi-Cola, and the Fifties is often chosen, though many couples are now creating their own music. *Henry* and *Phyllis* were members of the Beloveds, a bliss-rock band, and decided to hold their wedding in a large auditorium, with a sellout crowd sharing the joy and excitement of a Beloveds concert. Although the band had never played outside of small coffeehouses and was little known on the music scene, with the help and concern of a supportive promoter the concert was arranged, with ticket prices scaled upward accordingly. "It was a wonderful wedding, and we all got off on it, especially the aspect of total sharing," remarked *Phyllis* afterward. "And there would've been even more to share, except the promoter took sixty per cent off the top, and expenses wiped out the rest. Which goes to show the importance of having a good wedding contract." Alternatively, you may want to invite guests to bring their own instruments or a favorite record.

Ceremony. It is customary for the bride and groom to write their own ceremony, reflecting their own tastes suitable to the occasion. *Vern* and *LaVerne* wanted their wedding to be a "rite of passage" from the empty, structured urban life they had known to a new rural life based on community and trusting and showing concern for tradition and love of the land, and they set out to do exactly that. Leaving the Midwestern city in which they had long lived, the couple drove South looking for a community that was just right. A few hours later, they came across a small white frame church in the country. Its oak-shaded yard was crowded with aged parishioners eating fried-chicken lunches and displaying native crafts and abilities. The minister, a kindly old man in a black frock coat and starched shirt, greeted them warmly, and when *Vern* and *LaVerne* indicated their intentions he let out a joyous yell and slapped his thigh. "Bust my buttons! Caroline, fetch my collar!" he whooped and shouted. In no time, the entire congregation was seated in the church and singing old-time shape-note hymns, fanning vigorously, and crying "Amen!" at every opportunity.

Minister: Well, Lord, You sure gave us one heck of a hard winter and I reckon some of us wondered if there'd be no end to it, but, dang it, this troubled ol' earth just keeps a-rotatin' and here we are at plantin' time agin and the trees are puttin' out their blossoms and the ol' bull is lookin' across the fence at the heifers and it sorta speaks to us of what they call *renewal* and *rededication*, don't it?

And that's why we're here today, ain't it, Lord, 'cause these-here kids want ter sorta carry on them *natural processes* and kinder do their part to *create life* and be what Y'might call *at one* with You and each other and the trees and the birds and this great big ball of humanity we got down here and what we might call the *life force*—anyhow, that's the way I see it.

Well, Lord, they're a-waitin' for me, and Caroline here is clearin' her throat somethin' fierce, so I guess I said enough, but—well, You take real good care of 'em now, Y'hear? Good-bye, God. Be talkin' to Y'later.

Vern and *LaVerne* also wrote their own vows. *Rod* and *Mary Elizabeth*, on the other hand, employed the regular vows of their church but added two pages of dialogue from "Love Knows No Night"—a scene in which *Curly* and *Jo-Jo*, pinned by the mud-slide, promise to love each other forever if they are rescued soon. Or a couple might wish to speak extemporaneously.

LITERATURE. Readings from Walt Whitman, Thoreau, Dylan Thomas, E.E. Cummings, Frost, the Song of Solomon, and Carl Rogers are popular at weddings today, and, properly chosen, can be every bit as personal and creative as your own poems, essays, songs, or articles. The key, of course, is to make them your own, expressing your own feelings and desires.

Sometimes, selections may be incorporated into the ceremony itself. (Some states have recognized Marlowe's "Come live with me and be my love" as a legally binding contract, but be sure to check with local authorities about this, to avoid misunderstandings later.) Or you might want to write your own literature and incorporate *that* into the ceremony, as a young couple did not long ago who asked that their names not be used:

Man: And shall we then be husband and wife, and love and trust each other in the spirit of mutual adventure and joy, giving nurture and sustenance the one to the other and yet also preserving the independence and solitude of each, ——?

Woman: I— I— don't know what to say . . . just that I'm . . .

Man: I'm here. Cleave to me.

Woman: . . . so happy. Happy and mixed up and— I don't know. It's like—

Man: Like we were two but now we are two in one?

Woman: Like what Carl Rogers once wrote. "When I love you, I am loving myself, for you are me."

Man: "When you love me, you are loving yourself, for I am you."

Both: "When we love ourselves, we are loving the world, for we are it."

Woman: ——, read that short poem you wrote for us recently.

Man: Oh, I don't know—it's sort of personal.

Woman: Please.

Man: Well, all right:

maybe it will always be that sunday when
we sang to the little bouncing ball dribbled
down the dewy grass-green fairways of our
consciousness landing in hard woods of where
and when   so let us always
and not just the day before tomorrow slice
together the loaf of our caring and hook
the fish of our first flowing self no
kidding swinging love's clubs between
the hazards of water the traps of sand
in the baggy morning crazy happy
yelling "fore! fore!"

Woman: ———!

Man: ———!

Or you might enclose your poem in the wedding invitation or have it printed on napkins. *Stan* and *Debbi*, although they were not poets, nonetheless wanted their wedding to be a "marriage of minds" and a time of sharing with family and friends, and sent out the invitations three months before, including a short reading list:

"Bhagavad Gita"
"Couples," Updike
"Crime and Punishment," Dostoevski
"The Golden Bough," Frazer
"The Great Gatsby," Fitzgerald
"How to Be Your Own Best Friend," Newman & Berkowitz
"On Aggression," Lorenz
"The Portable Nietzsche," Nietzsche
"The Republic," Plato
"Them," Oates
"Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance," Pirsig

In the church, the couple entered together from the rear and sat in front facing the guests. The attendants passed up and down the aisles distributing notebooks and pencils. The minister introduced *Stan* and *Debbi*, who took turns addressing the audience from a small lectern. *Debbi* spoke on "Views of Home in Post-Marriage Culture." *Stan* spoke on "The Goddess and the Mom: Woman as Totemic Figure and Family Technician in Contemporary Mythology." After a brief discussion and a multiple-choice quiz, the service was over. (To conserve time, *Stan* and *Debbi* had been married three weeks before at their apartment.)

Or you can simply speak to each guest briefly during the reception, to make sure the main points of your wedding are clearly understood. And if you have already selected your married life style you may wish to discuss that, too.

—GARRISON KEILLOR

WAITING IN A RAIN FOREST

The rain does not fall here: it stands in the air around you
Always, drifting from time to time like breath,
And gathering on the leaflike,
Pale shield lichen as clearly as the intricate channels
Along the bloodwort gleaming like moths' eyes,
Out of the maidenhair
And the running pine and the soft small towers of club moss
Where you must rest now under a green sky
In a land without flowers
Where the wind has fixed its roots and the motionless weather
Leaves you with nothing to do but watch the unbroken
Promises of the earth
And know whatever lies down, like you or a fallen nurse-log,
Will taste the deepest longing of young hemlocks
And learn without fear or favor
This gentlest of undertakings: moss mending your ways
While many spring from one to a wild garden
Flourishing in silence.

—DAVID WAGONER

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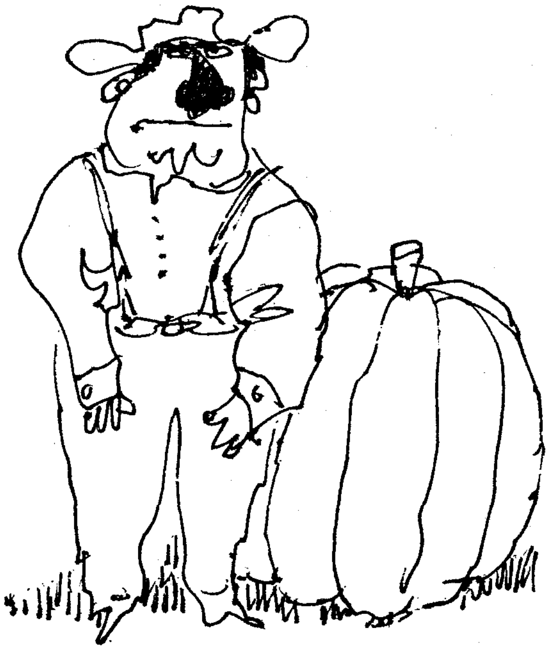
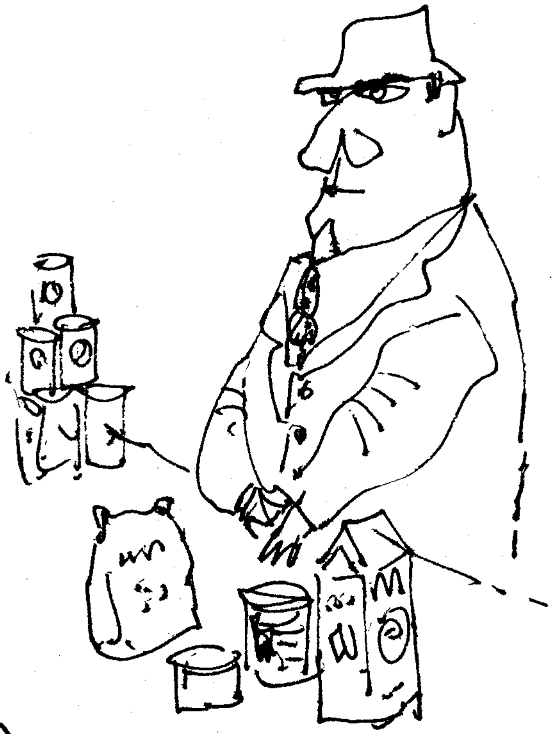
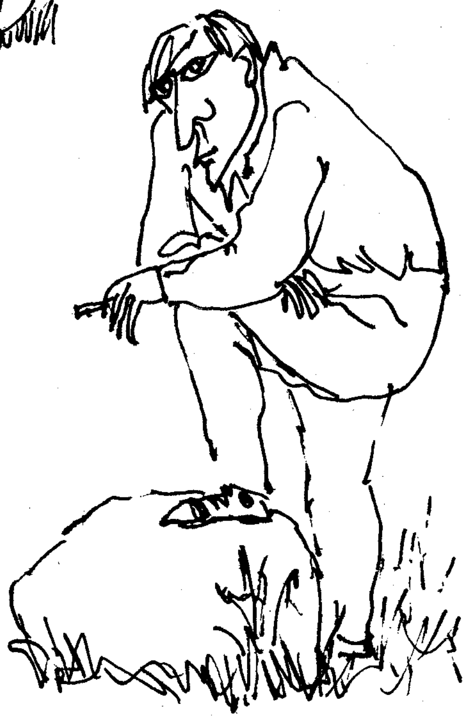
FELLOW MEN



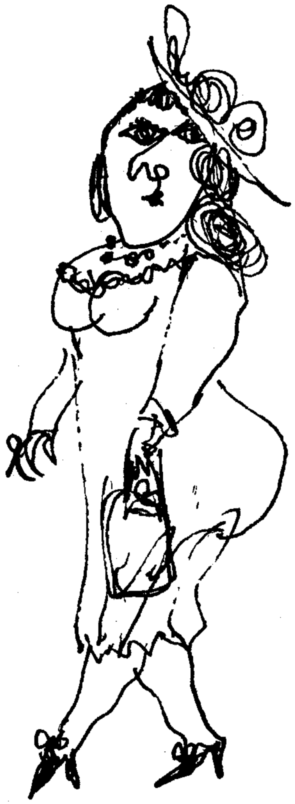
Grower of Prize Pumpkin
and Pumpkin



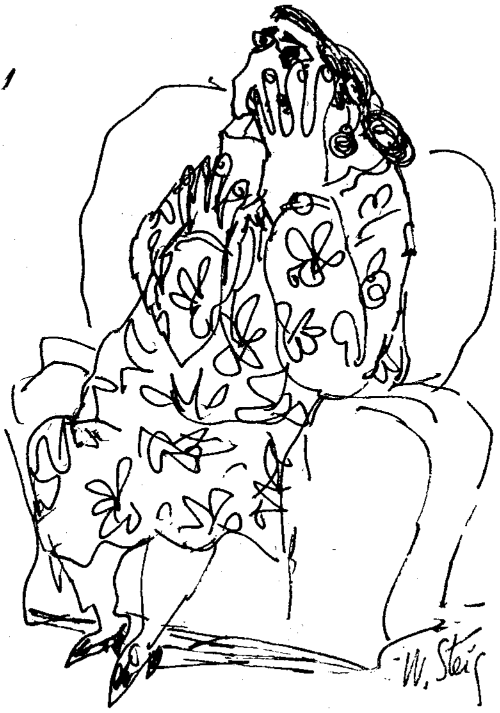
Customer Watching Grocer
Weigh Bologna



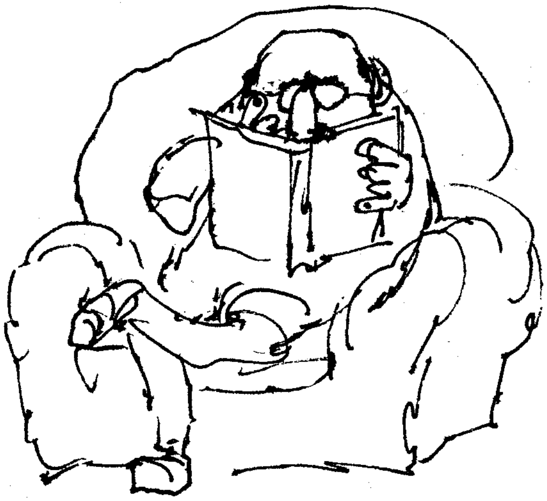
Poet Posing for Photograph



Another Man's Wife



Soap-Opera Audience



Student of Plotinus

THE FOUR SEASONS

I

THE school Carmela attended for much of six years was founded by Dr. Barnes, a foreigner who had no better use for his money. It had two classrooms, with varnished desks nailed to the floor, and steel lockers imported from England, and a playing field in which stray dogs collected. A sepia picture of the founder reading a book hung near a likeness of Mussolini. The two frames were identical, which showed the importance of Dr. Barnes—at least in Castel Vittorio. Over their heads the King rode horseback, wearing all his medals. To one side, somewhat adrift on the same wall, was the Sacred Heart. After Carmela was twelve and too old to bother with school anymore, she forgot all the history and geography she'd learned, but she remembered the men in their brown frames, and Jesus with His heart on fire. She left home that year, just after Easter, and came down to the Ligurian coast between Ventimiglia and Bordighera. She was to live with Mr. and Mrs. Unwin now, to cook and clean and take care of their twin daughters. Tessa and Clare were the children's names; Carmela pronounced them easily. The Unwins owned a small printing press, and as there was a large Anglo-American colony in that part of the world they never lacked for trade. They furnished letterhead stationery, circulars, and announcements for libraries, consulates, Anglican churches, and the British Legion—some printed, some run off the mimeograph machine. Mr. Unwin was also a part-time real-estate agent. They lived in a villa on top of a bald hill. Because of a chronic water shortage, nothing would grow except cactus. An electric pump would have helped the matter, but the Unwins were too poor to have one put in. Mrs. Unwin worked with her husband in the printing office when she felt well enough. She was the victim of fierce headaches caused by pollen, sunshine, and strong perfumes. The Unwins had had a cook, a char, and a nanny for the children, but when Carmela joined the household they dismissed the last of the three; the first two had been gone for over a year now. From the kitchen one could look down a slope into a garden where flowering trees and shrubs sent gusts of scent across to torment Mrs. Unwin, and leaves and petals to litter her cactus bed. An American woman called "the Marchesa" lived there. Mrs. Unwin thought of her as an enemy—someone who deliberately grew flowers for the discomfort they created.

Carmela had never been anywhere except her own village and this house, but Mrs. Unwin had no way of knowing that. She pressed a cracked black change purse in Carmela's hand and sent her down the hill to the local market to fetch carrots and not over a pound of the cheapest stewing beef. Carmela saw walled villas, and a clinic with a windbreak of cypress trees and ochre walls and black licorice balconies. Near the shore, work had stopped on some new houses. One could look through them, where windows were still holes in the walls, and catch a glimpse of the sea. She heard someone comment in an Italian more precious than her own, "Hideous. I hope they fall down on top of the builder. Unwin put money in it, too, but he's bankrupt." The woman who made these remarks was sitting under the pale-blue awning of a café so splendid that Carmela felt bound to look the other way. She caught, like her flash of the sea, small round tables and colored ices in silver dishes. All at once she recognized a chauffeur in uniform leaning with his back to a speckless motorcar. He was from Castel Vittorio. He gave no sign that he knew Carmela. Her real life was beginning now, and she never doubted its meaning. Among the powerful and the strange she would be mute and watchful. She would swim like a little fish, and learn to breathe under water.

At the beginning, she did not always understand what was said, or what Mrs. Unwin expected. When Mrs. Unwin remarked, "The chestnut trees flower beautifully up where you come from, though, of course, the blossoms are death for *me*," Carmela stopped peeling vegetables for the English stew Mrs. Unwin was showing her how to make and waited for something more. "What have I said now to startle you?" said Mrs. Unwin. "You're like a little sparrow!" Carmela still waited, glancing sidelong, hair cut unevenly and pushed behind her ears. She wore a grey skirt, a cotton blouse, and sandals. A limp black cardigan hung on her shoulders. She did not own stockings, shoes, a change of underwear, a dressing gown, or a coat, but she had a medal on a chain, an inheritance from a Sicilian grandmother—the grandmother from whom she had her southern name. Mrs. Unwin had already examined Carmela's ears to see if the lobes were pierced. She couldn't stand that—the vanity of it, and the mutilation. Letting Carmela's ears go, she had said to her husband, "Good. Mussolini is getting rid of most of that. All but the medals.... Have I pronounced 'chestnut' in some peculiar way? My Italian can't be that bad." She got a little green dictionary out of the pocket of her smock and ruffled its pages. She had to tilt her head and close an eye because of the cigarette she kept in her mouth. "I don't mean horse chestnuts," she said, the cigarette waving. "How very funny that is in Italian, by the way. I mean the Spanish chestnuts. They flower late in the season, I believe."

"Every flower has its season," said the child.

Carmela believed this conversation to have a malignant intent she could not yet perceive. The mixture of English and unstressed Italian was virtually impossible for her to follow. She had never seen a woman smoking until now.

"But your family *are* up the Nervia Valley?" Mrs. Unwin insisted. "Your father, your mother, your sisters and your cousins and your aunts?" She became jocular, therefore terrifying. "Maria, Liliana, Ignazio, Francamaria . . ." The names of remembered servants ran out.

"I think so," said Carmela.

Her mother had come down to Bordighera to work in the laundry room of a large hotel. Her little brother had been apprenticed to a stonemason. Her father was dead, perhaps. The black and the grey she wore were half-mourning.

"Mussolini is trying to get away from those oversized families," said Mrs. Unwin with confidence. She sat on a high stool, arranging flowers in a copper bowl. She squashed her cigarette suddenly and drank out of a teacup. She seemed to Carmela unnaturally tall. Her hands were stained, freckled, *old*, but she was the mother of Tessa and Clare, who were under three and still called "the babies." The white roses she was stabbing onto something cruel and spiked had been brought to the kitchen door by the chauffeur from

Castel Vittorio. This time he had given Carmela a diffident nod.

"Do you know him?" said Mrs. Unwin instantly.

"I think I saw him in the town," said Carmela.

"Now, that is deceitful," said Mrs. Unwin, though without reproach. "He knows who *you* are, because he vouched for your whole family. 'Hard-working, sober, the pride of the Nervia Valley.' I hope there is to be none of that," she added, in another voice. "You know what I mean. Men, giggling, chatting men up in the doorway, long telephone calls."

The white roses were a peace offering: a dog belonging to the next-door neighbor had torn up something precious in the Unwins' garden. Mrs. Unwin suddenly said that *she* had no time to stroll out in pink chiffon, wearing a floppy hat and carrying a sprinkling can; no time to hire jazz bands for parties or send shuttlecocks flying over the hedge and then a servant to retrieve them; less time still to have a chauffeur as a lover. Carmela could not get the drift of this. She felt accused.

"I don't know, Signora," she said, as though some yes-or-no answer had been required point-blank.

Where the roses had come from everything was white, green, lavish, sweet-smelling. Plants Carmela could not have put a name to bent over with the weight of their blooms. She could faintly hear a radio. All of that belonged to the Marchesa. She was the one who had said, "Hideous."

POLLEN carried on the wind from the Marchesa's garden felled Mrs. Unwin in May. She was also assaulted by a large tree-like shrub on the Marchesa's side called a datura; some of its bell-like creamy flowers hung over the cactus patch. Their scent, stronger than jasmine, was poison to Mrs. Unwin's nervous system. From her darkened room she sent for Carmela. She opened a leather box with a little key and showed her a sapphire set in diamonds and a loose emerald. She told Carmela the names of the stones and said, "I do not believe in hiding. I am telling you where they are and that the key is in my handkerchief case." Again Carmela felt she had been accused.

The babies sat on their mother's bed meanwhile. They were placid, sleepy children with yellow hair Carmela enjoyed brushing; only one thing was tiring about them—they were too lazy to walk. One or the other had to be carried by Carmela, hooked like a little monkey above her left hip. She began to stand with her spine slightly bent to one side, as a habit. What she remembered of that spring was the weight of Clare or Tessa pulling her shoulder down, and that she was always hungry. Carmela had never known people to eat so little as the Unwins, not even among the poor. They shared a thin

"Edmund's been mulling things over for the last twenty years. What things I haven't the foggiest."

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cutlet for lunch, or the vegetable remains of a stew, or had an egg apiece or a bit of cooked ham. The children's food and Carmela's was hardly more abundant. Mrs. Unwin did not mean to undernourish her own children; she sincerely believed that very little was enough. Also, meat was expensive. Fruit was expensive. So were cheese, butter, coffee, milk, and bread. The Unwins were pinched for money. They had a house, a printing establishment, furniture, a garden, a car, and they had Carmela, but they had nothing to spend. The drawing-room carpet was scuffed and torn, and the wine-red wallpaper displayed peony-shaped stains of paler dampmold. Mrs. Unwin counted out the coins she gave Carmela for shopping, and she counted the change.

On Fridays the Unwins would send Carmela across to France, where a few things, such as chocolate and bananas, were cheaper. That was not the only reason; it seemed that vegetables grown in Italy gave one typhoid fever. Carmela rode in a bus to within a few yards of the border, walked over (the customs men on both sides came to know her), and took a narrow road downhill to an avenue along the sea. She went as far as the marketplace, never beyond it. She always brought back a loaf of French bread, because it was one of the few things Mr. Unwin could eat with any pleasure. His chronically poor appetite was one of the reasons so little food came into the house. Carmela would break off one end of the loaf to eat on the spot. Then she would break off the other end, to make the loaf symmetrical, but she always kept that crust for later.

Carmela had two other reasons to be anxious that spring. One had to do with the room she slept in; the other was the sea. Although she had spent her life not many miles from the sea, it made her uneasy to be so close to it. At night she heard great waves knock against the foundations of the town. She dreamed of being engulfed, of seeking refuge on rooftops. Within the dream her death seemed inevitable. In the garden, coaxing the twins to walk, she said to the chauffeur from Castel Vittorio, "What happens when the sea comes out?"

In his shirtsleeves, walking the Marchesa's dogs on the road outside, he stopped and laughed at Carmela. "What do you mean, 'out'?"

"Out, up," said Carmela. "Up out of where it is now."

"It doesn't come up *or* out," he said. "It stays where it is."

"What is there where we can't see?"

"More water," he said. "Then Africa."

Carmela crossed herself—not out of a more ample fear but for the sake of her father, who had probably died there. He had been conscripted for a war and had never come back. There had been no word, no telegram, no congratulations from Mussolini, and of course no pension.

As for her room, it was off the pantry, almost higher than long, with a tiled floor and a good view, if one wanted that. Someone had died there—a relative of Mrs. Unwin's; he had come for a long visit and had been found on the tiles with an electric bell switch in his hand.

"A peaceful death," said Mrs. Unwin, utterly calmly, talking as if Carmela would need to know the history of the place. "Not even time to ring."

The old man's heart was delicate; he could not climb stairs. Who would have heard the bell? It rang somewhere in the passage. The servants they'd kept in those days slept out, and the Unwins took sleeping draughts, yellow and green, prepared in the kitchen and carried up to bed. Carmela felt the sad presence of the poor relation who had come ailing to a good climate and had been put in the meanest room; who had choked, panicked, grabbed for the bell, and fallen on it. The chauffeur from Castel Vittorio had still another version: this house had belonged to the old man. The Unwins had promised to look after him in his lifetime in exchange for the property. But so many debts had come with it that they could not raise any money on it. They were the next thing to paupers, and were known along the coast more or less as steady defaulters.

The chauffeur had often seen the uncle's ghost walking to and fro in the garden, and Carmela herself was often to hear the thud as his body fell between her bed and the door. Under the bed—as beneath any bed that she knew of—was a devil, or a demon, waiting to catch her. Not for a fortune would she have sat on the edge of the bed with her feet dangling. At night she burrowed beneath the bedclothes with a mole tunnel left for breathing. She made sure that every strand of hair was tucked out of sight.

Mornings were tender—first pink, then pearl, then blue. The house was quiet, the twins were awake and smiling. From their upstairs window the sea was a silken cushion. White sails floated—feathers. The breeze that came in was a friendly presence and the fragrance of the Marchesa's garden an extra gift. After a time Carmela's phantoms were stilled. The softness of that June lulled them. The uncle slept peacefully somewhere, and the devil under the bed became too drowsy to stretch out his hand.

II

LATE in June, Carmela's little brother ran away from the stonemason and came to the kitchen door. His blond hair was dark with sweat and dirt and his face streaked with it. She gave him a piece of bread she had saved from a French loaf, and a cup of the children's milk out of the icebox. The larder was padlocked; Mrs. Unwin would be along to open it before teatime. Just as Carmela was rinsing the cup she heard, "Who is that, Carmela?" It was Mr., thank God, not Mrs.

"A beggar," said Carmela.

The babies' father was nearsighted. He wore thick glasses, never shouted, seldom smiled. He looked down at the boy in the doorway and said to him, "Why do you beg? Who sends you to do this?" The child's hand was clenched on something, perhaps a stolen something. Mr. Unwin was not unkind; he was firm. The small fist turned this and that way in his grasp, but he managed to straighten the fingers; all that he revealed was a squashed crust and a filthy palm. "Why do you beg?" he repeated. "No one needs to beg in modern Italy. Who sends you? Your father? Your mother? Do they sit idly at home and tell you to ask for money?" It was clear that he would never have put up with an injustice of that kind. The child remained silent, and soon Mr. Unwin found himself holding a hand he did not know what to do with. He read its lines, caked with dirt and marked clearly in an M-shape of blackness. "Where do you live?" he said, letting go. "You can't wander around up here. Someone will tell the police." He did not mean that he would.

"He is going back where he came from," said Carmela. The child looked at her with such adult sadness, and she turned away so gravely as she dried the cup and put it on a shelf, that Mr. Unwin would tell his wife later, in Carmela's hearing, "They were like lovers."

"Give him something," he said to Carmela, who replied that she would, without mentioning that the larder was padlocked; for surely he knew?

Carmela could understand English now, but nobody guessed that. When she heard the Unwins saying some time after this that they wanted a stonemason because the zoning laws obliged them to grow a hedge or build a wall to replace the sagging wire that surrounded their garden, she kept still; and when they asked each other if it would be worthwhile speaking to Carmela, who might know of someone reliable and cheap, she wore the lightest, vaguest of looks on her face, which meant "No." It was the Marchesa who had lodged a complaint about the Unwins' wire. The unsightliness of it lowered the value of her own property. Mrs. Unwin promised her husband she would carry the bitterness of this to her grave.

The light that had sent the house ghosts to sleep brought Mrs. Unwin nothing but despair. She remained in her curtained bedroom and often forgot even to count the change Carmela returned in the black purse. Dr. Chaffee, of the clinic down the hill, called to see Mrs. Unwin. He wanted to look at the children, too; their father had told him how Tessa and Clare were too lazy to walk. Dr. Chaffee was not Italian and not English. The English physician who had been so good with children and so tactful with their parents had gone away. He was afraid of war. Mrs. Unwin thought this was poor of him. Mussolini did not want war. Neither did Hitler, surely? What did Dr. Chaffee think? He had lived in Berlin.

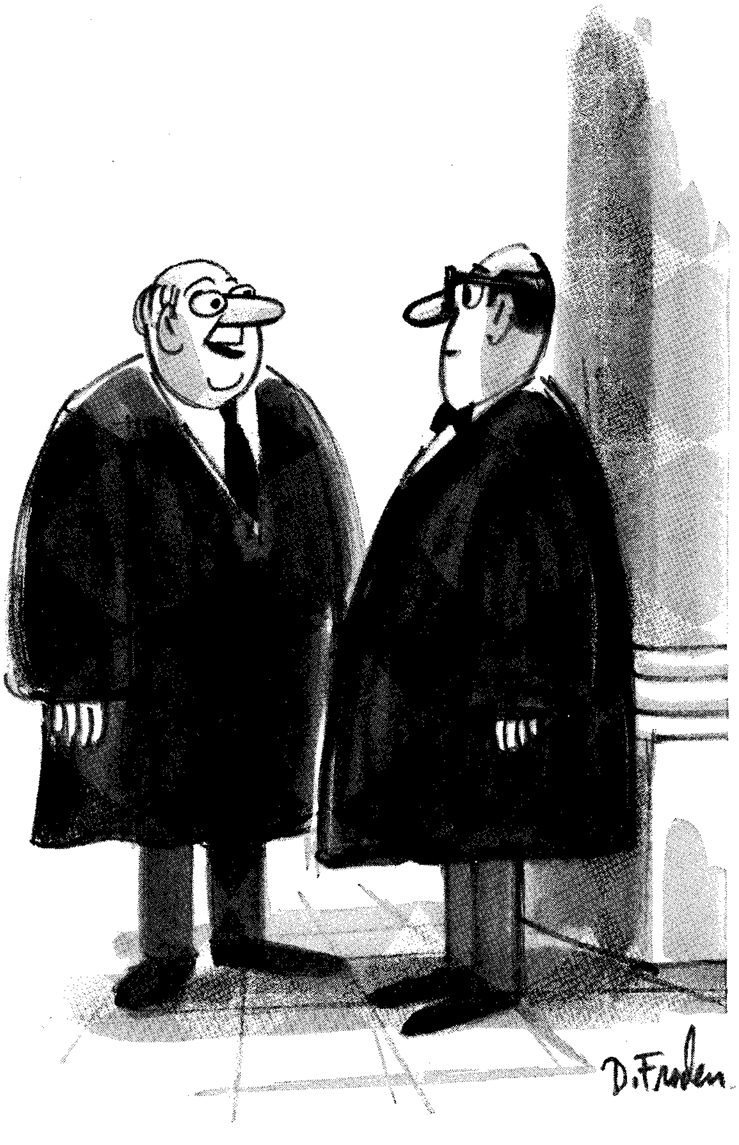
"I think that you must not feel anxious about a situation you can't change," he said. He still wore the strange dark clothes that must have been proper in another climate.

"I do not feel anxious," she said, her hands to her face.

Carmela parted the curtains a little so that the doctor could examine the twins by light of day. They were not lazy, he said. They had rickets. Carmela could have told him that. She also knew there was no cure for it.

Mrs. Unwin seemed offended. "Our English doctor called it softening of the bone."

"They must have milk," said Dr. Chaf-



"I feel I give them their thirty-two thousand five hundred dollars' worth of justice every year."

fee. "Not the skimmed stuff. Fresh fruit, cod-liver oil." He wrote on a pad as he spoke. "And in August you must get them away from the coast."

Mrs. Unwin's hands slid forward until they covered her face. "I was too old," she said. "I had no right to bring these maimed infants into the world."

Dr. Chaffee did not seem to be alarmed at this. He drew Carmela near, saying, "What about this child? How old is she?"

Carmela remembered she knew no English; she looked dumbly from one to the other. Dr. Chaffee repeated the question in Italian, straight to Carmela, and calling her "little girl."

"Nearly thirteen," said Carmela.

"Good God, she looks nine."

Mrs. Unwin's hands parted. She wore the grimace that was one of her ways of smiling. "I am remiss about everything, then? I didn't create her. Tell me how to make her look nearly thirteen."

"Partly heredity," he said.

They began to chat, and Mrs. Unwin to smile widely.

"I shall do whatever you say," said Mrs. Unwin.

After the doctor had departed—Carmela saw him in his dark suit pausing to look at the datura tree—Mrs. Unwin sent for her again. "The doctor says that part of your trouble must be spaghetti," she said seriously, as if she did not know to a crumb what Carmela was given at meals. "You are to eat meat, fresh vegetables. And take these. Now don't forget. Dr. Chaffee went to some trouble." She gave Carmela a small amber bottle of dark pills, which were said to be iron. Carmela never tasted any, of course. For one thing, she mistrusted medicines; but the bottle remained among her belongings for many years, and had the rank of a personal possession.

Another thing happened about that time: Mrs. Unwin paid Carmela the first installment of her wages.

Mrs. Unwin said that the doves in the Marchesa's garden made more noise than was required of birds. By seven in the morning, the sky was heavy and held the afternoon's thunder-shower. Carmela, rushing outside to bring in washing dried on the line, felt on her face a breeze that was like warm water. She moved through heat and housework that seemed like a long dream. Someone had placed an order with Mr. Unwin to have poems printed. Mrs. Unwin parted the curtains in her bedroom and, in spite of her headaches, which nearly blinded her, stitched one hundred and fifty booklets by hand. One Friday, after shopping in the French market, Carmela went to see a marvel she had been told about—two rows of plane trees whose branches met to form a tunnel. The trunks of these trees turned out to be thick and awkward-looking; they blocked Carmela's view of shops from one sidewalk to the next. Like most trees, they simply stood in the way of anything interesting. She mentioned this to Mrs. Unwin, who walked to and fro in the kitchen, drinking out of a teacup, with a straw sun hat on her head.

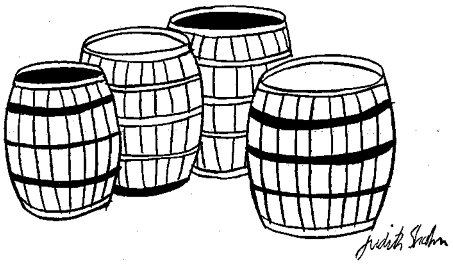
"Where there are no trees there are no nightingales," said Mrs. Unwin. "When I am feeling well I like to hear them."

"What, those things that make a noise at night?"

"Not noise but song," said Mrs. Unwin, cradling her teacup.

"Every creature has its moment," said Carmela.

"What a prim creature *you* are," cried Mrs. Unwin, flinging her head back, showing her teeth. Carmela was glad she had made her laugh, but she resolved to be more careful than ever: this was as far as an exchange between them need ever go.



Because of what Dr. Chaffee had said, the Unwins rented an apartment in a village away from the coast for the month of August. They squeezed into the car with the twins and Carmela and much luggage, drove past the road leading to the Nervia Valley, and climbed back into hills Carmela had never seen.

"Weren't you born around here," said Mrs. Unwin, without desiring an answer.

Carmela, who thought she knew all Mrs. Unwin's voices now, did not reply, but Mr. Unwin said, "You know perfectly well it was that other road." It seemed to matter to him that his wife should have made a mistake.

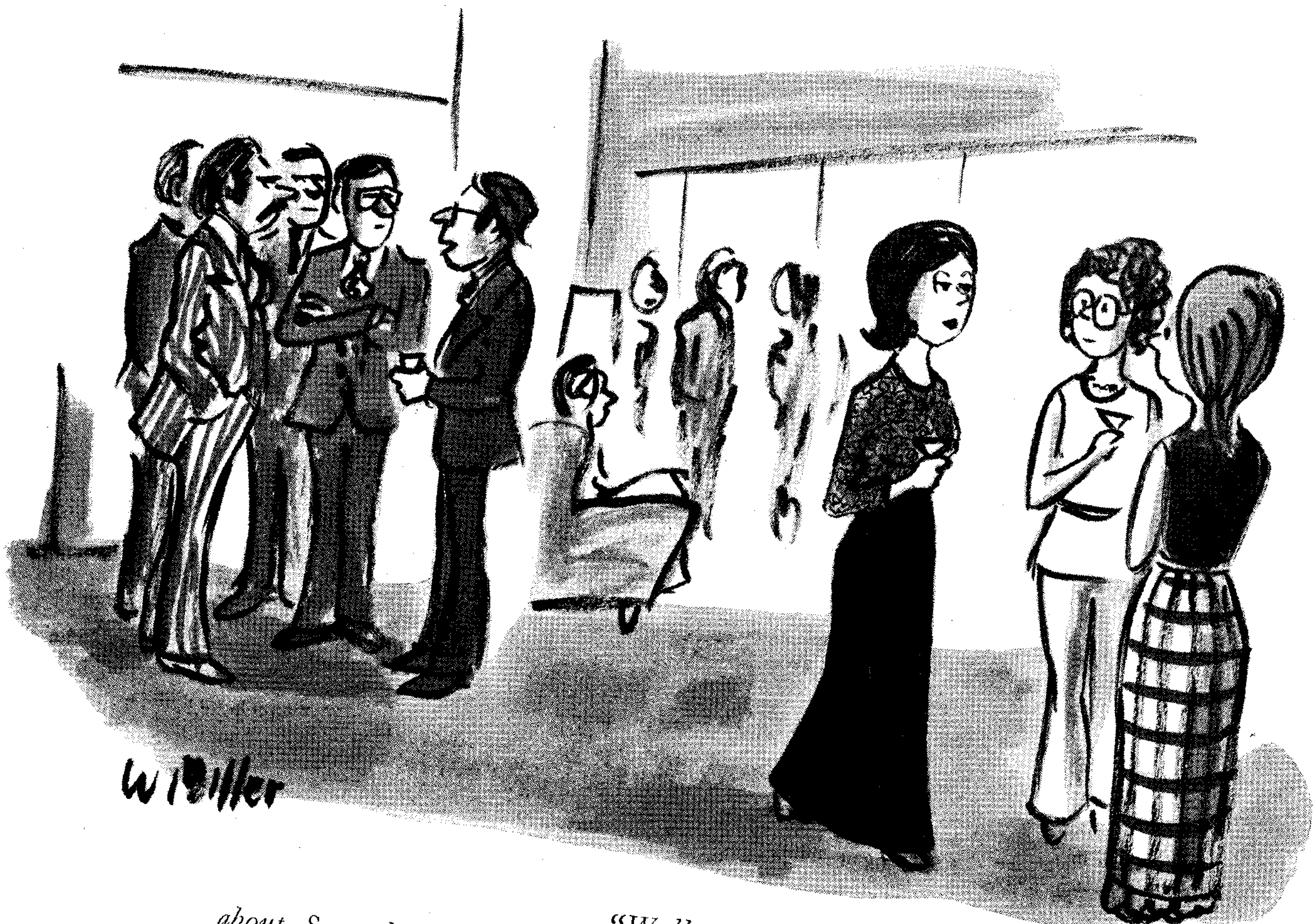
The twins were shared by Mrs. Unwin and Carmela. Both of them wanted to sit on Carmela's lap. Mrs. Unwin was not at all jealous; some serious matters she found extremely comic. The girls slept, and when they woke and began to fret, Mr. Unwin stopped the car so they could both be moved to the back with Carmela. There was scarcely room even for her, small though Dr. Chaffee had said she was, for the back was piled with bedsheets and blankets and even saucepans. After four hours they came to a village that had grass everywhere, and wooden houses that were painted a soft brown. Their summer flat was half a house, with a long carved balcony, and mats

HUSH

(For My Son)

The way a tired Chippewa woman
Who's lost a child gathers up black feathers,
Black quills & leaves
That she wraps & swaddles in a little bale, a shag
Cocoon she carries with her & speaks to always
As if it were the child,
Until she knows the soul has grown fat & clever,
That the child can find its own way at last,
Well, I go everywhere
Picking the dust out of the dust, scraping the breezes
Up off the floor, & gather them into a doll
Of you, to touch at the nape of the neck, to slip
Under my shirt like a rag—the way
Another man's wallet rides above his heart. As you
Cry out, as if calling to a father you conjure
In the paling light, the voice rises, instead, in me.
Nothing stops it, the crying. Not the clove of moon,
Not the woman raking my back with her words. Our letters
Close. Sometimes, you ask
About the world; sometimes, I answer back. Nights
Return you to me for a while, as sleep returns sleep
To a landscape ravaged
& familiar. The dark watermark of your absence, a hush.

—David St. John



"Well, guess what the big discussion's all about. Some beer brewed in Colorado that you can't get in New York."

instead of carpets, and red curtains on brass rings. It contained an exciting smell of varnish and fresh soap. The Unwins piled all the luggage in a heap on the floor and unpacked nothing to start with but a kettle and teapot and three pottery mugs. Carmela heard Mr. Unwin talking to the owner of this house in his strange nasal Italian and mentioning her, Carmela, as "the young lady who would be in charge." They drank tea meanwhile, Mrs. Unwin sitting on a bare mattress stuffed with horsehair, Carmela standing with her back to a wall. Mrs. Unwin talked to her as she had never done before and would never again. She still seemed to Carmela very large and ugly, but her face was smooth and she kept her voice low, and Carmela thought that perhaps she was not so old after all. She said, "If there is a war, we may not be able to get money out of England, such as there is. We shall never leave Italy. I have faith in the Movement. The Italians know they can trust us. The Germans are, well, as they have always been, and I'm afraid we British have made no effort to meet them halfway. Dr. Chaffee tells me you are as reliable as an adult, Carmela. I am going to believe him. I would like you to teach the twins the alphabet. Will you do that? Don't forget that the English alphabet has a 'W.' Somewhere near the end. Teach them Italian poems and songs. Dr. Chaffee thinks I should have as few worries as possible just now. There will be a course of treatment at the clinic. Baths. Wet sheets. I suppose I must believe in magic." She went on like this, perched on the edge of the bare mattress, staring out over her tea mug, all knees and elbows, and Carmela did not move or answer or even sip her tea. She wanted to make the bed and put the twins in it, because they had missed their afternoon sleep—unless one counted the fitful dozing in the automobile. Mrs. Unwin said, "I had expected a better south than this one. First we went to Amalfi. I had left my son in England. A little boy. When I was allowed to visit him he said, 'How do you do?' No one would speak to me. We came back to Italy. The moonlight glittered on his eyes. Before the twins came. 'Do not think, but feel,' he said to me. Or the opposite. But it was only being tied again—this time with poverty, and the chatter of ill-bred people. No escape from it—marriage, childbirth, patriotism, the dark. The same circle—baptism, confirmation, prayers for the dead. Or else, silence."

From the doorway Mr. Unwin said, "*Ellen.*" He came along with a walk Carmela had not seen before, slightly shambling. "What is in the cup?" he said.

She smiled at him and said, "Tea." He took it, sniffed it. "So it is." He helped her up.

Unpacking, making beds, Carmela experienced a soft, exultant happiness. The Unwins were going back home early the next morning. Mr. Unwin gave Carmela a handful of money—pulled it out of his wallet without counting—said, "That has got to last you, eh?" with an upward lift that denied this was an order. The money was more than she had ever been trusted with on the coast and actually more than she had seen at any one time. She put the twins to sleep with nightgowns round their pillows (she and Mrs. Unwin between them had forgotten to pack cases) and then shared the Unwins' picnic supper. New people in a new place, they told Carmela to go to bed without bothering about the dishes.

She was pulled out of a deep sleep by a thunderstorm. Her heart squeezed tight in uncontrollable terror. Through the beating of horses' hooves she heard Mr. Unwin speaking quietly. When the storm stopped, the house was perfectly still. She became prey to a hawk-moth and a mosquito. She pulled the sheet up over her head as she had against ghosts, and fell asleep and had the sea dream. She woke up still hearing a thin mosquito song nearby. Along the wall was a white ladder of slatted light that she took to be the light of morning. In her half-sleep she rose and unclasped the shutters and, looking out, saw a track of moon over the village as on the sea, and one pale street lamp, and a cat curled up on the road. The cat, wakened by being seen by Carmela, walked off lashing its tail. She had the true feeling that she was in a real place. She did not dream the sea dream again.

The next thing Carmela heard was the twins bouncing a ball and stumbling after it, still in their nightclothes. The Unwins, up even earlier, had made breakfast. They greeted Carmela as if she were one of their own. The storm had swept the sky clean. Oh, such happiness! Never before, never again. Soon after breakfast they went away, having plotted first with Carmela to distract the twins. In the late afternoon a mist came down so thick and low that Carmela, who had never seen anything like it before, thought it must be the smoke of trees on fire.

WITHOUT any warning, the Unwins drove up from the coast one Saturday with Mrs. Unwin's son, Douglas, who lived in England. He was taller even than the Unwins, and had a long face, dark straight hair, and horn-rimmed spectacles. With him was a girl he thought he might marry. "Don't be such a fool," Carmela heard Mrs. Unwin telling Douglas in the kitchen. No one suspected how much Carmela now understood. The girl had a reddish sunburn on her cheeks and nose. Her hair was cut rather like Carmela's, but held with metal grips. She unpacked a flimsy embroidery pattern and a large canvas and began stabbing at it with a flat needle. She was making a cushion. Carmela did not care for the colors, which were dark greens and browns. The girl shifted her gaze from the pattern to the canvas, back and forth. Her sunburn made her too cross to speak. Douglas told his mother she wasn't always quite so unfriendly. Carmela thought that to be as large and as ugly as these people was to be cursed.

They all crowded into the flat for one night. Mrs. Unwin went over Carmela's accounts, but did not ask how much money she had been given in the first place. The next day the parents departed, leaving Douglas and his irritable girl, whom Carmela had been told to call "Miss Hermione"—but of course she could not pronounce it. Miss Hermione took the Unwins' bedroom, Douglas was given Carmela's, and Carmela slept on a cot next to the twins. Every night, Miss Hermione said "No, I said *no*" to Douglas and slammed her door. Carmela supposed she sat behind the door embroidering. She also ate things she had brought in her suitcase. Carmela, who made Miss Hermione's bed every day, discovered chocolate crumbs. One night, when Miss Hermione had retired and was eating stale chocolate and embroidering a cushion, Douglas came into the kitchen where Carmela was washing up at the stone sink.

"Like some help?" he said. She knew no English, of course; did not even turn. He leaned against the drainboard, where she had to see him. He folded his arms and looked at Carmela. Then he began to whistle through his teeth as people do when they are bored, and then he must have reached up and tapped the light bulb that hung on a cord. It was only the gesture of someone bored again, but the rocking shadows and the tall ugly boy whistling were like Carmela's sea dream. She dropped her little string dishmop and ran out. She thought she heard herself screaming. "Oh, don't pretend!" he called after her, as mysterious as his mother had once seemed.

He *was* bored; he said so the next day. There was not a thing to do here except stare out at mountains. He went downstairs to where the owner of the house lived, and together they listened to bad news over the radio. He could not understand much of the Italian, but sometimes they caught the BBC broadcasts, and when Douglas did understand something it made the situation seem worse.

"Oh, let's leave, then, for God's sake," Miss Hermione said, folding her canvas neatly twice.

Douglas pressed his hands to his head, for all the world like his mother. He said, "I don't want to be caught up in it."

"Military life won't hurt you," Miss Hermione answered. Without embroidery to keep her hands busy, she kept shifting and changing position; now she had her hands clasped round a knee, and she swung a long foot and played at pointing her toes.

The day they went off, there was a loud windstorm. They paid the landlord to drive them as far as a bus station; Carmela never saw them again. Miss Hermione left a green hair ribbon behind. Carmela kept it for years.

As soon as these two had vanished, the wind dropped. Carmela and the twins climbed a little way out of the village and sat in deep grass. The sky held one small creamy cloud. At eye level were lacy grasses and, behind them, blue-black mountains. She tried to teach the twins the alphabet, but she was not certain where to put the "W," and the girls were silly and would not listen; she did teach them songs.

III

IN September she slipped back to a life she was sure of. She had taken its color. The sea was greener than anything except Mrs. Unwin's emerald, bluer than her sapphire, more transparent than blue, white, transparent glass. Wading with a twin at each hand, she saw their six feet underwater like sea creatures. The sun became as white as a stone; something stung in its heat, like fine, hard, invisible rain. War was somewhere, but not in Italy. Besides, something much more important than a war had taken place. It was this: a new English clergyman had arrived. Now that England was at war he did not know if he should stay. He told someone, who told the Unwins, that he would remain as long as he had a flock to protect. The Unwins, who were agnostics, wondered how to address him. His name was Dunn, but that was not the point. He was not the vicar, only a substitute. They had called his predecessor "Ted," straight out, but they did not propose to call Mr. Dunn "Horace." They decided to make it "Padre." "Padre" was not solemn, and marked an ironic distance they meant to keep with the Church; and it was not rude, either.

CARMELA understood that the Unwins' relations with the rest of the foreign colony were endlessly complicated. There were two layers of English, like sea shelves. Near the bottom was a shelf of hotelkeepers, dentists, people who dealt in fruit and in wine—not for amusement but for a living. Nearer the light dwelt the American Marchesa, and people like Miss Barnes and her companion, Miss Lewis. These two lived in mean rooms almost in the attic of a hotel whose owner did not ask them to pay very much, because Miss Barnes was considered someone important—it was her father who had founded village schools and made a present of them to the Italian government. Between the two shelves the

Unwins floated, bumping against the one or the other as social currents flung them upward or let them sink. Still lower than any of the English were Russians, Austrians, or Hungarians, rich and poor alike, whose preoccupation was said to be gaining British passports for their children. As passports could be had by marriage—or so the belief ran—the British colony kept a grip on its sons. Mrs. Unwin was heard by Carmela to remark that Hermione had this to be said for her—she was English to the core.

Mrs. Unwin still smiled sometimes, but not as she had in August. She showed a death grin now. When she was excited her skin became a mottled brick-and-white. Carmela had never seen Mrs. Unwin as smiling and as dappled as the afternoon Miss Barnes and Miss Lewis came to tea. Actually, Miss Barnes had called to see about having still more of her late father's poems printed.

"Carmela! Tea!" cried Mrs. Unwin.

Having been often told not to touch the good china, Carmela brought their tea in pottery mugs, already poured in the kitchen.

"Stupid!" said Mrs. Unwin.

"That is something of an insult," Miss Lewis remarked.

"Carmela knows I am more bark than bite," said Mrs. Unwin, with another of her smiles—a twitchy grimace.

But Miss Lewis went on, "You have been down here long enough to know the things one can and can't say to them."

Mrs. Unwin's face, no longer mottled, had gone the solid shade the English called Egyptian red. Carmela saw the room through Mrs. Unwin's eyes: it seemed to move and crawl, with its copper bowl, and novels from England, and faded cretonne-covered chairs, and stained wallpaper. All these dead things seemed to be on the move, because of the way Miss Lewis had spoken to Mrs. Unwin. Mrs. Unwin smiled unceasingly, with her upper lip drawn back.

Miss Barnes, in a wheelchair because she had sprained a knee, reached across and patted her companion's hand. "Charlotte is ever so bolshie," she remarked, taking on a voice and an accent that were obviously meant to make a joke of it. Her eyes went smoothly around the room, but all *she* chose to see or to speak of was the copper bowl, with dahlias in it this time.

"From the Marchesa. Such a pet. Always popping in with flowers!" Mrs. Unwin cried.

"Frances is a dear," said Miss Barnes.

"Ask Mr. Unwin to join us, Carmela," said Mrs. Unwin, trembling a little. After that she referred to the Marchesa as "Frances."

The pity was that this visit was spoiled by the arrival of the new clergyman. It was his first official parish call. He could not have been less welcome. He was a young man with a complexion as changeable as Mrs. Unwin's. He settled unshyly into one of the faded armchairs and said he had been busy clearing empty bottles out of the rectory. Not gin bottles, as they would have been in England, but green bottles with a sediment of red wine, like red dust. The whole place was a shambles, he added, though without complaining; no, it was as if this were a joke they were all young enough to share.

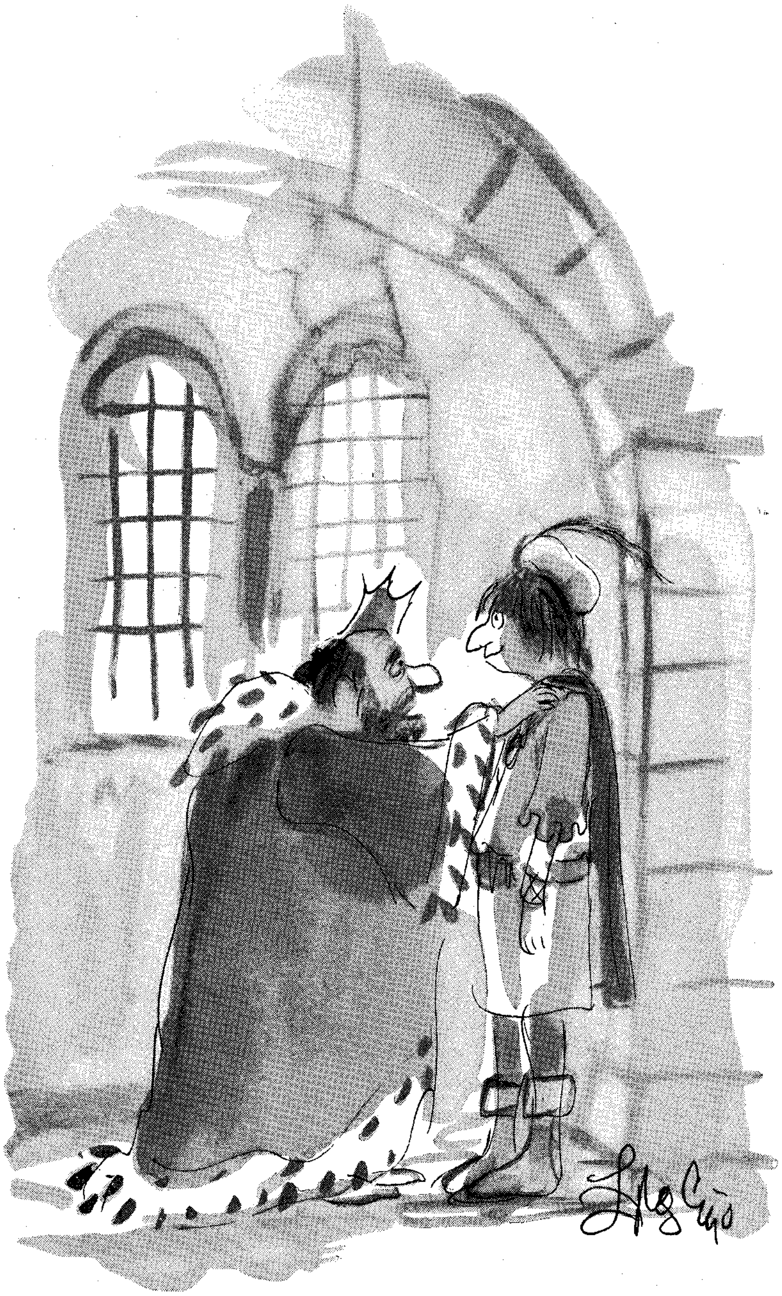
In the general shock Miss Barnes took over: Ted—Dr. Edward Stonehouse, rather—had been repatriated at the expense of his flock, with nothing left for doing up the rectory. He had already cost them a sum—the flock had twice sent him on a cure up to the mountains for his asthma. Everyone had loved Ted; no one was likely to care about the asthma or the anything else of those who came after. Miss Barnes made that plain.

"He left a fair library," said the young man, after a silence. "Though rather dirty."

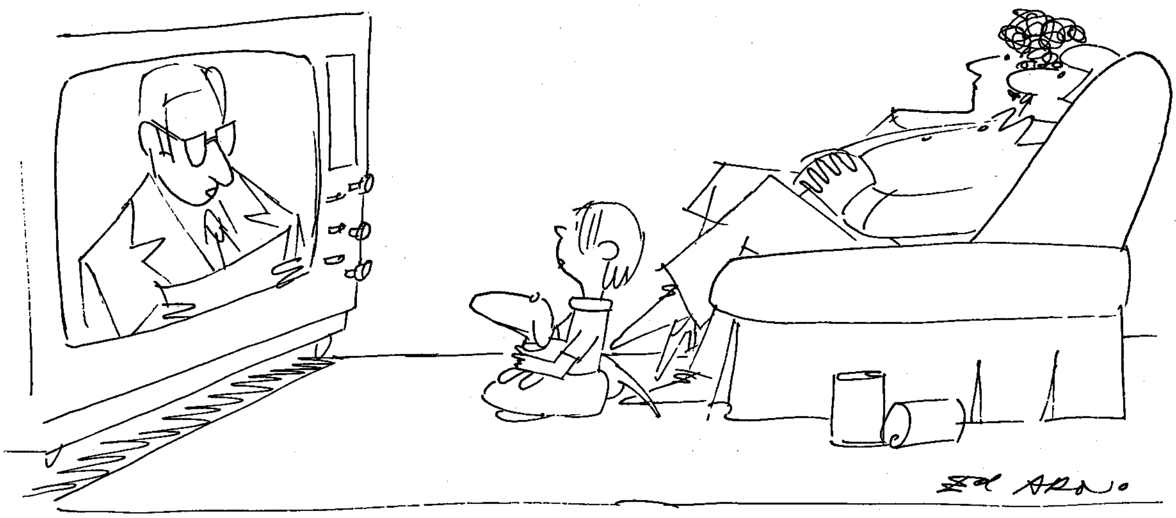
"I should never have thought that of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,'" said bolshie Miss Lewis.

"Dusty, I meant," said the clergyman vaguely. At a signal from Mrs. Unwin, Carmela, whose hands were steady, poured the clergyman's tea. "The changes I shall make won't cost any money," he said, pursuing some thought of his own. He came to and scanned their stunned faces. "Why, I was thinking of the notice outside, 'Evensong Every Day at Noon.'"

"Why change it?" said Miss Barnes in her



"You're getting to be a big boy, Sonny, and when we're alone it's still nice to hear you call me Popsy. But in front of people try to remember to call me Sire."



"The rise in unemployment, however, which was somewhat offset by an expanding job market, was countered by an upturn in part-time dropouts, which, in turn, was diminished by seasonal factors, the anticipated summer slump, and, over-all, a small but perceptible rise in actual employment."

• •

wheelchair. "I admit it was an innovation of poor old Dr. Stonehouse's, but we are so used to it now."

"And *was* Evensong every day at noon?"

"No," said Miss Barnes, "because that is an hour when most people are beginning to think about lunch."

"More bread and butter, Carmela," said Mrs. Unwin.

Returning, Carmela walked into "The other thing I thought I might . . . do something about"—as if he were avoiding the word "change"—"is the church clock."

"The clock was a gift," said Miss Barnes, losing her firmness, looking to the others for support. "The money was collected. It was inaugurated by the Duke of Connaught."

"Surely not Connaught," murmured the clergyman, sounding to Carmela not quarrelsome but pleasantly determined. He might have been teasing them; or else he thought the entire conversation was a tease. Carmela peeped sideways at the strange man who did not realize how very serious they all were.

"My father was present," said Miss Barnes. "There is a plaque."

"Yes, I have seen it," he said. "No mention of Connaught. It may have been an oversight"—finally responding to the blinks and frowns of Miss Barnes's companion, Miss Lewis. "All I had hoped to alter was . . . I had thought I might have the time put right."

"What is wrong with the time?" said Mrs. Unwin, letting Miss Barnes have a rest.

"It is slow."

"It has always been slow," said Miss Barnes. "If you will look more carefully than you looked at the plaque, you will see a rectangle of cardboard upon which your predecessor printed in large capital letters the word 'SLOW;' he placed it beneath the clock. In this way the clock, which has historical associations for some of us—my father was at its inauguration—in this way the works of the clock need not be tampered with."

"Perhaps I might be permitted to alter the sign and add the word 'slow' in Italian." He *still* thought this was a game, Carmela could see. She stood nearby, keeping an eye on the plate of bread and butter and listening for the twins, who would be waking at any moment from their afternoon sleep.

"No Italian would be bothered looking at an English church clock," said Miss Barnes. "And none of us has ever missed a train. Mr. Dunn—let me give you some advice. Do not become involved with anything. We are a flock in need of a shepherd; nothing more."

"Right!" screamed Mrs. Unwin, white-and-brick-mottled again. "For God's sake, Padre . . . no involvement!"

The clergyman looked as though he had been blindfolded and turned about in a game and suddenly had the blindfold whipped off. Mr. Unwin had not spoken until now. He said deliberately, "I hope you are not a scholar, Padre. Your predecessor was, and his sermons were a great bore."

"Stonehouse a scholar?" said Mr. Dunn.

"Yes, I'm sorry to say. I might have brought my wife back to the fold, so to speak, but his sermons were tiresome—all about the Hebrews and the Greeks."

The clergyman caught Carmela staring at him, and noticed her. He smiled. The smile fixed his face in her memory for all time. It was not to her an attractive face—it was too fair-skinned for a man's; it had color that came and ebbed too easily. "Perhaps there won't be time for the Greeks and the Hebrews now," he said gently. "We *are* at war, aren't we?"

"We?" said Miss Barnes.

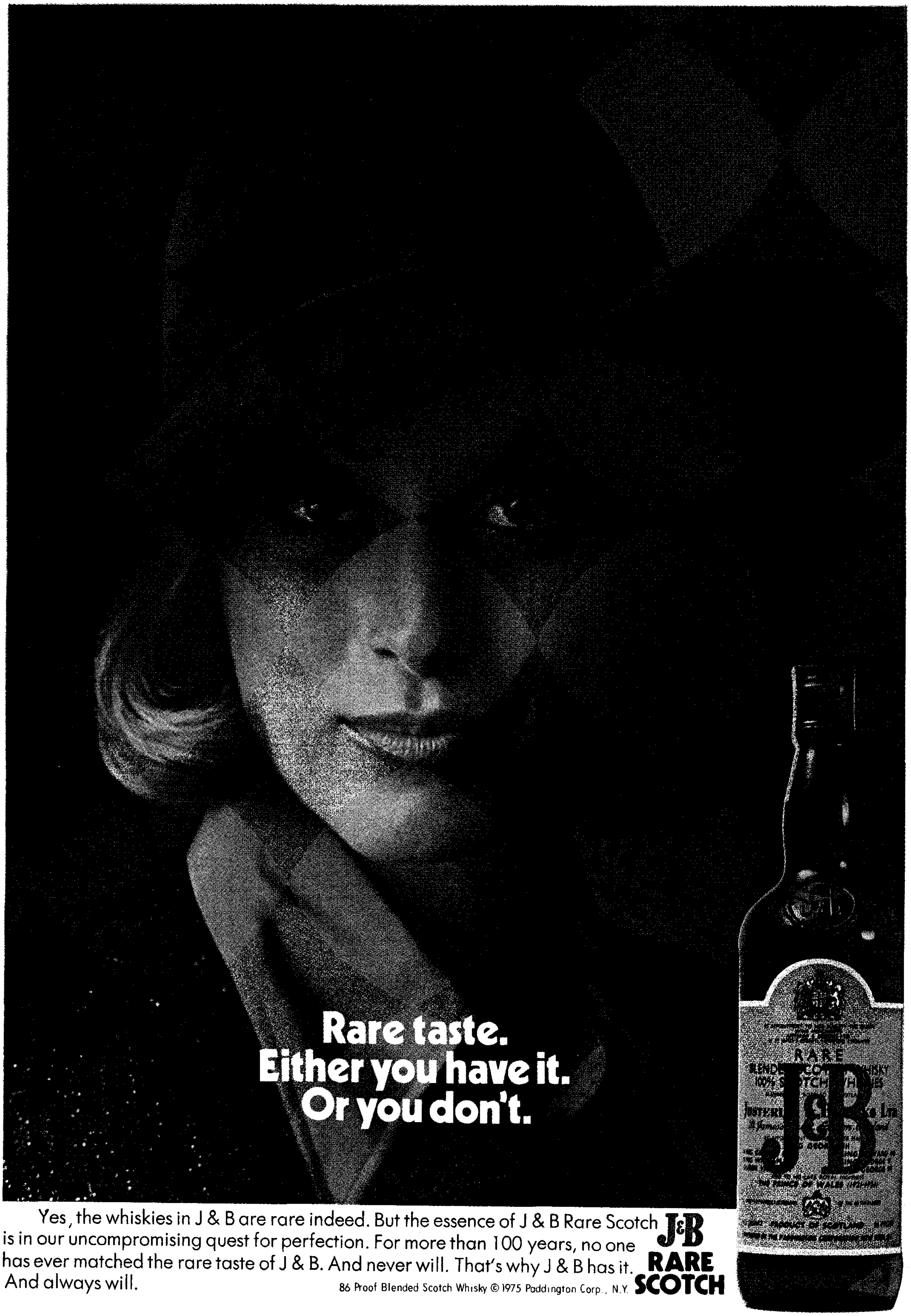
"Nonsense, Padre," said Mrs. Unwin briskly. "Read the newspapers."

"England," said the clergyman, and stopped.

Mr. Unwin was the calmest man in the world, but he could be as wild-looking as his wife sometimes. At the word "England" he got up out of his chair and went to fetch the Union Jack on a metal standard that stood out in the hall, leaning into a corner. The staff was too long to go through the door upright; Mr. Unwin advanced as if he were attacking someone with a long spear. "Well, Padre, what about this?" he said. The clergyman stared as if he had never seen any flag before, ever; as if it were a new kind of leaf, or pudding, or perhaps a skeleton. "Will the flag have to be dipped at the church door on Armistice Day?" said Mr. Unwin. "It can't be got through the door without being dipped. I have had the honor of carrying this flag for the British Legion at memorial services. But I shall no longer carry a flag that needs to be lowered now that England is at war. For I do agree with you, Padre, on that one matter. I agree that England *is* at war, rightly or wrongly. The lintel of the church door must be raised. You do see that? Your predecessor refused to have the door changed. I can't think why. It is worthless as architecture."

"You don't mean that," said Miss Barnes. "The door is as important to us as the time of Evensong."

"Then I shall say no more," said Mr. Unwin. He stood the flag in a corner and became his old self in a moment. He said to Carmela, "The Padre has had enough tea. Bring us some glasses,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will you?" On which the three women chorused together, "Not for me!"

"Well, I expect you'll not forget your first visit," said Mr. Unwin.

"I am not likely to," said the young man.

BY October the beach was windy and alien, with brown seaweed-laden waves breaking far inshore. A few stragglers sat out of reach of the icy spray. They were foreigners; most of the English visitors had vanished. Mrs. Unwin invented a rule that the little girls must bathe until October the fifteenth. Carmela felt pity for their blue, chattering lips; she wrapped towels around their bodies and held them in her arms. Then October the fifteenth came and the beach torment was over. She scarcely remembered that she had lived any life but this. She could now read in English and was adept at flickering her eyes over a letter left loose without picking it up. As for the Unwins, they were as used to Carmela as to the carpet, whose tears must have seemed part of the original pattern by now. In November Miss Barnes sent Mrs. Unwin into a paroxysm of red-and-white coloration by accepting an invitation to lunch. Carmela rehearsed serving and clearing for two days. The meal went off without any major upset, though Carmela did stand staring when Miss Barnes suddenly began to scream, "Chicken! Chicken! How wonderful! Chicken!" Miss Barnes did not seem to know why she was saying this; she finally became conscious that her hands were in the air and brought them down. After that, Carmela thought of her as "Miss Chicken." That day Carmela heard, from Miss Chicken, "Hitler will never make the Italians race-minded. They haven't it in them." Then, "Of course, Italian men are not to be taken seriously," from Miss Lewis, fanning herself absently with her little beaded handbag, and smiling at some past secret experience. Still later, Carmela heard Miss Barnes saying firmly, "Charlotte is mistaken. Latins talk, but they would never hurt a fly."

Carmela also learned, that day, that the first sermon the new clergyman had preached was about chastity, the second on duty, the third on self-discipline. But the fourth sermon was on tolerance—"slippery ground," in Mrs. Unwin's opinion. And on the eleventh of November, at a special service sparsely attended, flag and all, by such members of the British Legion as had not fled, he had preached pacifism. Well—Italy was at peace, so it was all right. But there had been two policemen in mufti, posing as Anglican parishioners. Luckily they did not seem to understand any English.

"The Padre was trying to make a fool of me with that sermon," said Mrs. Unwin.

"Why you, Ellen?" said her husband.

"Because he knows my views," said Mrs. Unwin. "I've had courage enough to voice them."

Miss Lewis looked as if she had better say nothing; then she decided to remark, in a distant, squeaky voice, "I don't see why an agnostic ever goes to church at all."

"To see what he is up to," said Mrs. Unwin.

"Surely the police were there for that?"

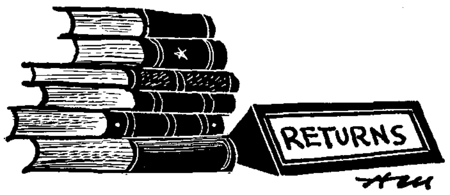
Mr. Unwin said he had refused to attend the Armistice Day service; the matter of flag dipping had never been settled.

"I have written the Padre a letter," said Mrs. Unwin. "What do we care about the Greek this and the Hebrew that? We are all living on dwindled incomes and wondering how to survive. Mussolini has brought order and peace to this country, whether Mr. Dunn likes it or not."

"Hear, hear," said Miss Chicken. Mr. Unwin nodded in slow agreement. Miss Lewis looked into space and pursed her lips, like someone counting the chimes of a clock.

IV

IN spite of the electricity rates, the kitchen light had to go on at four o'clock. Carmela, lifting her hand to the shelf of tea mugs, cast a shadow. At night she slept with her black cardigan round her legs. When she put a foot on the tiled floor she trembled with cold and with fear. She was afraid of the war and of the ghost of the uncle, which, encouraged by early darkness, could be seen in the garden again. Half the villas along the hill were shuttered. She looked at a faraway sea, lighted by a sun twice as far off as it had ever been before. The Marchesa was having a bomb shelter built in her garden. To make way for it, her rose garden had been torn out by the roots. So far only a muddy oblong shape, like the start of a large grave, could be seen from the Unwins' kitchen. Progress on it was by inches only; the men could not work in the rain, and this was a wet winter. Mrs. Unwin, who had now instigated a lawsuit over the datura tree, as the unique cause of her uneven health, stood on her terrace and shouted remarks—threats, perhaps—to the workmen on the far side of the Marchesa's hedge. She wore boots and a brown fur coat like a kimono. Among the men were Carmela's little brother and his employer. The employer, whose name was Lucio, walked slowly as far as the hedge.



"How would you like to do some really important work for us?" cried Mrs. Unwin.

Mr. Unwin would come out and look at his wife and go in the house again. He spoke gently to Carmela and the twins, but not often. There were now only two or three things he would eat—Carmela's vegetable soup, Carmela's rice and cheese, and French bread. Mrs. Unwin no longer spoke of the Marchesa as "Frances," and the chauffeur had given up coming round to the kitchen door. There was bad feeling over the lawsuit, which, as a civil case, could easily drag on for the next ten years. Then one day the digging ceased. The villa was boarded over. The Marchesa had taken her dogs to America, leaving everything, even the chauffeur, behind. Soon after Christmas, the garden began to bloom in waves of narcissi, anemones, irises, daffodils; then came the great white daisies and the mimosa; and then all the geraniums that had not been uprooted with the rosebushes flowered at once—white, salmon-pink, scarlet, peppermint-striped. The tide of color continued to run as long as the rains lasted. After that the flowers died off and the garden became a desert.

Mrs. Unwin said the Marchesa had bolted like a frightened hare. She, though untitled, though poor, would now show confidence in Mussolini and his wish for peace by having a stone wall built round her property. Lucio was employed. Mrs. Unwin called him "a dear old rogue." She was on tiptoe between headaches. The climate was right for her just now: no pollen. Darkness. Not too much sun. Long cold evenings. For a time she blossomed like the next-door garden, until she made a discovery that felled her again.

She and Mr. Unwin together summoned Carmela; together they pointed to a fair-haired boy carrying stones. Mr. Unwin said, "Who is he?"

"He is my brother," Carmela said.

"I have seen him before," said Mr. Unwin.

"He once visited me."

"But Carmela," said Mr. Unwin, as

always softly. "You knew that we were looking about for a stonemason. Your own brother was apprenticed to Lucio. You never said a word. Why, Carmela? It is the same thing as lying."

Mrs. Unwin's voice had a different pitch: "You admit he is your brother?"

"Yes."

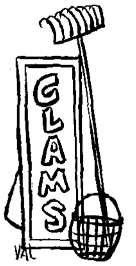
"You heard me saying I needed someone for the walls?"

"Yes."

"It means you don't trust me." All the joyous fever had left her. She was soon back in her brown kimono coat out on the terrace, ready to insult strangers again. There was only Lucio. No longer her "dear old rogue," he spat in her direction and shook his fist and called her a name for which Carmela did not have the English.

THE Italians began to expel foreign-born Jews. The Unwins were astonished to learn who some of them were: they had realized about the Blums and the Wiesels, for that was evident, but it was a shock to have to see Mrs. Teodoris and the Delaroses in another light, or to think of dear Dr. Chaffee as someone in trouble. The Unwins were proud that this had not taken place in their country—at least not since the Middle Ages—but it might not be desirable if all these good people were to go to England now. Miss Barnes had also said she hoped some other solution could be found. They were all of them certainly scrambling after visas, but were not likely to obtain any by marriage; the English sons and daughters had left for home.

Carmela still went over to France every Friday. The frontier was open; there were buses and trains, though Dr. Chaffee and the others were prevented from using them. Sometimes little groups of foreign-born Jews were rounded up and sent across to France, where the French sent them back again, like the Marchesa's shuttlecocks. Jews waiting to be expelled from France to Italy were kept in the grounds of the technical school for boys; they sat there on their luggage, and people came to look at them through the fence. Carmela saw a straggling cluster of refugees—a new word—being marched at gunpoint up the winding street to the frontier on the French side. Among them, wearing his dark suit, was Dr. Chaffee. She remembered how she had not taken the pills he had given her—had not so much as unscrewed the metal cap of the bottle. Wondering if he knew, she looked at him with shame and apology before turning her head away. As though he had seen on her face an expression he wanted, he halted, smiled, shook his head. He was saying "No" to something. Terrified, she peeped again, and this time he lifted his hand, palm outward, in a curious greeting that was not a salute. He was pushed on. She never saw him again.



"WHAT *is* all this talk?" said Mrs. Unwin. "Miss Lewis is full of it. Have you seen anything around the frontier, Carmela?"

"No, never," she said.

"I'm sure it is the Padre's doing," said Mrs. Unwin. "He preached about tolerance once too often. It worked the Italians up." She repeated to her husband Miss Barnes's opinion, which was that Mussolini did not know what was going on.

IN March the wind blew as it had in the autumn. The east wind seemed to have a dark color to it. Twice on the same March night, Carmela was wakened by the beating of waves. At the market, people seemed to be picking their feet out of something grey and adhesive—their own shadows. The Italians began to change; even the clerks in the post office were cheeky with foreigners now. Mrs. Unwin believed the Padre was to blame. She went to listen to his Lenten sermons, and of course caught him out. He preached five Lenten messages, and with each the season advanced and the sea became light, then deep blue, and the Marchesa's garden brighter and sweeter-smelling. As he had in the autumn, the Padre started off carefully, choosing as his subjects patience, abstinence, and kindness. So far so good, said Mrs. Unwin. But the fourth sermon was on courage, the fifth on tyranny, on Palm Sunday he spoke about justice, and on Good Friday he took his text from Job: "Behold I cry out of wrong, but I am not heard: I cry aloud, but there is no judgment." On Easter Sunday he mentioned Hitler by name.

Mrs. Unwin looked up the Good Friday text and found at the top of the page "Job complaineth of his friends' cruelty." She read it out to her husband, adding, "That was meant for me."

"Why you?"

"Because I have hit, and where I hit I hit hard," she cried.

"What have you been up to?" His voice rose as much as ever it could or would. He noticed Carmela and fell silent.

Late in May, Mrs. Unwin won her case against the Marchesa. There was no precedent for the speed of the decision. Mr. Unwin thought the courts were bored with the case, but his wife took it to mean compensation for the Unwins' having not run away. All the datura branches overhanging the Unwins' garden were to be lopped off, and if Mrs. Unwin's headaches persisted the tree was to be cut down. The Unwins hired a man to do the pruning, but it was a small triumph, for the Marchesa was not there to watch.

The night before the man arrived to prune the tree, a warship sent playful searchlights over the hills and the town. The shore was lit as if with strings of yellow lanterns. The scent of the datura rose in the air like a bonfire. Mrs. Unwin suddenly said, "Oh, what does it matter now?" Perhaps it was not the datura that was responsible after all. But in the morning, when the man came with an axe and a saw, he would not be dismissed. He said, "You sent for me and I am here." Carmela had never seen him before. He told her she had no business to be working for foreigners and that soon there would be none left. He hacked a hole through the hedge and began to saw at the base of the datura.

"That's not our property!" Mrs. Unwin cried.

The man said, "You hired me and I am here," and kept on sawing.

On the road where the chauffeur had walked the Marchesa's dogs, a convoy of army lorries moved like crabs on the floor of the sea.

V

THE *frontier was tightened on* both sides for Jews—even those who were not refugees. Some of the refugees set off for Monaco by fishing boat; there was a rumor that from Monaco no one was turned back to Italy. They paid sums of money to local fishermen, who smuggled them along the coast by night and very often left them stranded on a French beach, and the game of battledore and shuttlecock began again. Carmela heard that one woman flung herself over the edge of the bridge into the gorge with the dried riverbed at the bottom that marked the line between Italy and France. Lucio gave up being a stonemason and bought a part interest in a fishing boat. He took Carmela's brother along.

Carmela's mother was given notice that the hotel where she worked was to close. She sent a message to Carmela telling her to stay where she was for as long as the Unwins could keep her, for at home they would be sorely in need of money now. Carmela's brother was perhaps earning something with the boat traffic of Jews, but how long could it last? And what was the little boy's share?

Carmela heard from someone in the local market that all foreigners were to be interned—even Miss Barnes. She gave a hint about it, because her own situation depended on the Unwins' now. Mrs. Unwin scolded Carmela for spreading rumors. That very day, the Unwins' mimeograph machine was seized and carried away, though whether for debts or politics Carmela could not be sure. Along with the machine the provincial police confiscated a pile of tracts that had been ordered by the British Legion and had to do with a garden party on the twenty-fourth of May, the birthday of Queen Victoria. The deepest official suspicion now surrounded this celebration, although in the past the Italian military commander of the region had always attended with his wife and daughters. Then the printing shop was suddenly padlocked and sealed. Mr. Unwin was obliged to go to the police station and explain that he had paid his taxes and had not printed anything that was illegal or opposed to Mussolini. While he was away, a carload of civil guards arrived and pounded on the door.

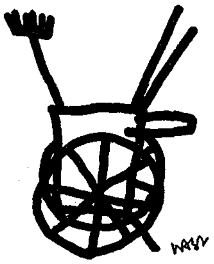
"They don't even speak good Italian," said Mrs. Unwin. "Here, Carmela—find out what they want." But they were Calabrians and quite foreign to Carmela, in spite of her Sicilian grandmother. She told Mrs. Unwin she did not know what they were saying, either. At the same time, she decided to ask for her wages. She had not been paid after the first three months.

Mr. Unwin returned from the police station, but nothing was said in front of Carmela. The frontier was now closed to everyone. Carmela would never go shopping on the French side again. When she mentioned her wages Mrs. Unwin said, "But Carmela, you seemed so fond of the children!"

Early one afternoon, Mrs. Unwin burst into the kitchen. Her hair was wild, as if she had been pulling at it. She said, "It has happened, Carmela. Can you understand? Can you understand the horror of our situation? We can't get any money from England, and we can't draw anything out of the bank here. You must go home now, back to your family. We are leaving for England, on a coal boat. I am leaving with the children. Mr. Unwin will try to come later. You must go home now, today. Why are you crying?" she said, and now she really did tug her hair. "We'll pay you in full and with interest when it is all over."

Carmela had her head down on the kitchen table. Pains like wings pressed on her shoulders until her sobs tore them apart.

"Why are you crying?" said Mrs. Unwin again. "Nothing can happen to you. You'll be thankful to have the money after Mussolini has lost his war." She patted the child between her fragile shoulders. "And yet, how can he lose, eh? Even I don't see how. Perhaps we'll all laugh—oh, I don't know what I'm saying. Carmela, please. Don't alarm the children."



For the last time in her life, Carmela went into the room she had shared with a ghost and a demon. She knew that her mother would never believe her story and that she would beat her. "Goodbye, little girls," she said, though they were out of earshot. In this way she took leave without alarming them. She packed and went back to the kitchen, for want of knowing where to go. All this had happened while Carmela was clearing away after lunch. The larder was still unlocked. She took a loaf of bread and cut it in three pieces and hid the pieces in her case. Many years later, it came to her that in lieu of wages she should have taken a stone from the leather box. Only fear would have kept her from doing it, if she had thought of it. For the last time, she looked out over the Marchesa's shuttered villa. It had already been looted twice. Each time, the police had come and walked around and gone away again. The deep pit of the unfinished bomb shelter was used by all the neighborhood as a dump for unwanted litters of kittens. The chauffeur had prowled for a bit, himself something of a cat, and then he vanished, too.

When Mrs. Unwin searched Carmela's case—Carmela expected that; everyone did it with servants—she found the bread, looked at it without understanding, and closed the lid. Carmela waited to be told more. Mrs. Unwin kissed her forehead and said, "Best of luck. We are all going to need it. The children will miss you."

Now that the worst was over, Mr. Unwin appeared on the scene; he would drive Carmela as far as the Nervia Valley bus stop. He could not take her all the way home, because he had only so much petrol, and because of everything else he had to do before evening. This was without any doubt the worst day of the Unwins' lives.

"Is it wise of you to drive about so openly?" said his wife.

"You don't expect to hide and cringe? As long as I am free I shall use my freedom."

"So you said to me years ago," said his wife. This time Carmela did not consider the meaning of her smile. It had lost its importance.

Mr. Unwin carried Carmela's case to the car and stowed it in the luggage compartment. She sat up front in Mrs. Unwin's usual place. Mr. Unwin explained again that he would drive as far as the Nervia Valley road, where she could then continue by bus. He did not ask if there was any connection to Castel Vittorio or, should there be one, its frequency. They drove down the hill where Carmela had walked to the local market that first day. Most of the beautiful villas were abandoned now, which made them look incomplete. The Marchesa's word came back to her: "Hideous." They passed Dr. Chaffee's clinic and turned off on the sea road. Here was the stop where Carmela had waited for a bus to the frontier every Friday—every Friday of her life, it seemed. There was the café with the pale-blue awning. Only one person, a man, sat underneath it today.

"*Ha*llo," said Mr. Unwin. He braked suddenly and got out of the car. "Fond of ices, Padre?" he said.

"I've spent two nights talking to the police," said the clergyman. "I very much want to be seen."

"You, too, eh?" Mr. Unwin said. He seemed to forget how much he still had to do before evening, and that he and the Padre had ever disagreed about tolerance or Hitler or dipping the flag. "Come along, Carmela," he called over his shoulder. "These young things are always hungry," he said lightly, as though Carmela had been eating him out of house and home.

"My party," said the Padre. Mr. Unwin did not contradict. There they were, police or not, war or not. It was one of the astonishing things that Carmela remembered later on. When an ice was brought and set before her she was afraid to eat it. First, it was too beautiful—pistachio, vanilla, tangerine, three colors in a long-stemmed silver dish that sat in turn upon a lace napkin and a glass plate. Carmela was further given cold water in a tall frosted glass, a long-handled delicate spoon with a flat bowl, and yet another plate containing three overlapping wafer bis-

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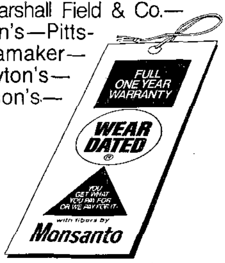

quits. Her tears had weakened her; it was almost with sadness that she touched the spoon.

"I won't have it said that I ran away," said the clergyman. "One almost *would* like to run. I wasn't prepared for anonymous letters." The soft complexion that was like a girl's flushed. Carmela noticed that he had not shaved; she could not have imagined him bearded.

"Anonymous letters to the police?" said Mr. Unwin. "And in English?"

"First one. Then there were others."

"In *English*?"

"Oh, in English. They'd got the schoolmaster to translate them."

"Not even to my worst enemy—" Mr. Unwin began.

"No, I'm sure of that. But if I have inspired hatred, then I've failed. Some of the letters came to me. I never spoke of them. When there was no reaction then—I suppose it must have been interesting to try the police."

"Those you had—were they by hand?" said Mr. Unwin. "Let me see one. I shan't read it."

"I'm sorry, I've destroyed them."

Carmela looked across at the houses on which work had been suspended for more than a year—a monument to Mr. Unwin's qualifications as an investor of funds, she now understood; behind them was the sea that no longer could frighten her. She let a spoonful of pistachio melt in her mouth and swallowed regretfully.

"Of course you know the story," said Mr. Unwin. "You have heard the gossip."

"I don't listen to gossip," said the clergyman. They had no use for each other, and might never meet again. Carmela sensed that, if Mr. Unwin did not. "Nothing needs to be explained. What matters is, how we all come out of it. I've been told I may leave. My instructions *are* to leave. Hang them. They can intern me or do whatever they like. I won't have them believing that we can be bullied."

Mr. Unwin was speaking quietly; their words overlapped. He was going to explain, even if it was to no purpose now, whether the clergyman had any use for him or not. ". . . When we did finally marry we were so far apart that she hardly had a claim. I made her see a neurologist. He asked her if she was afraid of me." The lines of age around his eyes made him seem furtive. He had the look of someone impartial, but stubborn, too. "Having children was supposed to be good. To remove the guilt. To make her live in the present." They had come here, where there was a famous clinic and an excellent doctor—poor Dr. Chaffee. Gone now. Between her second breakdown and the birth of the twins, somewhere in that cleared-out period, they married. The Church of England did not always allow it. Old Ted Stonehouse had been lenient. For years they'd had nothing but holidays, a holiday life, always with the puritan belief that they would have to pay up. They had paid, he assured the younger man, for a look at their past—a wrecked past, a crippling accident. At times, he could see *the debris along the road—a woman's shoe*, a charred map. And they married, and had the twins, and the holiday came to an end. And she was beginning to be odd, cruel, drinking stuff out of teacups. She kept away from the babies. Was afraid of herself. Knew she was cruel. Cruel to her own great-uncle. Never once looked at his grave. Mr. Unwin had been to the grave not long ago, had stung his hands on nettles.

"Oh, I'd never weed a grave," said the clergyman. "I am like that, too."

"Well, Padre, we choose our lives," said Mr. Unwin. "I gave up believing in mine."

"Forget about believing in your life," said the younger man. "Think about the sacraments—whether you believe in them or not. You might arrive in a roundabout way. Do you see?"

"Arrive where?" said Mr. Unwin. "Arrive at what? I never get up in the morning without forcing myself to get out of bed, and without tears in my eyes. I have had to stop shaving sometimes because I could not see for tears. I've watched the sun rising through *the tears of a child left in his first school*. If ever I had taken a day in bed nothing would have made me get up again. Not my children, not my life, not my country. How I have envied Carmela, here—hearing her singing at her work."

"Well, and how about you, Carmela?" said the clergyman, quite glad to turn his attention to her, it seemed.

Carmela put her spoon down and said simply, "I have just eaten my way into heaven."

"Then I haven't entirely failed," the clergyman said.

Mr. Unwin laughed, then blew his nose. "Let me give you a lift, Padre," he said. "Think twice about staying. If I were you I would get on that coal boat with the others."

THEY left Carmela at what they both seemed to think was a bus stop. Mr. Unwin set her case down

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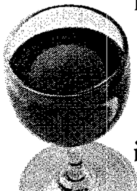

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and pressed money into her hand without counting it, as he had done last August.

"The children will miss you," he said, which must have been the Unwins' way of saying goodbye.

As soon as the car was out of sight she began to walk. There *was* a bus, but it was not here that it stopped for passengers. In any case it would not be along until late afternoon, and it did not go as far as Castel Vittorio. Within half an hour she was in a different landscape—isolated, lonely, and densely green. A farmer gave her a ride on a cart as far as Dolceacqua. She passed a stucco hotel where people sometimes came up from the coast in August to get away from the heat. It was boarded up like the villas she had left behind. After Dolceacqua she had to walk again. The villages along the valley were just as they'd been a year ago. She had forgotten about them. She did not want to lose the taste of the ices, but all she had kept was the look of them—the pink-orange, the pale green, the white with flecks of vanilla, like pepper. She shifted her cardboard suitcase with its rope strap from hand to hand. It was not heavy but cumbersome; certainly much lighter than one of the twins. Sometimes she stopped and crouched beside it in a position of repose she had also forgotten but now assumed naturally. This was a warm clear June day, with towering clouds that seemed like cream piled on a glass plate. She looked up through invisible glass to a fantastic tower of cream. The palms of the coast had given way to scrub and vineyards, then to oaks and beeches and Spanish chestnut trees in flower. She remembered the two men and their strange conversation; they were already the far past. A closer memory was the schoolhouse, and Dr. Barnes and Mussolini and the King in wooden frames. Mr. Unwin weeping at sunrise had never been vivid. He faded first. His tears died with him. The clergyman blushed like a girl and wished Mr. Unwin would stop talking. Both then were lost behind Dr. Chaffee in his dark suit stumbling up the hill. He lifted his hand. What she retained, for the present, was one smile, one gesture, one man's calm blessing.

—MAVIS GALLANT

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Part of the legend is, of course, the way Buchanan came out of nowhere—and stayed there—during his early days.
—*Ann Arbor News.*

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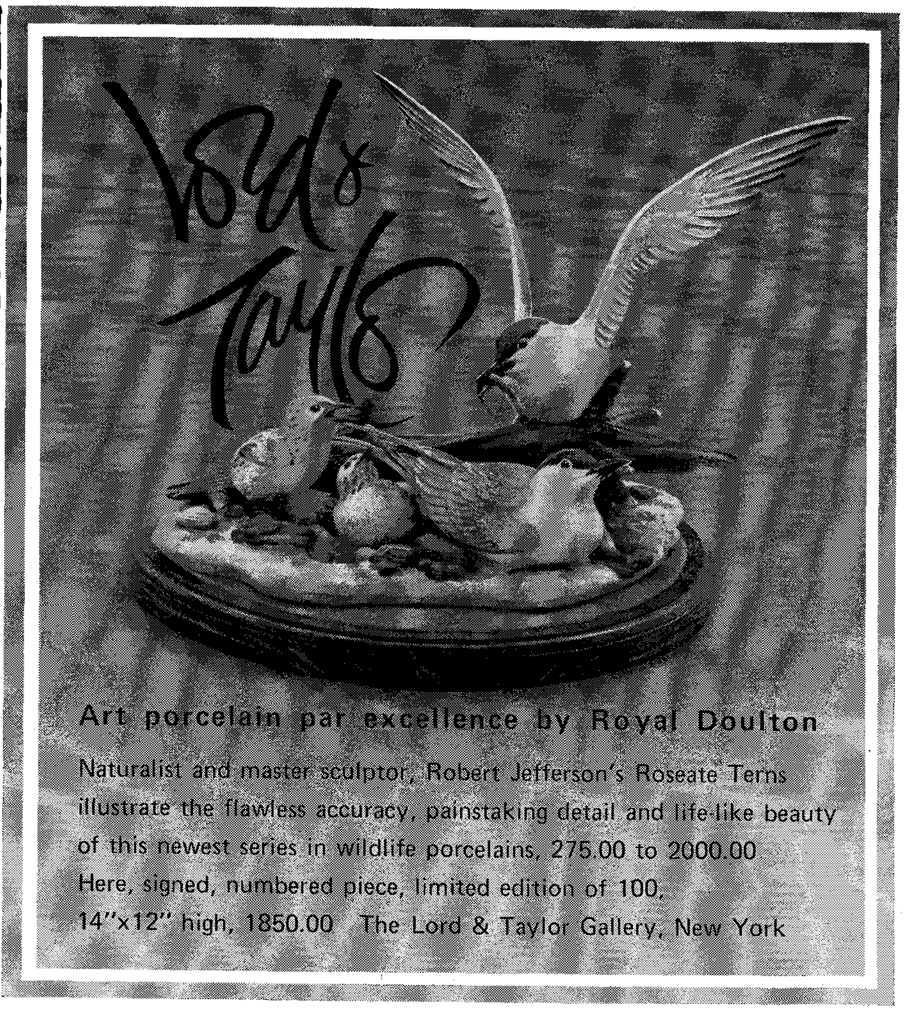

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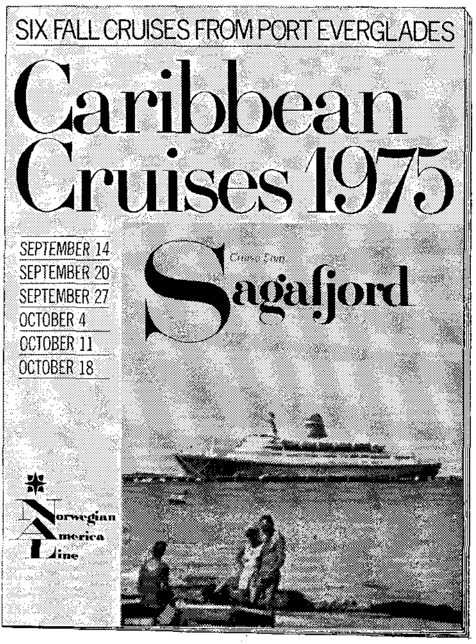

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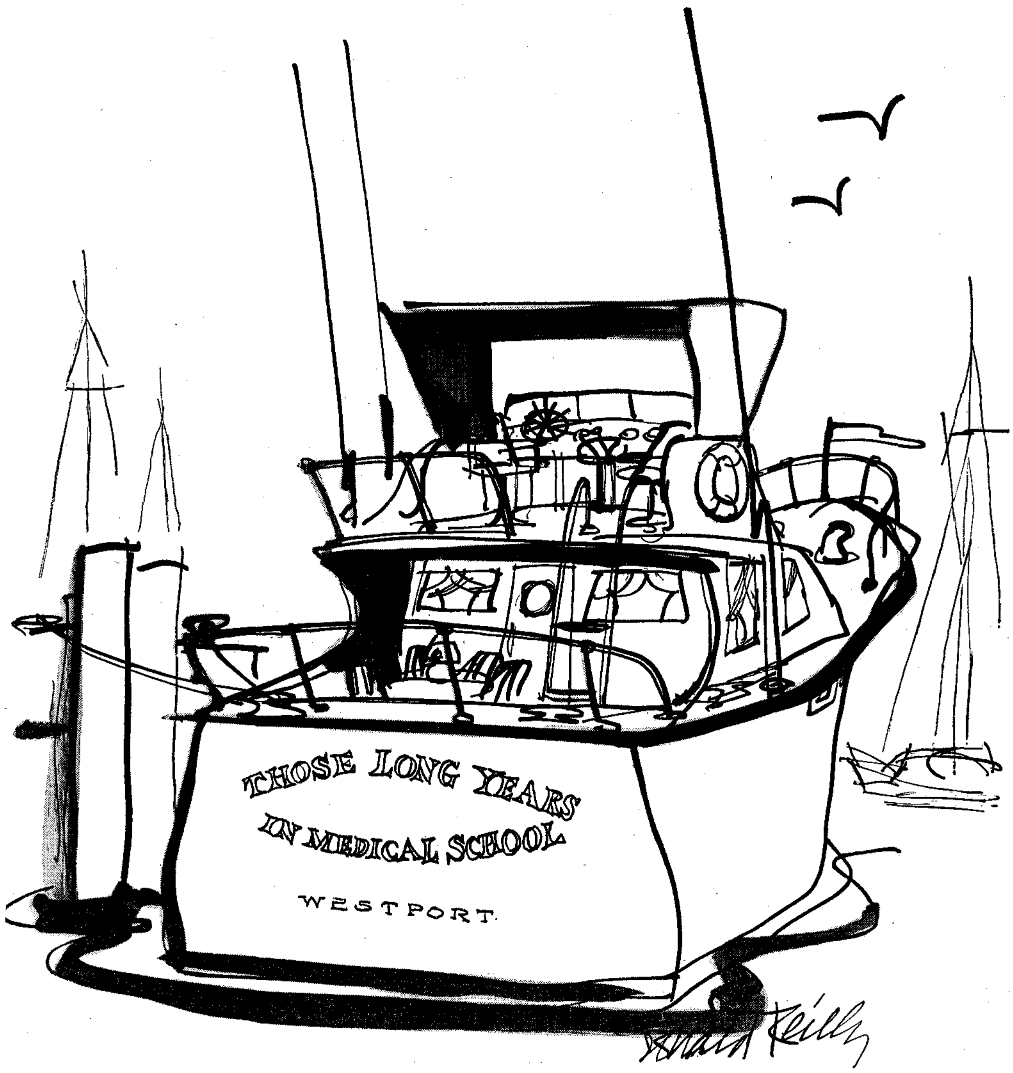
THE THEATRE

ANY TOWN

"CHICAGO," the so-called "musical vaudeville" that has come to the Forty-sixth Street Theatre, is a disappointment, not least because it has so little to do with Chicago. Based on the 1926 play by Maurine Watkins, the book, by Bob Fosse and Fred Ebb, purports to tell of events taking place in Chicago in the far-off twenties, and I had expected to find myself in the company of Dion O'Banion, Samuel Insull, Carl Sandburg, Al Capone, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Big Bill Thompson, and other redoubtable locals of those days, but not at all—"Chicago's" Chicago is a mere nomenclatural convenience, in which murder is practiced not in gang wars but in bed, and in which the raw urban energy of our celebrated Second City is reduced to squalid domestic bickerings, often in jail. A tough little married chorus girl named Roxie Hart (Gwen Verdon) kills her lover because he intends to leave her, and then avoids punishment for the crime with the indirect assistance of her bumbling husband, Amos (Barney Martin), and the direct assistance of a slick shyster lawyer, Billy Flynn (Jerry Orbach). A ramshackle tale, which could just as readily have been laid in New York or King Of Prussia, Pa.

"Chicago" is an excellent example of the sort of artistic wrongheadedness that Yeats was concerned about when he wrote that rhetoric is the will trying to do the work of the imagination. Mr. Fosse, who also directed and choreographed the entire production, has drawn upon all his many gifts in an effort to bring an inert thing to life—alas, in vain. A tirelessly inventive man, he fills the stage with droll tricks and sunny surprises, and we are sorry when we become aware that the tricks and surprises exist not to further a substantial action but to conceal the lack of one. In something like the same fashion, Tony Walton has designed a marvellous set, but it glitters in order to blind, and not in order to illuminate, and Patricia Zipprodt's costumes, though they are unfailingly witty in themselves, have little to do with Chicago, the twenties, or Roxie Hart. The music, by John Kander, and the lyrics, by Mr. Ebb, come closer to making an appropriate comment on the period and place; even so, they tend to echo the earlier Kander-Ebb success "Cabaret."

Having felt obliged to pass so many sour judgments, I turn with relief to the agreeable task of praising the performers. Gwen Verdon as Roxie, Chita Rivera as Velma Kelly, Roxie's jail companion and rival, and Mr. Orbach as Billy Flynn are irresistible. (At one point, Mr. Orbach makes a slight attempt to impersonate Clarence Darrow—a mistake, for while it is true that Darrow was a Chicagoan, he was far from being a shyster. In character, Flynn much more nearly resembles that Great Mouthpiece of the twenties William Fallon, who practiced in New York.) Mr. Martin is touching as Amos Hart, and M. O'Haughey has his moment of triumph as the transvestite Mary Sunshine. The several dancers are superb; they lift our hearts higher even than they lift their heels, and so make us forget the inherent unpleasantness and implausibility of the book. —BRENDAN GILL



OFF BROADWAY

Madame Slyboots

THE Roundabout is presenting, at its new and handsome Stage One, a pleasant summer-stock kind of production of J. M. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows," which looks like more than that because of its stylish sets, costumes, and lighting (by Holmes Easley, Charles Gelatt, and Ian Calderon, respectively). The best of the Roundabout's productions in the past, under Gene Feist's direction, have always been the result of his utter fidelity to the dramatists; the worst have almost been killed by a numbingly literal presentation of the scripts. Here we see the Roundabout at its best, which is pretty good. "What Every Woman Knows," which Barrie wrote in 1908, is a tough, almost cynical play—about woman, the shrewd, practical schemer, versus man, the humorless, romantic dreamer—lightly disguised as a sentimental comedy. Un-

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der Mr. Feist's guidance, it is done with simplicity and directness, and always within the bounds of its period. No little nudges, no attempts of any kind to get in touch with the audience of 1975 or to subtly exploit a number of more recent notions about the sexes. This honesty of performance is especially true of Fran Brill, as Maggie Wylie, the young Scotswoman lacking "charrrm," who manages to nab the younger John Shand, marry him, advance his political career without his realizing it, and hold on to him when he falls in love with a noble beauty. As solemn, susceptible, point-missing Shand, her beloved dupe, Michael Goodwin is strong enough to quench the all but inevitable what-does-she-see-in-him before it rises to our lips. (There is, it must be said, considerable slippage in Scots accents by those concerned.) I also enjoyed Grayson Hall as one of those worldly Frenchwomen who are always on to everybody. One point, though. Since Barrie has gone to considerable trouble to supply real curtain lines—four of them—the next investment for the Roundabout, with its fine proscenium stage, might well be a curtain. Going to black does a comedy no good; the graceful fall of a curtain is a big help.

"A Musical Merchant of Venice," which opened last week as a workshop production at Roundabout's little Stage Two, is not yet ready for review, so I won't review it, except to say that its only dramatic aspect, so far, is Danny Sewell's insistence upon *acting* Shylock in the midst of general slapdashery. His performance is of a quality we rarely see Off Broadway.

—EDITH OLIVER

●

The answer, he and other people in the field agree, is that while teaching the actual computation may not be important, students must be taught to have a feel for the subject so they can check on the results of the computer—for example, the ability to know instantly that multiplying 536 by 210 gives an answer in the neighborhood of 200,000.—*The News.*

It's one of those rapid-growth neighborhoods.

●

Several residents appeared at Monday night's meeting of the Board of Education and applauded loudly when Board Member Joseph Hammond, speaking of the Lakewood Council, said, "I wouldn't trust them with a 10-foot pole."

"Now you're catching on," said someone from the audience.—*Paramount (Calif.) Journal.*

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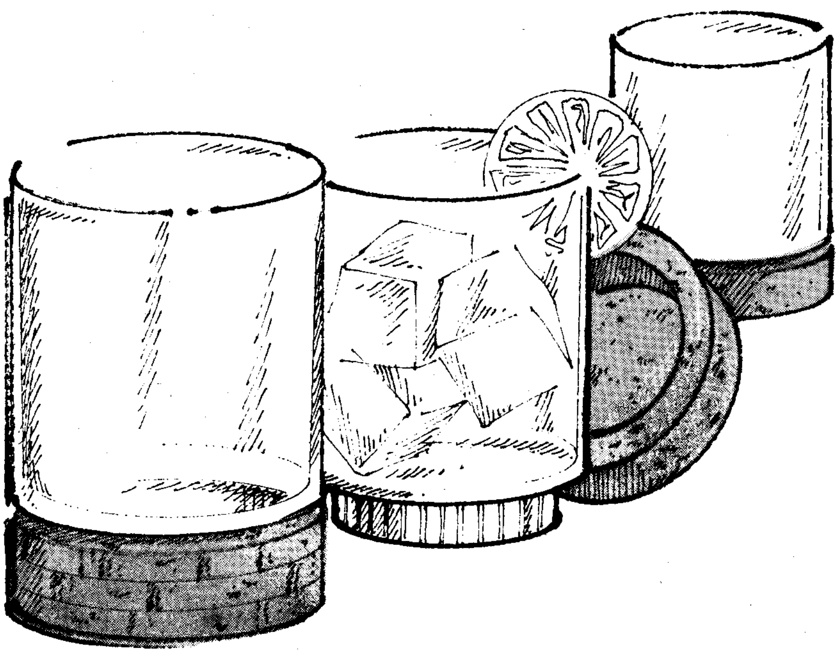

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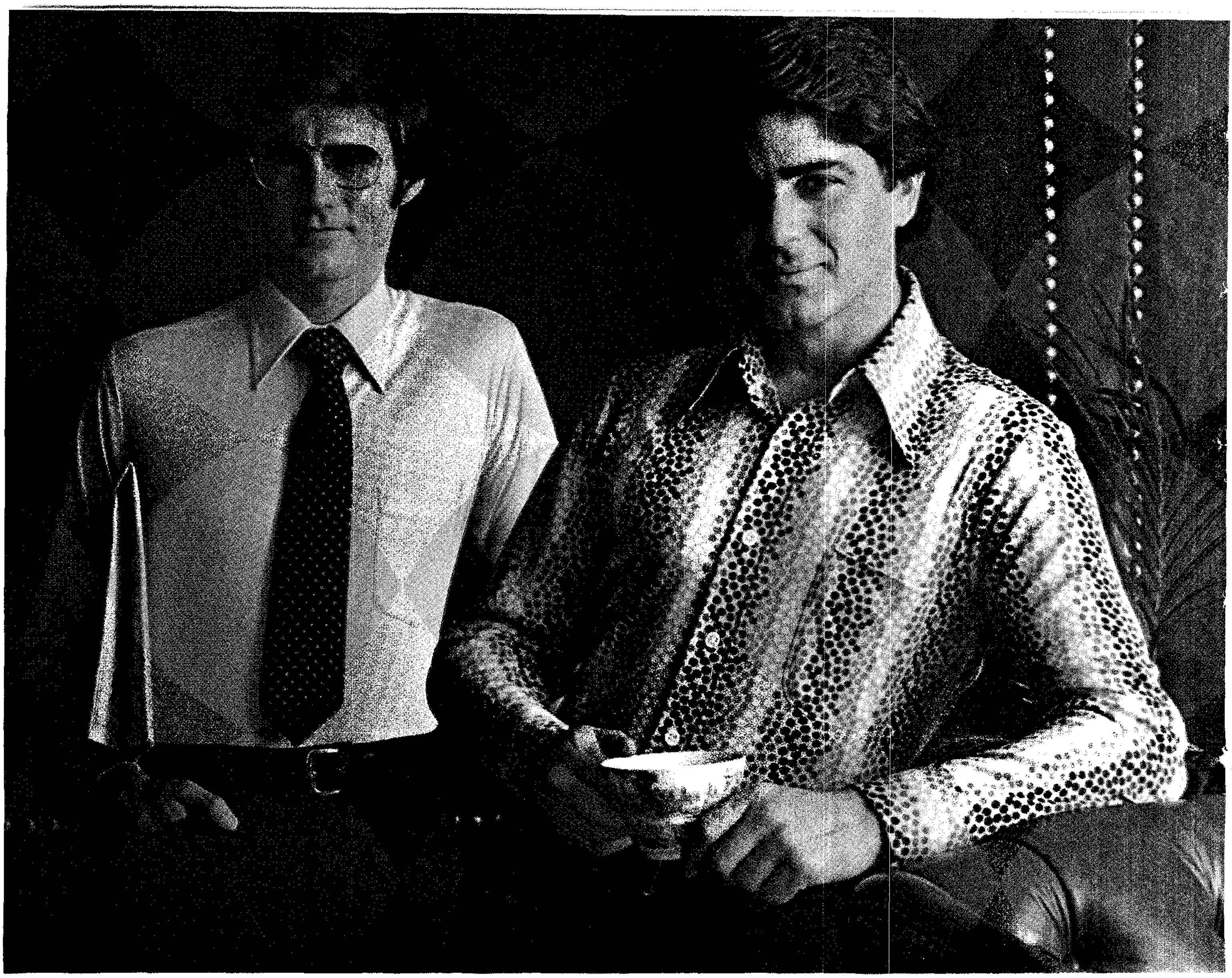

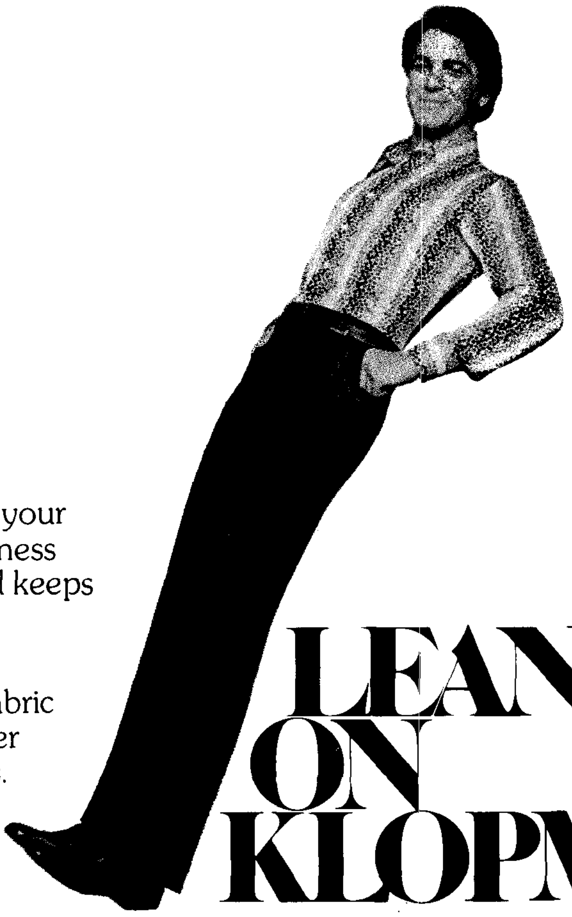

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REFLECTIONS

THE TIME OF ILLUSION

III—MAN OF PEACE

ON December 10, 1970, some five weeks after the midterm congressional elections, President Nixon was asked at a press conference about the "divisions" in American life. "Well . . . it is, of course, a problem, but I should emphasize that divisions in this country are never going to end—there's always going to be a generation gap and there's always going to be differences between the races and between the religions," he answered. "The problem is trying to mute those differences, to mitigate them to the greatest extent possible, and to develop a dialogue. I think we've made some progress in that respect. Not as much as I would like." A few weeks later, he was asked what had become of the "lift of a driving dream" he had promised in his State of the Union message of January, 1970, and he answered, "Well . . . before we can really get the lift of a driving dream, we have to get rid of some of the nightmares we inherited. One of the nightmares is a war without end. We're ending that war. . . . Second, we've got to quiet this country down at home." On neither of these occasions did the President make any mention of the rising tide of violence and crime which had disturbed him so deeply just a few months back. The anarchists, the totalitarians, the thugs, the hoodlums, the haters, and the snivelling, fawning "Establishment" that glorified criminals had all vanished from his public pronouncements. The "age of anarchy" that he had announced just eight months back, as the Cambodian invasion was getting under way, was apparently over. Earlier still, in the fall of 1969, the President's mood had reversed itself so that a controlling image of national division had replaced a controlling image of national unity. Now the President's mood seemed to have reversed itself again, and national division, too, had disappeared. The 1969 executive assault on the opposition which the President had called the Nixon Big Charge had served well to intimidate other politicians, the television networks, and the press, but it had failed to take hold with the public. It was not that the public had rejected the Administration's outlook in favor of some other; rather, in a change unforeseen by either of the "sides" of the divided political realm, the public had been distancing itself from all politicians and all political views. A new kind of division had been opening up: a gap between the people in or around public life, whose interest in politics was undiminished, and the broad mass of ordinary people, who had come to the conclusion that nothing worthwhile ever happened in the political realm.

"Oh, I was just thinking how you plus me equals us."

The White House began to cast about for a new controlling image for itself and for national politics as a whole. One White House staff man told a reporter of a plan to bury the President's image as a mere politician and have him reëlected in 1972 as a "statesman." For the moment, the President reverted to the old "bring-us-together" image he had produced before his Inauguration and had then abandoned. In January of 1971, he gave a speech at the University of Nebraska that took as its theme "We Need an Alliance of Generations." Once again, there was no mention of the rising tide of violence and crime which in his speeches of three months before had been about to finish off the Republic. Nor was there any mention of the tide's having receded. Like its predecessor, the controlling image of unity, the controlling image of division had dissolved without leaving a trace. Now the nation's first order of business was not putting a stop to terrorism but dealing with the old, forgotten issues of 1968—what the President defined in his speech as "the problems of our cities," "the problems of our environment," and the concluding of the war, along with a few others. "We must face them together," the President told the students and faculty of the University of Nebraska. "There can be no generation gap in America." Continuing in this vein, he said, "And I believe that . . . as we put our hands together, your generation and mine, in the alliance we forge we can discover a new understanding, a community of wisdom, a capacity for action with which we can truly renew both the spirit and the promise of this great and good land."

ON January 22nd, in the State of the Union message for 1971, the President picked up the abandoned themes of his Inaugural Address of 1969. Borrowing a phrase or two outright from that speech, and from his first State of the Union message, he told the senators and representatives assembled in joint session, "In these troubled years just past, America has been going through a long nightmare of war and division, of crime and inflation. Even more deeply, we have gone through a long dark night of the American spirit. But now that night is ending. Now we must let our spirits soar again. Now we are ready for the lift of a driving dream." This was the third time the curtain had gone down on the long night of war and division, and the third time it had gone up on the lift of a driving dream. It almost seemed that the two personae of the President's public self were engaged in a debate. The speechwriter known as Mr. Outside, Raymond Price, back in charge now, almost seemed to be delivering a rebuke to the speechwriter known as Mr. Inside, Patrick Buchanan. The nightmare of war and division of the "troubled years just past," when Mr. Inside had been in charge, had turned into the nightmare of failure in the congressional elections of 1970. Now it was time to try the lift of a driving dream again. Now it was time for Mr. Outside.

TWO weeks later, Vice-President Agnew praised the "youth-liberation movement," with no mention of any of the vultures, misfits, eunuchs, or garbage that had permeated his speeches about that movement in 1969 and 1970.

PATRICK BUCHANAN was unhappy with the latest turn of events. "We suffer," he wrote to the President, "from the widely held belief that the President has *no* Grand Vision that inspires him, no deeply held political philosophy that girds, guides and explains his words, decisions and deeds. The President is viewed as the quintessential political pragmatist, standing before an ideological buffet, picking some from this tray and some from that. On both sides he is seen as the textbook political transient, here today, gone tomorrow, shuttling back and forth, as weather permits, between liberal programs and conservative rhetoric. As someone put it, 'the bubble in the carpenter's level.' " The President, Haldeman wrote to another aide, found the memo "very interesting."

IN the 1971 State of the Union message, and in subsequent messages to Congress that winter, the President called for a "New American Revolution"—one that would be "as exciting as that first revolution almost two hundred years ago." The two principal features of the new revolution were to be "revenue sharing"—a program for returning federal money to state and local governments—and yet another round of executive-branch reorganization. As for the principal feature of the reorganization—the third he had undertaken in three years—it was to be a reduction in the number of Cabinet departments from twelve to eight. His main aim, he told Congress, would be to return "power to the people."

Upon assuming office, the President had promised to be truthful and speak calmly, to give his Cabinet Secretaries full independence (and, in particular, to have a strong Secretary of State), to prevent his staff from growing overpowerful, to run an "open" Administration, to do more for black people than any President in history, and to end the war. Now, at the start of his second two years in office, his promise was to reduce his own power and that of the Congress. "Giving up power is hard," he told the assembled houses of Congress. "But I would urge all of you, as leaders of this country, to remember that the truly revered leaders in world history are those who gave power to the people, not those who took it away."

THOUGH Mr. Inside might not be required as a speechwriter for the moment, there was covert work for him to do. His message and his style were banished from the President's public utterances, but they found ample expression in Presidential messages that the President did *not* acknowledge. The "Presidential Offensive" that had been launched in 1969 against the opposition was reined in in public, but it was going forward in secrecy. After the President's December 10th press conference, for instance, the "standard" campaign (as Gordon Strachan, a White House aide, put it in a memo) of fraudulent phone calls and rigged letters and rigged telegrams was set in motion to provide the press with a "public response" to the President's performance on that occasion. It included a dozen telegrams-to-the-editor drafted by Patrick Buchanan and his assistant Kenneth Khachigian, and sent to *Time* and *Newsweek* by "twenty names around the country from our letter-writing system" (as Jeb Magruder, the White House aide who specialized in matters having to do with the press, described it in a memo to H. R. Haldeman, the President's chief of staff). The telegrams praised the President and attacked the press for treating him roughly. One telegram began, "Thank goodness this country has President Nixon." Another began, "Last Thursday night, the President of the United States handled that pack of wolves gathered in the White House with a great deal more gentility and generosity than their conduct deserved." Another referred to the press conference as though it had been an athletic match, and read, in its entirety, "With regard to the President's news conference, score it: President Nixon, 100–Media, 0."

DURING the first days of February, the headlines brought news from outer space. On February 5th, the third manned mission to the moon made a successful landing. Far down the page from the huge black letters announcing the moon news was news from earth of feverish military activity of an undefined sort in the northwesternmost corner of South Vietnam. Military trucks, armored personnel carriers, transport planes, and helicopters roared toward the Laotian border, without any official explanation of what they were up to. Rumors of something that was happening or was about to happen in Laos were spreading but could not be confirmed. American officials both in Washington and in Saigon refused to comment. South Vietnamese officials refused to comment. Then word came that a news blackout—a "news embargo," it was called—had been imposed, for the first time in the war, by the American command in South Vietnam.

On February 6th, spokesmen for the Pathet Lao, the Communist-led rebel movement within Laos, announced that the South Vietnamese Army had invaded Laos, and was receiving American air support, including B-52 strikes. Washington refused to comment. The next day, President Nguyen Van Thieu, of South Vietnam, acknowledged that an invasion was under way. Washington still remained silent. The day after President Thieu's announcement, President Nixon made an announcement, but it was not about the war—it was about the environment. " 'Clean the air, clean the sky, wash the wind,' " he said, quoting T. S. Eliot, and he added, "I have proposed to Congress a sweeping and comprehensive program to do just that and more—to end the plunder of America's natural heritage." But by then reporters in Indo-China were managing

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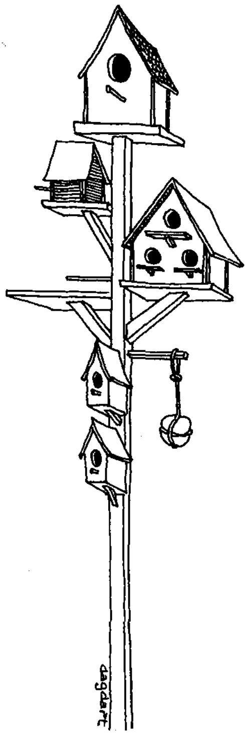
British Leyland Motors Inc. BRITISH LEYLAND Leonia, New Jersey 07605 to get through to the battlefield, and were sending home photographs and films of the fighting. In the fall of 1969 and through most of 1970, the President had spoken of the war as though the freedom and safety of the entire world were at stake in Indo-China. Now he made a show of disregarding the war: while the films on television and the pictures in the press were of soldiers dying, the words from the White House were of the air, the sky, and the wind.

On February 17th, the President held a news conference. His answers to questions about the military activity in Indo-China were ambiguous but menacing. "I won't speculate on what South Vietnam may decide to do with regard to a possible incursion into North Vietnam in order to defend their national security," he said. Concerning the American bombing, he said, "I am not going to place any limitations upon the use of air power except of course . . . the use of tactical nuclear weapons." This was the first time since President Johnson's bombing halt in March, 1968, that the United States had threatened unlimited bombing of North Vietnam. Asked why the United States and South Vietnam had invaded Laos, he would say only, "Laos would not have been possible had it not been for Cambodia."



By mid-March, the invasion had turned into a rout of the South Vietnamese. American helicopters had flown them in but could not get them out again. Hundreds of helicopters were lost or damaged trying. Now the pictures that the country saw were of South Vietnamese soldiers clinging to the skids of the helicopters as B-52s continued to blanket the territory around them with bombs.

For the third consecutive spring, the President had suddenly launched a major military action in Indo-China. Each action had been carried out in a manner that suited the controlling image of the moment. The bombing of Cambodia in 1969 had been carried out in complete secrecy, as it had to be if the American people were to go on believing that the President meant to fulfill his promise of bringing peace and uniting the country. The invasion of Cambodia on the ground a year later had been announced on national television and portrayed as a measure that would help check a spread of anarchy at home and abroad—a portrayal designed to dramatize the controlling image of national division. Now, in the day of the New American Revolution and the Alliance of the Generations, the invasion of Laos was being carried out almost without explanation. Just as there were loud, overt attacks on the political opposition and quiet, covert attacks on the political opposition, there were loud invasions and quiet invasions. The invasion of Laos was one of the quiet ones. The war aim was suitably understated. No longer was it to protect institutions that had been created by free civilizations in the last five hundred years, as it had been just nine months before, when Cambodia was invaded. Now the chief aim (as the State Department put it after the invasion was under way) was to "promote the security and safety of American and allied forces," or—an even more modest one—to protect "the withdrawal of American forces." The war aims, as they were publicly stated, had lost their grandiose importance. The war had shrunk into itself: American forces had to stay in Vietnam so that they might leave; the war had to continue so that it might end; the men had to die to save their lives. Every detail of the invasion reflected the new White House line. Nine months before, the President had compared himself to Churchill and Roosevelt—great wartime leaders. A few weeks after the invasion of Laos, he said, in an interview, "I rate myself as a deeply committed pacifist, perhaps because of my Quaker heritage from my mother." Nine months before, he had spoken of his decision to "go to the heart of the trouble" with his military moves into Cambodia. Now he said nothing about military moves. One "senior official" told a newsman, "If we learned anything at all from Cambodia, it was how *not* to break the news of a major development in the war." The thing to do, it appeared, was simply never to break the news.

The press, the Congress, and the anti-war movement, seemingly following the President's cue, reacted mildly to the new escalation. The campuses remained calm, the Congress remained unaroused. In the earlier Nixon years, the Administration's theme of national division had always had an anachronistic quality, and behind it had lurked a national yawn. The White House campaign in the congressional races had been swallowed up by the yawn. Indifference had won out over demagoguery and hysteria. The new line, it seemed, was better attuned to the mood of an apathetic public. Instead of troops, the President used planes, and instead of theatrical exaggeration there was a news embargo. Instead of talking about an "age of anarchy," the President talked about the elements.

BY the early spring of 1971, the Presidential election of 1972—still some twenty months away—was beginning to exert a powerful influence on every phase of White House operations. In fact, the abrupt change in the Administration's image following the 1970 congressional elections had been part of a strategy for the 1972 Presidential campaign. In March, detailed planning for 1972 began in earnest. All of it was covert.

In the spring of 1971, most observers believed that Senator Edmund Muskie, of Maine, was the man most likely to be the Democratic candidate for President in 1972. On March 24th, Patrick Buchanan, who had been asked to work out a political strategy for the Presidential election campaign, recommended in a memo to the President that a "Muskie Watch" be set up in the White House. The best strategy, he believed, would be to force Muskie to take positions on what he called in his memo "divisive issues." The idea was to prevent Muskie from unifying the Democratic Party. Therefore, Buchanan wrote, "we ought to go down to the kennels and turn all the dogs loose on Ecology Ed." All the dogs, that is, but one. "The President is the only one who should stand clear, while everybody else gets chewed up," Buchanan wrote, and he went on, "The rest of us are expendable commodities; but if the President goes, we all go, and maybe the country with us. My view." The strategy was to damage Muskie even before he entered the Democratic Presidential primaries, still a year away. For "if Mr. Muskie is not cut and bleeding before he goes into New Hampshire, he will very likely do massively well there," Buchanan noted, concluding, "This scenario is not in our interest."

An election effort required an organization as well as a strategy, and

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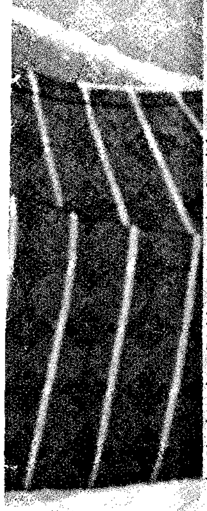

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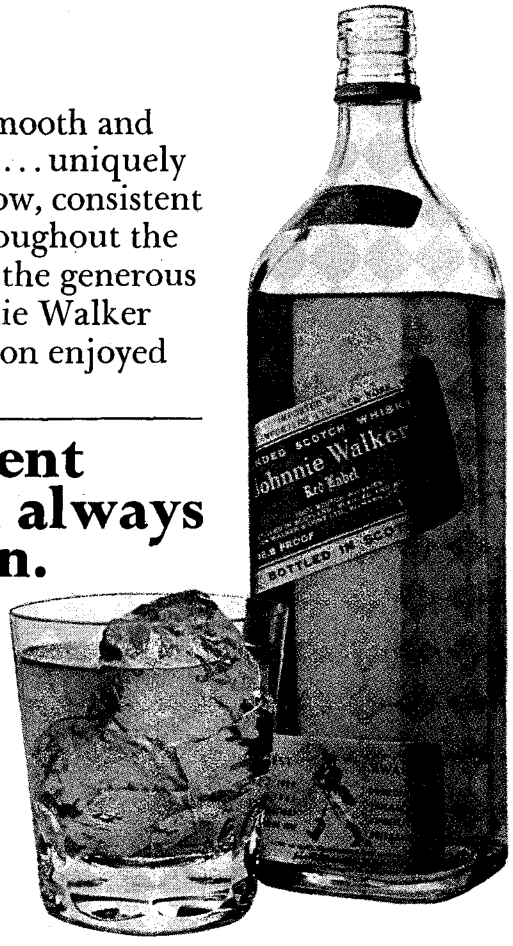


an organization required money. By March, extensive contacts had been made with the political arm of the dairy industry, and it had pledged contributions to the President's 1972 re-election-campaign fund. The industry wanted increased government price support for milk. On March 23rd, President Nixon, after meeting in the morning with representatives of the dairymen, directed that the price support for milk be increased, reversing a decision of the Secretary of Agriculture that the President had concurred in just two weeks earlier. In the months that followed, dairy groups contributed about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the President's reëlection effort. Some of the money was channelled through committees with names such as Americans Dedicated to Better Public Administration, Volunteers Against Citizen Apathy, and Americans United for Objective Reporting, and it was used to finance a campaign committee. This committee's existence remained unknown to the public for some months.

Looking back on the events surrounding the contribution, William Powell, the president of a lobbying organization called Mid-America Dairymen, Incorporated, wrote in a letter to a member of his organization, "The facts of life are that the economic welfare of dairymen does depend a great deal on political action. If dairymen are to receive their fair share of the Governmental financial pie that we all pay for, we must have friends in government." And he wrote, "Whether we like it or not, this is the way the system works."

IN February, 1971, the Secret Service, acting at the request of President Nixon, installed microphones in the White House which would record all conversations in the Oval Office and in the Cabinet room. About two months later, the Secret Service installed microphones in the President's office in the Executive Office Building, and it also tapped the President's phones in the Oval Office, in the Lincoln Room, and in the Executive Office Building. At the same time, it installed equipment to record phone calls in a cottage at Camp David, the President's Maryland retreat.

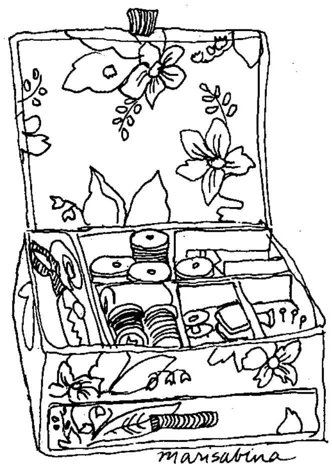
IN the spring of 1971, the Vietnam war penetrated to the courts of the United States, in four highly publicized legal encounters.

The first was the case of First Lieutenant William Calley, who had been a platoon leader when, on March 16, 1968, American soldiers entered the hamlet of My Lai, in the northern part of South Vietnam, and massacred more than three hundred people. On March 29th, a jury made up of Calley's peers found him guilty of murder. A large part of the public soon made known its unhappiness over the verdict, but judges and juries are not meant to weigh public opinion, and this judge and this jury had not done so.

One person who did weigh public opinion was President Nixon. A few days after the verdict, as the storm of public protest was rising, he made calls to a few Republicans in the Congress to ask what the political reaction would be if he were to pardon Calley. The feeling was that it would be favorable. On April 3rd, the President announced that he would personally review Calley's final sentence. Since the case was still under judicial review, and the hint of Presidential pardon or leniency tended to undercut any decisions that the courts might make, the President's intervention was criticized as legally improper. The prosecutor in the case, Captain Aubrey Daniel, wrote the President a letter in protest. "The greatest tragedy of all will be if political expediency dictates the compromise of such a fundamental moral principle as the inherent unlawfulness of the murder of innocent persons," he wrote. "You have subjected a judicial system of this country to the criticism that it is subject to political influence." An issue growing out of the war had, for the first time, grown into a full-blown crisis of American justice, directly involving the President of the United States.

THE second legal encounter over a war issue occurred when, on April 18th, a group of veterans calling themselves the Vietnam Veterans Against the War arrived in Washington to hold a demonstration. They had come to testify willingly to war crimes that they themselves had committed. In their persons, they united the extremes of the nation's war experience. There were many cases in which the war hero, the war criminal, and the war protester were embodied in one individual. They were the "bums" the President had denounced immediately after his speech making known the Cambodian invasion, and they were the soldiers he had praised. Their ragged uniforms, decked out with combat medals and peace emblems, mingled the styles of two Americas. They, virtually alone among Americans, had had to resolve within themselves the full dilemma posed by the Indo-China war—to travel the entire measureless distance between William Calley's Vietnam and the Washington of April, 1971. Now they encamped on the Capitol Mall, midway between Capitol Hill and the White House—at the geographic midpoint of political America. And for a few days, owing to extensive television coverage, they were also encamped somewhere near the center of the country's attention. From the Mall, they went out in small units to the various branches of government to tell their stories. (On the Mall one morning, the words "Will all war criminals please assemble across the street" were heard over a public-address system.)

The President had nothing to say publicly about the veterans' protest. But privately his interest in it was intense, and he received hourly reports from security agencies on the progress of the demonstration. On April 16th, the Justice Department went into Federal District Court and obtained, from Judge George Hart, an injunction against the veterans' sleeping on the Mall. The veterans, whose legal representative was former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, appealed the injunction to the Court of Appeals, which modified the injunction to permit sleeping under certain conditions. But the Supreme Court reversed the Court of Appeals' decision and reinstated the District Court's decision. The veterans then voted to defy the court order and remain. They argued that they had a right to sleep on the earth that they had been told they were fighting to protect. Some had been wounded in the war, and of these some were in wheelchairs. The political wisdom of sending in the police to remove them forcibly was doubtful. The veterans prepared to occupy the Mall for the night and waited to be carried away, but the Justice Department never ordered the police in.



The government's failure to enforce the court order it had urgently requested enraged Judge Hart. "One equal, coördinate branch of government—the judiciary—has been dangerously and improperly used by one equal, coördinate branch of government—the executive—represented by the Department of Justice in this case," he stated from the bench. For a second time that spring, the Administration had intervened in a legal case growing out of the war and had been rebuked by an officer of the court.

THE third of that spring's legal encounters over a war issue grew out of another demonstration. In early May, the Mayday Tribe, an amorphous group of young people who were coming together for this one action, announced its intention of "stopping the government" if the government didn't stop the war. Its prospects for success seemed poor. The government employed some three million people, not counting the military, and it had a near-monopoly of the instruments of force at the nation's disposal. The Mayday Tribe, when it arrived in Washington and had a chance to look at itself, turned out to number some thirty thousand young men and women. Their plan of action was to sit down in Washington's streets, thus stopping traffic and, they hoped, the government. The job of keeping Washington traffic moving was ordinarily the responsibility of Chief Jerry Wilson, of the Washington Police Department. But once again the Administration involved itself. A threat to "stop the government," however implausible, was the sort of threat that aroused one of the President's deepest fears—the fear that the authorities in the United States, including, above all, its President, were menaced with a loss of will and were in danger of being rendered impotent. The President vowed that the government would not be stopped for even an hour.

During the next two days, in an action with no precedent in the long history of demonstrations in the United States, the Washington police seized almost ten thousand people in the streets of the capital without bothering to charge them with any offenses, and threw them in jail. One problem that arose immediately was how to present the cases in court. The Police Department, at the prompting of the Justice Department, hit upon the solution of falsifying the arrest forms. On the line asking for "Location of the Arrest" they wrote (truthfully but vaguely) "D.C." Under "Specification" they wrote (again truthfully but vaguely) "Arrested during demonstrations in D.C. on May 3, 1971." Under "Arresting Officer" they wrote (falsely) the name and badge number of a policeman taken from a rotating list of seven policemen which had been supplied for the occasion.

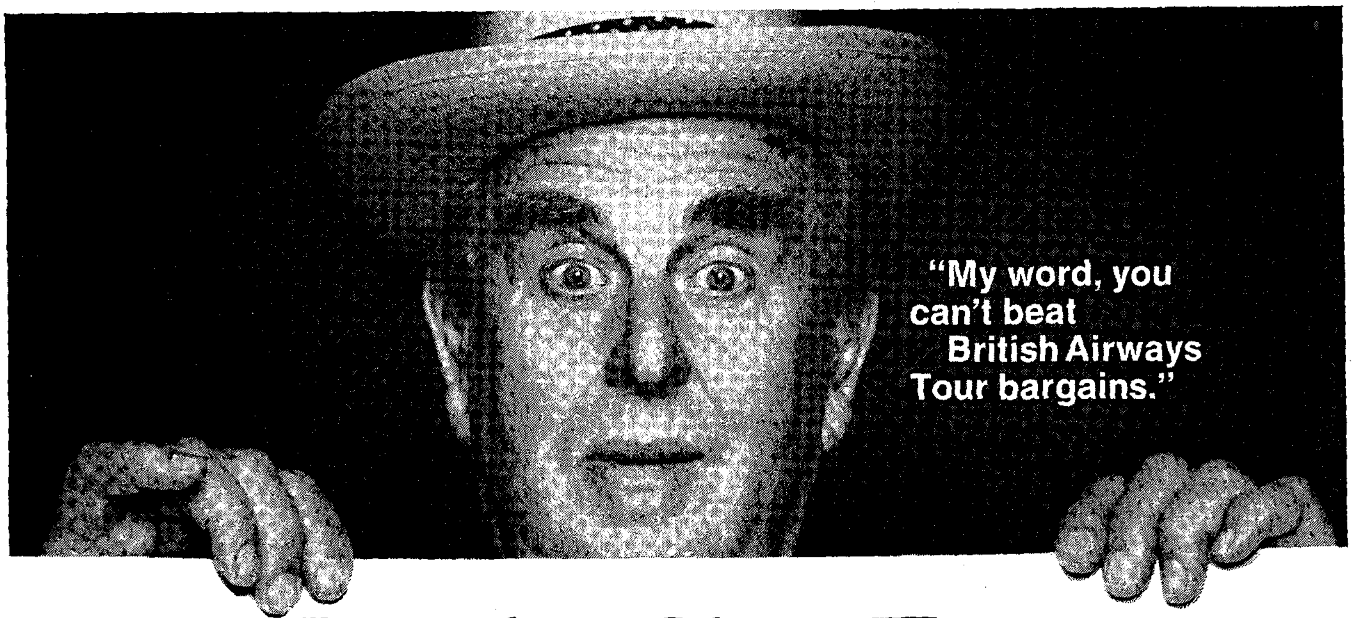
While the policemen were improvising procedures to handle the situation, the Administration was improvising law—or, at least, legal-sounding phrases—to account for it. Assistant Attorney General William Rehnquist described the proceedings as an instance of "qualified martial law," although there is no such thing. A few days later, an Administration spokesman announced that President Nixon was "totally satisfied" with the results of the episode. And Attorney General Mitchell said he hoped that "Washington's decisive opposition to mob force" would "set an example for other communities."

The judges, meanwhile, had to decide what to do with the illegally jailed thousands, many of whom had been incarcerated in dangerous and insanitary makeshift prisons. During the next months, the "cases" arrived in court for disposition. In the first two thousand cases, one defendant was found guilty. The charges against nearly twenty-five hundred additional defendants were dropped, because the evidence against them was inadequate. And among a third group of several thousand defendants just sixty-one were found guilty—all on minor charges. The government had not been stopped (there had never been any chance that it would be), nor had the war been stopped (that, too, had been unlikely). What had been stopped, for a period of days, was the working of the law. Once again, an incident growing out of the war had turned into a judicial crisis.

THE fourth legal encounter over a war issue arose when, on June 13th, the *Times* began to run excerpts from a top-secret, multivolume study of the conduct of the Vietnam war, beginning with events involving the French forces in Indo-China just after the Second World War, and ending with the Johnson years—a study that had been ordered by Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara in 1967 and had eventually been passed along to the *Times* by Daniel Ellsberg, who had worked under McNamara in the Pentagon and had later grown disillusioned with the war. Here was still more war news out of the past, and this time it was a deluge. The lead time for news from Indo-China, it now seemed, was years.

The Pentagon Papers—as the study soon came to be known—showed in voluminous detail that both before and after the election of 1964 the Johnson Administration had misled the public about its intentions in Vietnam. They did not show that the Administration had consistently lied outright—although outright lying had apparently occurred. Rather, they revealed that in the world of its public statements and in the world of its private memoranda the Johnson Administration had been moving in opposite directions—away from the war in public, deeper into the war in private. The Pentagon Papers thus chronicled a major breakdown of democratic government, for the over-all effect of the Johnson war policy had been deception of the public on the most important issue facing the country at the moment when it was choosing its President. Also, the Pentagon Papers seemed to pinpoint the period of American history when an Administration went beyond the occasional lie and began to treat what it said and what it did as two separate matters. Whether it was because this separation had become a rule of thumb in the framing of virtually all policy in the Nixon Administration, and the Administration therefore had a stake in suppressing all news of governmental duplicity, or because there was a constant fear of leaks in the Nixon White House, or for some other reason, the men around Nixon once again intervened. The Justice Department sought, and received, a temporary injunction in federal District Court in New York ordering the *Times* to cease publication of the Pentagon Papers. In the days that followed, newspapers in Washington, Boston, and St. Louis also received copies of the Pentagon Papers, began to publish them, and were enjoined by federal courts in their areas from continuing. All over the country, the printing presses were being held up. For the first time in the nation's history, the government had prevented the press from bringing news before the public.

On June 30th, the Supreme Court ruled against the government in the Pentagon Papers case, by a margin of six to three. One of the dissenting opinions incorporated the Administration's view of its war efforts. The government had argued that it possessed an "inherent" power to prevent the publication of documents when such public exposure would constitute a grave threat to the national security. The vital matter of national security cited was withdrawal from the war. "The heart of our case," Solicitor General Erwin Griswold had argued, "is that the publication of the materials . . . will . . . materially affect . . . the process of the termination of the war. It will affect the process of recovering prisoners of war." And Justice Harry Blackmun wrote in his dissent that if because of publication of the papers there was "prolongation of the war and . . . further delay in the freeing of United States prisoners, then the nation's people will know where the responsibility for these sad consequences rests;" namely, with the newspapers and with the Court majority. Griswold's argument and Blackmun's dissenting opinion reflected the change in the rationale of the war which had taken place after the 1970 congressional elections. In 1969 and 1970, the President had castigated his critics for lacking the patience to accept a prolongation of the war. Now his Solicitor General was in court arguing that the opposition, by publishing the Pentagon Papers, was preventing him from ending the war as quickly as he would like to end it. He was trying to end it, but Daniel Ellsberg, the *Times*, the Washington *Post*, and a few other newspapers were standing in his way. Of course, Ellsberg and many of the newspaper editors believed that by publishing the papers they might be *speeding* the end of the war. In other words, all the actors in the legal drama were, by their own account, falling over each other in their eagerness to get the United States out of the war. And yet the United States stayed in the war, as though held there by an invisible force. The situation was a historical novelty. The nation had had Presidents who took emergency actions in the name of winning a war, but it had never before had one who took emergency action in the name of leaving a war. If in this President's laborious, protracted, belligerent extrication of the United States from the war another goal—victory—was concealed, he did not acknowledge it to the Supreme Court or to the country. In 1970, the dying war had precipitated a national political crisis. Now, in 1971, the same war, still dying its long-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drawn-out death, had provoked a legal crisis.

EVER since Richard Nixon took office, the war had been "coming home." Many Americans had hoped that as the United States withdrew its forces from Vietnam the nation would be able to leave the war's bitterness behind in Southeast Asia. Now it seemed they would have no such luck. From the start, the American war effort had had the quality of an American obsession imposed upon a people that was trying to work out its own destiny, through a civil war of its own. It was as though the United States had ignored what the Vietnamese were actually doing and had cast them in roles on opposite sides of a struggle that was troubling the American, not the Vietnamese, soul. And there were in fact two wars going in Vietnam. One was the war that the Vietnamese were fighting among themselves for control over their country, and the other was the public-relations war that the United States was fighting against the Russians, or the Chinese—the war that the government was prepared to fight against all comers in order to favorably resolve the crisis of Presidential authority and to maintain American credibility. Under the Nixon Administration, the United States was gradually leaving the first war (the Vietnamese civil struggle) behind it in Vietnam but was bringing the second war (the war for Presidential authority and American credibility) home along with the troops. The governmental anger and fear that had been vented outward on the Vietnamese for about a decade were now being vented inward on Americans. In a way, the Vietnamese had never been more than incidental victims. As President Nixon pointed out in November, 1969, it had never been within their power to "defeat or humiliate" the United States. In a war to uphold American credibility, only Americans could do that, as he also pointed out. While the skirmish in Vietnam had been "winding down," the battle of the main forces in the United States had been gearing up. The forms of the war's homecoming had been various. Almost at the start of the Nixon Administration, official anxiety that the expansion of the bombing into Cambodia in March of 1969 would be made known had given rise to a program of warrantless wiretaps. Then, in his speech of November 3, 1969, the President, disappointed by the domestic response to his war policies, had identified groups of Americans as the real threat. And when the press and television-network reaction to that speech proved less enthusiastic than he had hoped, he had sent out the Vice-President to inaugurate the overt half of a campaign to intimidate the press and the networks. Then he had broadened his assault into a Presidential Offensive against many of the other institutions of American life—institutions that he had come to see as the elements of a treacherous "Establishment." Now, in the spring of 1971, the war was coming home in a new way, and the systemic crisis that had grown out of the war—and out of the strategic doctrines that had given rise to the war—was deepening and changing character. Lieutenant Calley was bringing the war home. Daniel Ellsberg was bringing the war home. The Vietnam veterans were bringing the war home. The Mayday Tribe was bringing the war home. And the Administration, in its responses to Calley, Ellsberg, the veterans, and the Mayday Tribe, was bringing the war home. But the new actors, instead of bringing the war home to the streets, or to the voting booths, or to the front page or the television screen, were bringing the war home to the courtroom. The courts had managed for many years to stay out of the systemic crisis that the war had precipitated, but now they were being drawn in. The courts might ignore the question of the legality of the war itself, but in the Calley case, the veterans' case, the Mayday case, and the Pentagon Papers case the war issue had taken forms that the courts were not free to ignore: murder, the right of assembly, the right of criminal suspects to due process, and censorship of the press. It was as though the systemic crisis, seeking resolution, were trying out each branch of the government in turn. In mid-1971, the war issue was becoming adjudicable.

AS the issue was being joined in the courts, there were growing signs that the men in the executive branch of the government were ignorant of the spirit of the law in general and ignorant of the substance of American law in particular. The spirit of the law is conservative; it follows precedents and throws a thousand yokes from the past over the present. But the bent of the Nixon Administration was for ad-hoc, experimental action. The spirit of the law is sensitive to roles and prescribes channels through which political power must flow. But the Nixon Administration was impatient with roles and impatient with the differences between one institution and another, and sent its orders down through whatever chan-

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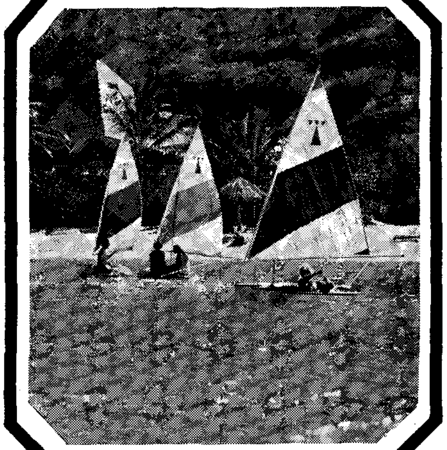

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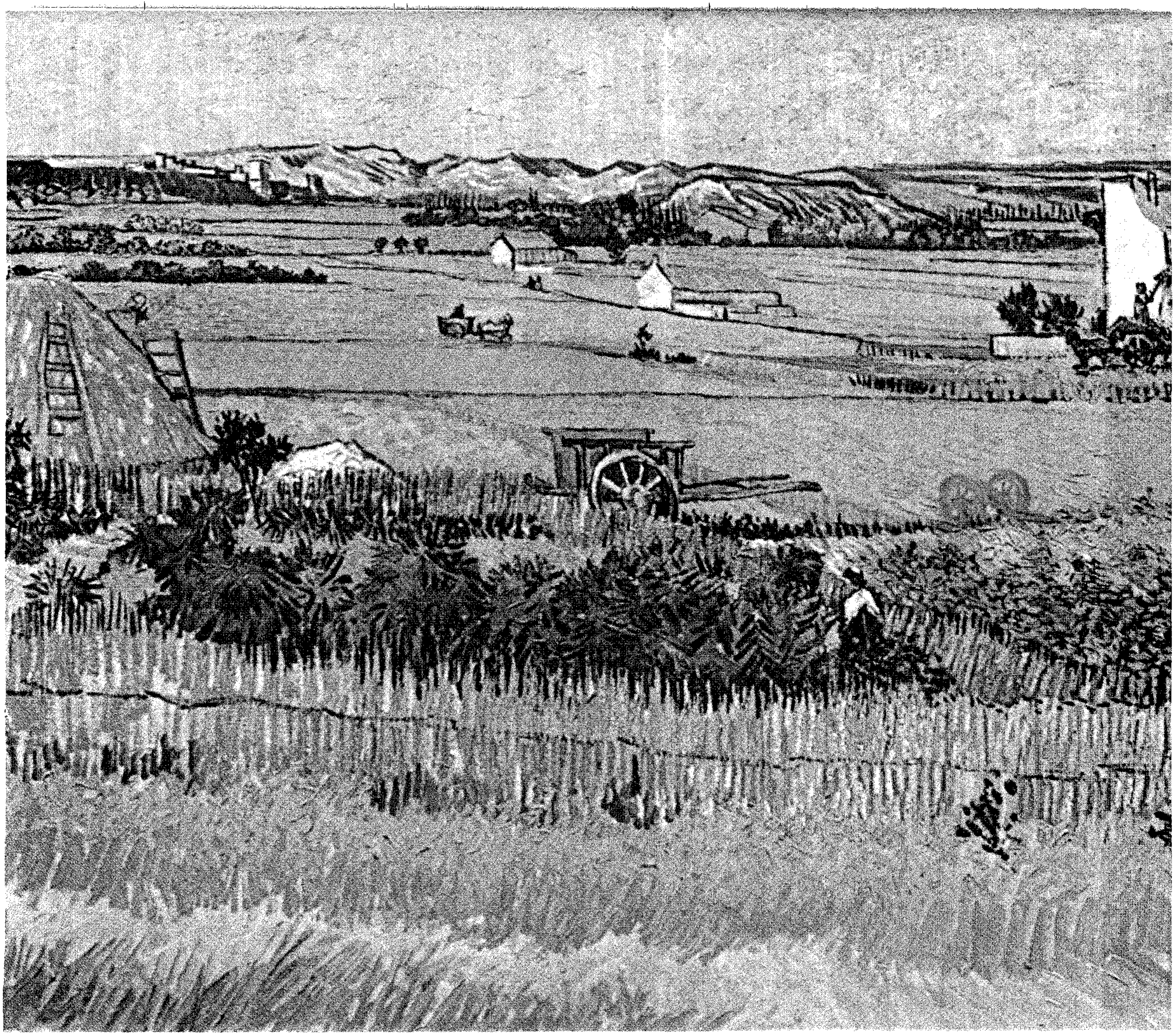

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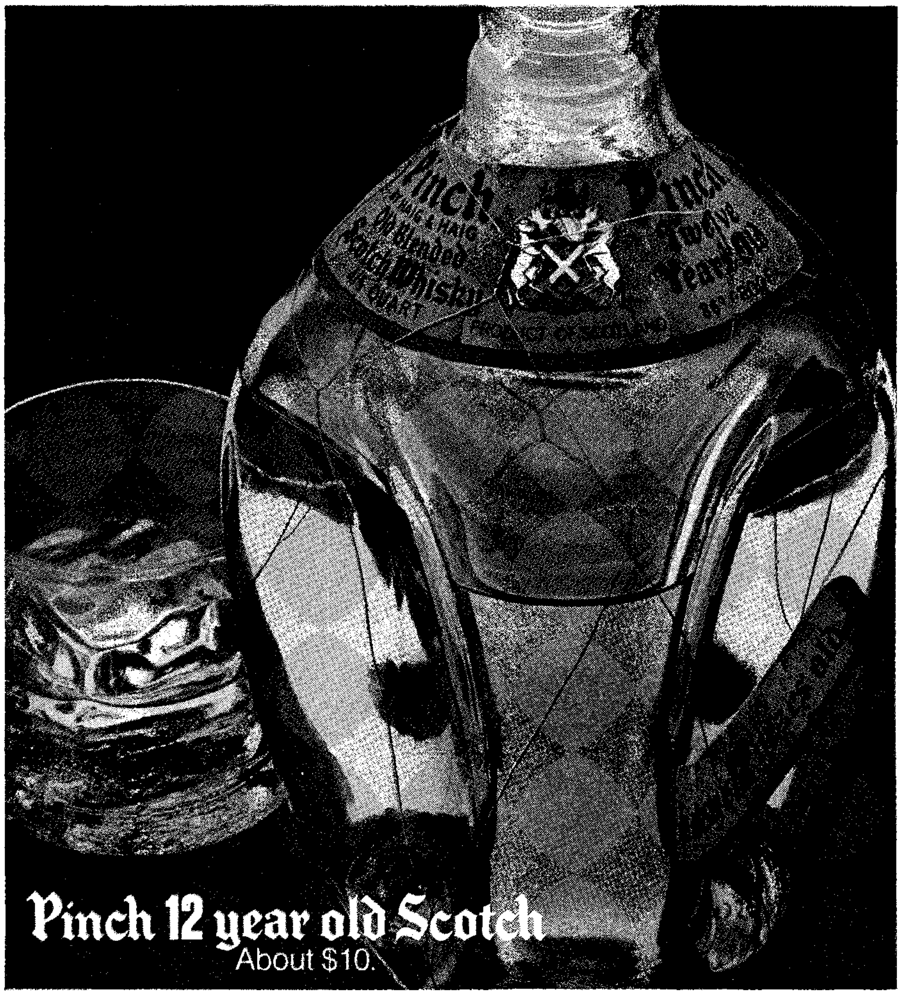

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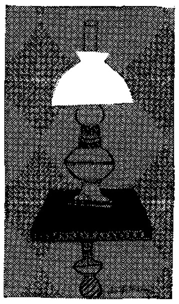
nels it pleased. The law is concerned with facts and substance. But the Nixon Administration was concerned with appearances—with images. The spirit of the law is impartial. But the Nixon men were partisan to the marrow of their bones. In the United States, the role of the law in defining the shape of political life is of particular importance. For in the United States, where the national government and the nation itself were brought formally into existence when the states ratified the Constitution, the very being of the government is founded in law. The Founding Fathers' act of creation was a legal act, and the institutions they framed were defined and empowered by law. In the American system, the law is more than a set of restrictions, and more, even, than a universal code of justice; it is to the nation's institutions the breath of the creator. The people decide in elections who will man the institutions, but the law continues to define what the institutions are. It binds them together into a whole that can be seen, understood, and brought to account, and that works. And since, in the United States, customs, communities, and even buildings tend to be rubbed out almost as soon as they appear, there is very little in the way of tradition for the nation to fall back on if legal forms break down. If the controlling, molding influence of the law declines, then the outlines of the political system itself blur and eventually disappear. Institutions, no longer able to grasp firmly what is expected of them and what they are, grow slovenly and misshapen, and wander away from their appointed tasks in the Constitutional scheme. Roles and jurisdictions clash and become confused, power goes to whoever grabs it, and the system warps and sags and heads toward collapse.

The men of the Nixon Administration were intolerant of the shaping, restraining influence of American law. Instead of responding to the imperatives of the Constitutional system, they responded to the imperatives of another system, whose requirements and form were determined, in large measure, by national security. And since the Nixon Administration had become persuaded that the struggle on the home front against rebellious Americans was more important to the national defense than the war effort in Vietnam, the methods it used at home, even in legal encounters, were, increasingly, the methods of war.

The Administration's misunderstanding of the American system of government revolved around the question of power, but it ran deeper than its misconceptions about the distribution of power among the three branches of the federal government. The Administration was confused about the nature of powers, on the one hand, and rights, on the other. The Constitution grants government officers specific, limited powers. Rights are granted to the people, to protect them against abuse of the government powers. One does not speak, for example, of the President's "right" to command the armed forces, or of his "right" to veto legislation. These are powers. And one does not speak of the "power" of due process, or of the "power" to speak and assemble freely. These are rights. But the officers of the Nixon Administration had fallen into the habit of defending their "right" to take this or that governmental action, as though they were put-upon citizens, not powerful figures in the government. The President referred, for example, to his "right" to appoint Supreme Court Justices. And the Vice-President defended his "right of free speech" when he was criticized for attacking the integrity of the national press. At the same time, the President had become worried about the "powers" of the citizens and of the press. The most powerful men in the country—men armed not only with the great, unimpaired Constitutional powers of their offices but with an awesome array of new powers—had, in their own minds, maneuvered themselves into the position of victims, whose rights were menaced by usurpers in television studios, rambunctious citizens in the streets, upstart congressmen, and saboteurs in the federal bureaucracy. They had developed a fear that the President might be made impotent—that he might be turned into a pitiful, helpless giant. The fear had been born out of foreign affairs, but, because the dividing line between the foreign area and the domestic area had been erased in the Administration's thinking and the Administration had discovered enemies at home that were even more dangerous than the ones abroad, the President felt obliged to work to increase his power in domestic affairs as well. The dangers to the American system that he now foresaw were the exact reverse of the dangers that the Founding Fathers had foreseen when they wrote the Constitution. The Founding Fathers had been afraid that the people would be overwhelmed by the power of government. President Nixon, who served in a time when the government was more powerful than it had ever been before, was afraid that the government would be paralyzed by powers arisen among the people.



The same cast of mind was revealed in the President's thinking on the question of criminal justice. In this area, too, he feared that the authorities were menaced with impotence by the people's exercise of their rights. He was afraid that, just as the public might "tie the hands" of the President in foreign policy, the courts might tie the hands of the police in their efforts to cope with crime. For example, he referred on occasion to the citizens' "right" to be free of crime. This might have been taken merely as a figure of speech, comparable to the "right" to good housing, the "right" to a certain income, and so on. However, the President wished to balance this "right" to be free of crime against the rights of criminal suspects in court. He balanced society's need to prevent crime—a very desirable end but not, strictly speaking, a right—against the right of criminal suspects to due process, which was in fact a right spelled out in the Constitution. And if the no-knock provision and the preventive-detention provision of the 1969 Washington, D.C., crime bill were any indication, the new "right" weighed more heavily in the balance than the Constitutional right. The President's disposition to regard domestic matters in military terms was also revealed in his thinking on the question of criminal justice. He often said that "the peace forces" should be strengthened in relation to "the criminal forces." The police, of course, truly were a force, which could be strengthened or weakened. But the President usually concentrated his fire on the courts, which were not part of any force. In fact, the courts' obligations were as much to criminal suspects as they were to the government.

The consolidation into a single structure of a militarized system for enforcing the law, of the President's campaign against his political enemies, and of the enormous machinery of national security threatened to replace the traditional legal system, in which all citizens, including those in positions of privilege and power, are meant to be equal before the law, with a new, two-tiered system, made up of a lower realm, which is inhabited by ordinary people, and in which a thousand harsh

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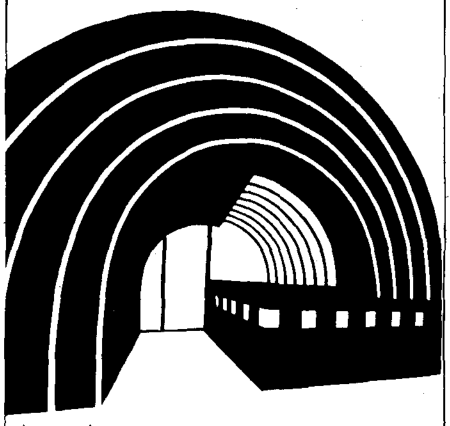

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restrictions are in force, and a higher realm, which is inhabited by the powerful, and in which those restrictions are invented but do not apply. By mid-1971, the theoretical underpinnings of such a higher realm were being laid. The realm was that of "inherent powers;" that is, of powers beyond any check except the exerciser's own discretion. It was the realm in which "self-discipline on the part of the executive branch will provide an answer to virtually all of the legitimate complaints against excesses of information gathering," as Assistant Attorney General William Rehnquist put it at a hearing on wiretapping which was held by the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights. It was the realm in which the President's Advisory Council on Executive Organization worked in secrecy to produce new, experimental institutions of government whose duties were to "perform such functions as the President may from time to time delegate or assign thereto." It was the realm in which, in the words of Chief Justice Burger in his dissent in the case of the Pentagon Papers, the requirements of the First Amendment were weighed against the "imperative" of the "effective functioning of a complex, modern government." (In Burger's legal thinking, there apparently existed a process of governmental "functioning" which rose, to some extent, above Constitutional requirements.) It was, in sum, the realm—centered on the imperative of national security but including other imperatives—in which power flowed from hidden or mysterious sources and cancelled the visible, established, slowly evolving rights and powers spelled out in the law.

IN the aftermath of the 1970 congressional elections, the President had jettisoned the controlling image of national division, but he had not yet settled on a new image. For a while, he had reverted to warmed-over Mr. Outside material—"the lift of a driving dream," the end of the "nightmare of war and division," the aim of bringing the nation together. In January of 1971, he had announced with great fanfare a New American Revolution. But no sooner was the New American Revolution born than it was forgotten. It dominated the nation's attention for about three days and then virtually disappeared. Thinking about this period, Jeb Magruder later wrote, "In particular, we kept looking for the slogan that would capture the essence of the Nixon Administration. We had been seeking our 'New Frontier' for two years and never found it. Various slogans came and went—The New Federation, The New American Revolution . . . but none ever caught on." In early July, in a speech in Kansas City, Missouri, the President adopted a pensive, melancholic pessimism about the future of American civilization. Referring to the columns of the National Archives Building, in Washington, he reflected aloud, "Sometimes when I see those columns I think of seeing them in Greece and in Rome. And I think of what happened to Greece and Rome, and you see only what is left of great civilizations of the past—as they became wealthy, as they lost their will to live, to improve, they became subject to the decadence that destroys the civilization. The United States is reaching that period." But if the long-term prospects were for doom, America could still look forward to a few good years. "I honestly believe that the United States has in its hands the future of the world for the next twenty-five years," he said in the same speech. Then, whether because the view-from-the-ruins failed to strike a responsive chord with the Missourians or merely because the President felt uncomfortable with his new material, the collapse of American civilization swiftly joined the New American Revolution and other recent ideas in oblivion. By August, the nation had pulled out of its decline and was heading toward a rebirth. "The time has come for us to speak up for America," the President now urged, in a speech to the Knights of Columbus in New York. "Tonight, I can feel in this audience and I can feel in this land of ours a new birth of faith in ourselves. I feel a willingness to face reality, a revival of moral courage, a fresh determination to succeed."

ONCE the idea of bringing the country together was discarded, the first two years of the Nixon Administration had become a strident, lurid, exhibitionistic time, marked by exaggerated, theatrical posturing in high places as well as by real turmoil and real bloodshed. The opening months of 1971, by contrast, were a muted—almost a drowsy—time. The surface explosions of 1969 and 1970 had given way to muffled explosions beneath the surface. Even bloody or dramatic events that were in the public eye, such as the calamitous invasion of Laos or the seizure of ten thousand people in the nation's capital, went by almost unnoticed. For the covert operators and planners in the White House, however, the period was a busy one. With the President letting his

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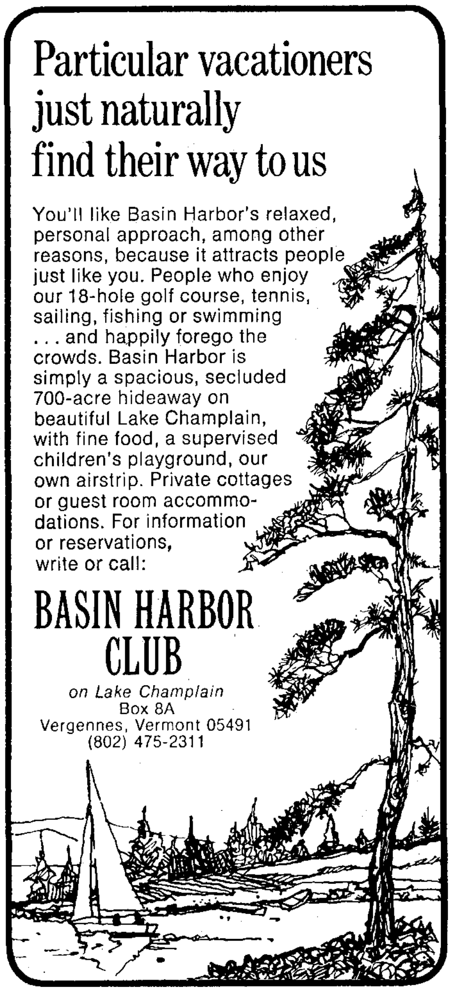
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"spirits soar" and trying to "quiet this country down," the job of attacking the press with what Magruder called a "rifle" and of working up Buchanan's "divisive issues" fell upon the undercover group. Its activities were banned from the Administration's public image for the moment but were going forward on a large scale anyway. Indeed, the entire burden of the campaign strategy—or pre-campaign strategy, as it happened to be—fell on it, because part of the strategy was that while the President was secretly scheming to divide the country he would publicly appear to abjure politics, and would pose as a "statesman."

For the White House undercover operators, the Pentagon Papers episode marked a momentous turning point. On June 28th, Daniel Ellsberg was indicted for violating the Espionage Act and for theft of government property. But this move was only one small part of a much broader campaign, involving overt and covert moves, to destroy him politically. To accomplish this aim, the undercover group was expanded greatly. The group's financing would come from the clandestine financial arm of the White House, which had already obtained the milk money and was now engaged in negotiations with the International Telephone & Telegraph Corporation for another secret contribution, and its role would be to commit crimes against the political opposition. The Pentagon Papers episode was the gateway through which the lawbreaking of the war entered American society at its very highest level and became lawbreaking at home. It was the war-coming-home in its most virulent form.

In early July, Charles Colson, who was now one of four men in policymaking roles in the White House who enjoyed direct and constant access to the President (the three others were H. R. Haldeman, John Ehrlichman, and Henry Kissinger), called an old friend of his, E. Howard Hunt, to sound him out on an "Ellsberg project." Hunt had an unusual combination of talents. He had worked as a C.I.A. man, he had had experience as a public-relations man, and he was a writer of spy novels. (His most recent book had been about a cult of Devil worshippers which was controlled by left-wingers.) In his C.I.A. days, one of his special fields of expertise had been the overthrow of Latin-American governments. He had been closely involved with the C.I.A.'s successful connivance in the overthrow of the left-wing regime of President Jacobo Arbenz of Guatemala in 1954, and he had played an important role in the C.I.A.'s attempt to overthrow Fidel Castro in 1961. Hunt had advocated Castro's assassination, and the C.I.A. had, in fact, attempted to arrange the assassination of Castro, once with the help of American gangland figures. Now Colson, unbeknownst to Hunt, was tape-recording their phone conversation, in order to be able to transcribe it for Haldeman. "I want to see the guy hung if it can be done to the advantage of the Administration," Hunt said to Colson, speaking of Ellsberg. Hunt agreed with a suggestion by Colson that the White House "should go down the line to nail the guy cold," but he wanted to know if the "proper resources" would be available. Colson assured him that they would. However, when Hunt went on to suggest that the case "has to be made on criminal grounds," Colson disagreed. "This case won't be tried in the court, it will be tried in the newspapers," he said. Earlier in the conversation, he had described what he meant. "This thing could go one of two ways," he said. "Ellsberg could be turned into a martyr of the New Left . . . or it could be another Alger Hiss case, where the guy is exposed. . . . We might be able to put this bastard into a hell of a situation and discredit the New Left." And, making his point still clearer, he described "the profit to us in nailing any son of a bitch who would steal a secret document." Later in July, in an apparent attempt to make clear just what sort of profit this would be, President Nixon asked the operational head of the Ellsberg investigation, Egil Krogh, to read the chapter of the President's book "Six Crises" which dealt with the Hiss case. In that chapter, Nixon had written that the profit—and the loss—of the Hiss case had been great. "Had it not been for the Hiss case, I might have been President of the United States," he had written, after losing the Presidential election of 1960. "But equally: had it not been for the Hiss case, I might never have been Vice-President of the United States and thus a candidate for President." If the Ellsberg case was another Hiss case, then it could make or break the President in 1972. The profit could be his reëlection. Hunt accepted Colson's offer, and a few days later a second man from outside the White House, G. Gordon Liddy, was hired to be Hunt's partner. Liddy was a former F.B.I. agent who had run unsuccessfully for the Republican nomination for a congressional seat in up-

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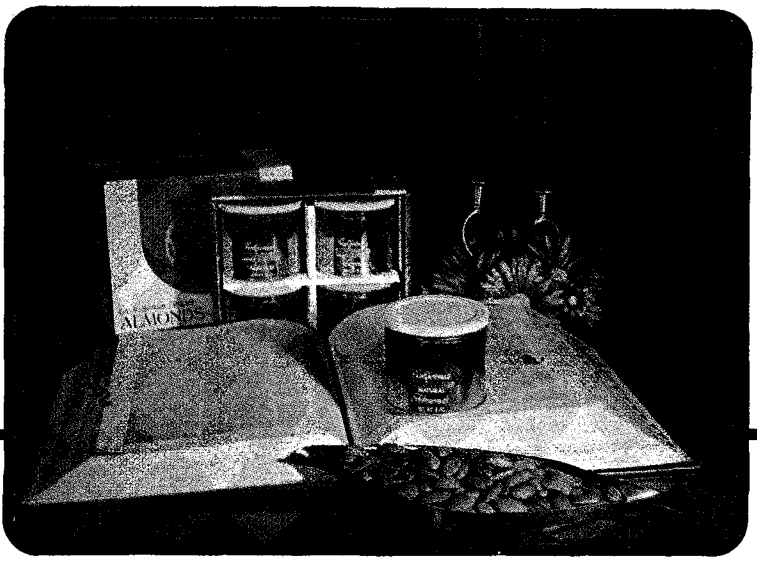
state New York. He had promised the voters strong law enforcement, and had carried—and often displayed—a pistol as he campaigned. "He knows the answer is law and order, not weak-kneed sociology," his campaign literature had declared.

Hunt and Liddy became part of a secret unit in the White House whose mission was to find the sources of leaks. The unit included Egil Krogh, who came from the staff of John Ehrlichman, and David Young, who came from the staff of Henry Kissinger. For the Ellsberg project, though, a special group, made up of representatives lent by all the agencies of government which might be able to help out, was assembled. The project was organized on a scale commensurate with the presumed high electoral stakes. From the State Department came Deputy Under-Secretary of State William Macomber; from the Defense Department came its General Counsel, J. Fred Buzhardt; and from the Justice Department came Assistant Attorney General Robert Mardian. This group, in turn, hoped to make use of the Congress, the courts, and the press. In short, almost every major institution of the Republic was to be brought to bear in some way on the anti-Ellsberg campaign.

Given the tremendous governmental power assembled on the team, the aim of the project was curiously insubstantial. It was to "develop . . . [an] image," as David Young put it in a memo to Ehrlichman. It was to "destroy his [Ellsberg's] public image and credibility," as E. Howard Hunt put it in a memo to Colson. The first step would be to "slowly develop a very negative picture around the whole Pentagon Study affair," and the second step would be to "identify Ellsberg's associates and supporters on the New Left with this negative image." Hunt, adapting the language of assassination to public relations, later referred to the effort as one aimed at the "neutralization of Ellsberg." To this end, Deputy Under-Secretary of State Macomber and General Counsel Buzhardt were to "set the format . . . and develop the scenario" for an investigation of "questions of security clearance, classification and declassification" by the House Armed Services Committee—an investigation that would start "in a low key" and then "move into the more specific case of the Pentagon study." Young noted in his memo that he was hoping to widen the case against Ellsberg to include former high officials of the Democratic Party. He believed that



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he could develop information implicating men such as Morton Halperin, a "holdover" who had worked for Henry Kissinger after serving in the Johnson Administration, and who was now working for Senator Muskie; and Leslie Gelb, who had been in charge of assembling the Pentagon Papers. Even the former Secretary of Defense, Clark Clifford, was under suspicion and was to be interviewed. And beyond these men Young thought he could see "still another and even larger network," which might include William Bundy, who had been a State Department official in the Administrations of Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. The technique was fundamentally the same as the one used in the 1970 congressional campaign—attack radicals and then draw connections between them and liberal and moderate Democrats—the only difference being that whereas the congressional campaign of 1970 had been loud and open, the campaign against Ellsberg and, by extension, against high-ranking Democrats was quiet and clandestine, in conformity with the Administration's new, unprovocative public image. A portrait of the Democrats as treacherous and disloyal would gradually emerge, but this time no one would know who the artists had been.

Young, like Huston before him, was open-minded about which government agencies to use in getting the job done. "Do we want to prosecute, or do we want to bring such material out through the congressional investigation?" he asked Ehrlichman in his memo. Since the underlying aim was to tear down Ellsberg's image rather than to bring Ellsberg to justice, it hardly mattered to them whether they threw him in jail for life or merely smeared him with damaging publicity. The press, too, would be an important tool. Patrick Buchanan, like Charles Colson, wanted to destroy Ellsberg's image by using the press, and had contributed a memorandum on how to go about it. And Young, too, was careful to note, "If there is to be any damage of Ellsberg's image and those associated with him, it will . . . be necessary to fold in the press planting with the congressional investigation."

Young was also looking forward to the fruits of "Hunt-Liddy Project No. 1." This was a plan to procure still more damaging material on Ellsberg by burglarizing his psychiatrist's office, in Los Angeles, for Ellsberg's psychiatric records. In the meantime, Young and Krogh had applied to the C.I.A. for a "psychological profile" of Ellsberg. One was produced, and it read, in part, "There is no suggestion that Subject saw anything treasonous in his act. Rather he seemed to be responding to what he deemed a higher order of patriotism." Krogh and Young wrote Ehrlichman that they had found the C.I.A. study "superficial" and meant to meet with its author to "impress upon him the detail and depth we expect." Hunt now procured from the C.I.A. some equipment for the burglary, including a camouflaged camera and a red wig. (In September, the burglary was carried out, but it provided little of value to the project.)

All these plans were only half of the "scenario" for defaming the Democratic opposition through the use of the Pentagon Papers. While the White House was hoping to bring public disgrace upon high-ranking Democrats for supposedly having been involved in the release of the papers, it was planning to carry disgrace even higher in the Democratic ranks by making political use of the information whose release it was ostensibly trying to block. Young wrote to Ehrlichman, "I am sending you a separate Hunt-to-Colson memorandum which attempts to select the politically damaging material involving the Democratic hierarchy. I personally believe a good deal more material could be developed along these lines." Young was quite aware that the Administration had embarked on two clashing courses—to destroy politically whoever had contributed to or released the documents and at the same time to use the information in the documents to discredit the opposition—and he made a note of some of the contradictions that might arise. If the White House was too successful in defaming "the objectivity and the intent of the participants in the Pentagon study," he wrote, then it would be difficult to use the papers to defame the Democratic hierarchy. If, on the other hand, the White House was too successful in defaming the Democratic hierarchy, a different problem arose: there might be some "credibility fallout on us."

With Colson and Hunt, the latter consideration carried no weight at all. As far as they were concerned, the Pentagon Papers did not go anywhere near far enough in defaming the Democrats. The two men turned to forgery. Hunt, with a razor blade, a typewriter, and a Xerox machine, and using stacks of cables supplied to him by Deputy Under-Secretary of State Macomber, set about forging false Pentagon Papers, even more shaming

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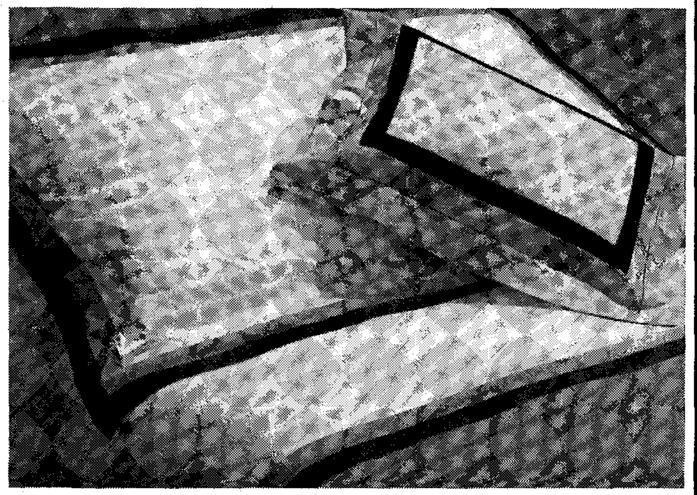

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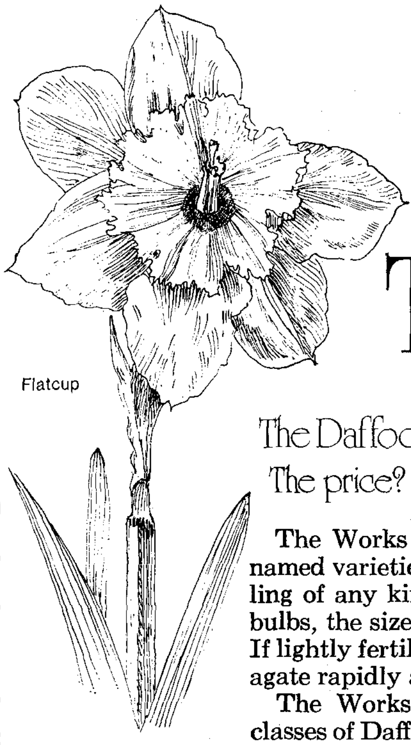
to the Democrats—and to the United States—than the real ones. In particular, he forged two cables that framed a former President, John F. Kennedy, for murder. He constructed cables showing that Kennedy had, in effect, ordered the death of President Ngo Dinh Diem, of South Vietnam, in 1963. Colson's thinking was that since Diem had been a Catholic, news that Kennedy, a Democrat and himself a Catholic, had had him murdered would help President Nixon win Catholic votes in the next Presidential election. On September 16th, President Nixon made a reference to the nonfact in public. "I would remind all concerned that the way we got into Vietnam was through overthrowing Diem, and the complicity in the murder of Diem," he said at a news conference. A few days later, Colson attempted, unsuccessfully, to leak Hunt's false cables to a reporter from *Life*.

When Ellsberg was indicted, there were many people in the country who regarded the move as an act of repression. But there were few—perhaps none—who dreamed that it had anything to do with the 1972 Presidential election or with a plot to defame the Democratic Party. And much less did anyone suspect that when the President insinuated that one of his predecessors was implicated in murder, he might be trying to win Catholic votes. Political planning in the White House had become deeper and stranger than anyone in the outside world could imagine. Yet if the country had been able to follow the evolution of the White House undercover operations since President Nixon ordered the secret bombing of Cambodia and hired a former New York policeman to harass Senator Edward Kennedy after the Chappaquiddick episode it would have recognized the style of the Ellsberg project, in all its unlikely strangeness, as pure Nixon White House. It was planned and executed in secrecy. It sought to portray the political opposition as traitorous and disloyal. It was directed by an ad-hoc group with no legal authorization. It used agencies of government interchangeably, and for purely political ends. But most characteristic of all was the fact that the whole aim of the Ellsberg project was not to accomplish any tangible end but to create an image.

SOMETIME in late June or early July of 1971, the President's legal counsel, John Dean, met Assistant Attorney General Mardian on a flight to San Clemente, California, where the

President was staying. Each man was travelling on White House business, but neither man told the other what his business was. In those months, more and more Administration business was being conducted in secret. Dean, as it happened, was on his way to try to stop a White House firebombing of a research institute. A short while back, a White House undercover man, John Caulfield, had come to see Dean. Charles Colson, he said, had asked him to firebomb the Brookings Institution. Colson wanted the White House men to steal some documents concerning the Vietnam war which, Colson speculated, might be in the possession of Brookings, and he thought that a good way of doing it would be to change the fire regulations in the District of Columbia to provide that the F.B.I. would respond to fire calls, and then firebomb the place, so that the F.B.I. could rush in and retrieve the documents. Caulfield told Dean he thought that Colson's plan was "asinine," and asked if Dean could do something about getting it called off. Dean was now on his way to see John Ehrlichman and ask him to countermand Colson's instructions. (His mission was successful; the firebombing was never carried out.) Mardian's business that day was to get orders from the President about how to head off blackmail of the White House by the Director of the F.B.I., J. Edgar Hoover. Mardian had been approached by William C. Sullivan, assistant director of the F.B.I. Sullivan held in his office safe the summaries of the wiretapped conversations of newsmen and White House staff men. He believed that J. Edgar Hoover "might use these . . . for the purpose of preserving his position as Director of the F.B.I.," as Mardian later described his understanding of the situation. (Whatever the source of the Director's extraordinary power, he had already used it against the Administration once, in blocking the White House plan—the so-called Huston plan—to turn the foreign-intelligence-gathering agencies loose at home.) Sullivan was afraid that Hoover might fire him and take the tapes into his own hands. Now Mardian was on his way to ask the President how to prevent this potential disaster. (The President ordered him to get the summaries and hand them over to the White House, and also to make sure that all copies of the summaries, which had been sent to Haldeman, Kissinger, and Kissinger's assistant Alexander Haig, were still in loyal hands, and Mardian immediately did so.)

The secret missions of the two men



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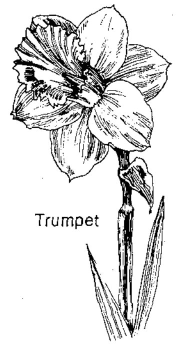

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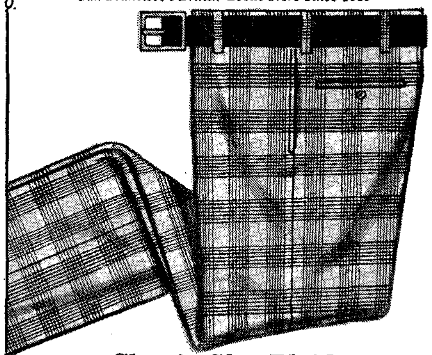

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on their way to San Clemente were characteristic of the way a growing amount of White House business was being carried out. Lawful procedures had been breaking down steadily since the Inauguration. The President's irregular order to bomb Cambodia secretly had thrown the military into confusion. Now it was turning out that, in an only slightly more indirect way, it had spread confusion within the White House, too. It had led, in part, to the warrantless-wiretapping program. That program, in turn, had generated material that the Director of the F.B.I. might use to blackmail the President. And now the President, in his fear of blackmail, was once again acting irregularly himself. Instead of simply asking Hoover for the summaries, and firing him if he refused to hand them over, he was sending his own secret agent to the Director's subordinate to make off with them secretly.

WHILE the White House undercover group was getting ready to create a political extravaganza on the basis of its project defaming Daniel Ellsberg, and the President was scheming to get the tape recordings of illegally wiretapped phone conversations from the assistant director of the F.B.I., the financial arm of the White House undercover operation was going forward with its fund-raising. After discussions during the spring with Administration officials, an officer, or officers, of I.T.T. promised to contribute four hundred thousand dollars to the President's reëlection campaign. At that time, the Anti-Trust Division of the Justice Department, which was under the direction of Richard McLaren, was bringing major anti-trust actions against I.T.T. Company officials began to engage in extensive lobbying of high officials of the Nixon Administration. At one point, President Nixon intervened directly, ordering Richard Kleindienst, John Mitchell's successor as Attorney General, to drop the cases. Kleindienst, however, would agree only to a postponement, and the lobbying and maneuvering continued. On June 25th, one I.T.T. lobbyist, Mrs. Dita Beard, wrote to her superior, Vice-President William Merriam, that everything was going well. "Other than permitting John Mitchell, Ed Reinecke [the lieutenant governor of California], Bob Haldeman, and Nixon, no one has known from whom that $400,000 had come," she wrote. "I am convinced . . . our noble commitment has gone a long way toward our negotiations on the mergers coming out as Hal [Harold Geneen, I.T.T.'s chief executive officer] wants them. Certainly the President has told Mitchell to see that things are worked out fairly. It is still only McLaren's Mickey Mouse we are suffering. . . . Please destroy this, huh?" A month later, on July 31st, the cases were settled. I.T.T. divested itself of two of the smaller companies it had acquired, the Canteen Corporation and the Grinnell Corporation, but was allowed to keep its major acquisition, the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, which was the sixth-largest property-and-casualty-insurance company in the country.

IN the first two years of the Administration, it had become clear that the public record was now a blackboard that only the President, among all the actors on the political scene, had the power to write on and to erase. In late 1968, he had inscribed "National Unity" as the text for the time. In late 1969, he had erased it and put up "National Division" in its place. In late 1970, he had erased that, and now the nation waited for him to write something else on the blackboard. All other political actors had been reduced to graffitists. They could only scribble in the corners. They could only—in the President's words—"criticize" and "complain" and "doubt" and "tear down." And even then they were indirectly controlled by the President, for it was he whom they must criticize and his wisdom that they were obliged to doubt. Indeed, in his world they became simply "the critics" or "the doubters"—"skeptics" who had "lost the vision indispensable to great leadership." They may or may not have lost their vision, but they had certainly lost the power and the will to make themselves heard in Richard Nixon's America. The position they occupied in the world arranged by him condemned them to be the ones who spread anxiety and unease while he was busy building up and reassuring. They had lost the power to *initiate* and to *define*, which is to say that they had lost the power to act. The President acted. "The critics" *re*acted. And sometimes they didn't even do that. The President had observed in his news conference after the invasion of Cambodia, "The only difference is that of all these people—and I refer particularly to some of my lively critics in the House and Senate—they have the luxury of criticism. . . . They have the luxury of criticism because they can criticize and if it doesn't work out, they can gloat over it, or, if it does work out, the criticism will be

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forgotten. I don't have that luxury. As Commander-in-Chief, I alone am responsible for the lives of four hundred and twenty-five or thirty thousand Americans in Vietnam." In Richard Nixon's America, his role was to act and to take responsibility, theirs to criticize, to gloat, and to forget.

But in the first months of his second two years the President had not acted boldly. (Neither, to be sure, had his opposition.) In some respects, these months had been like the first months of his first two years. Now, as then, most of the important work was clandestine, and what was written on the public record was wobbly and indecisive and a bit sparse. The President had erased the image of national division, but he had not replaced it with a new image. His standing in the polls was the lowest it had been so far, and one poll had shown Senator Muskie leading by forty-seven per cent to thirty-nine in a trial heat of the election. But while the domestic staff of the White House had been planning Daniel Ellsberg's ordeal and arranging things with I.T.T. and the dairy producers, Henry Kissinger, in an operation that was no less secret than these, had made a trip to China. In early July, while pretending to be laid up with a stomach ailment in Pakistan, he had gone to meet with Chou En-lai in Peking. The President, having erased his blackboard after the 1970 congressional elections, now began to write again. On July 15th, he went on national television and, in a statement that lasted only three minutes, informed the country that he planned to make a trip to China.

The news was as much of a surprise to his American listeners as it must have been to the Chinese. The Chinese, of course, had been taught for decades that the American government was the incarnation of everything evil in the world. American leaders had been called gangsters, monsters, hyenas, mad dogs—no abuse had been too rough. Now the Chinese learned that the worst imperialist, the head gangster—the President of the United States himself—was about to visit their shores. To the Americans the gesture was in some ways even more startling. America had paid in blood for its supposed enmity with "Asian Communism," whose headquarters was presumably in Peking. Just twenty months before, the President had spoken of nations whose dreams of "world conquest" were still alive, and more recently than that he had warned the country of rampant worldwide totalitarianism and anarchy. But by July of 1971 all these spectres had apparently gone down the same capacious memory hole that had swallowed up the domestic terrorists, vultures, hoodlums, eunuchs, and assorted other menaces.

Certainly the announcement was the greatest surprise that had been sprung on the nation from the White House since the announcement of the invasion of Cambodia. But this time, although bewilderment was again universal, the shock was accompanied by approval—indeed, by delight—in almost all quarters. (The trip violated the most deeply held principles of the American right wing, yet only a few mutterings of protest were heard even from there.) The White House offered no reasons whatever for the trip. In fact, Ronald Ziegler, the President's press secretary, asked that the nation not do too much thinking along those lines: when a reporter inquired what influence the trip might have on the war in Vietnam, Ziegler answered that he would not speculate on "the effect of these discussions [in China] on any other matters," and he added that "general speculation on this matter would not be helpful." (Officials in the Administration often refused to "speculate" on what the Administration itself was doing or was about to do, as though they were third parties to their own actions and had to engage in guesswork about their own intentions.)

The China trip and the scheme to "nail" Ellsberg, both of which had been planned in the White House in the early summer, might have seemed to an outsider like the actions of two totally dissimilar Administrations. For one thing, the decision to mount the Ellsberg operation seemed to assume a greatly intensified concern about America's enemies in the world and at home, but the decision to make the trip to China seemed to assume that tensions were relaxing to some extent. Yet in some of the thinking around the White House the two projects were not contradictory but complementary. Of course, both would be helpful at election time, but beyond that—or intermingled with it—was a conviction that both were necessary to an indivisible, all-encompassing structure of national security. In fact, as the White House men saw things, it was precisely the importance of the President's efforts to improve relations with the nation's foreign adversaries which made the assaults on its domestic adversaries necessary. As John Ehrlichman put it later, all foreign-policy matters were "completely interrelated." And, as the President put it later, "leaks of secret information about any one [policy] could endanger all." That is, the Pentagon Papers "leak" threatened the trip to China and the peace of the world. If this ship of state sprang just one leak, the whole vessel and everything it was carrying would go down.

IN August, the President imposed wage and price controls on the American economy and severed the dollar from the gold standard. The announcement of the two moves was as sudden and unexpected as the announcement of the trip to China, and constituted as sharp a reversal in the President's thinking. In July, he had declared that wage and price controls would "snuff out" the country's economic "dynamism."

IN October, the President announced that he was planning to make a trip to the Soviet Union in the spring. The announcement of the Russia trip, like the announcement of the China trip, was as empty of detailed explanation as it was full of evident high significance. For a third time, he had stunned the world with an unanticipated announcement of tremendous import. In the United States, the announcements were known simply as the President's "surprises." The Japanese, upon whose national life they had had severe dislocating effects, called them "Nixon shocks." Nations abroad had begun to join the circle of those who complained that they were not consulted in advance about decisions by the President.

In four months, the President had seemed to turn the world upside down. He had placed the full array of his powers on display: his absolute command over the nation's diplomatic and warmaking machinery, which included the machinery that could incinerate the earth; his power to transform the economic life of the country with a few orders; and his power utterly to dominate the air waves and the news columns with his words, his deeds, and his image of himself, of the country, and of the world. The vacuum that had developed when the President suddenly abandoned the image of national division following the 1970 congressional elections had now been filled. The experimentation with a New American Revolution and other transient notions was over, and the background for a strong new image had been established. The President would deliver the world from the threat of nuclear annihilation. He would be a man of peace.

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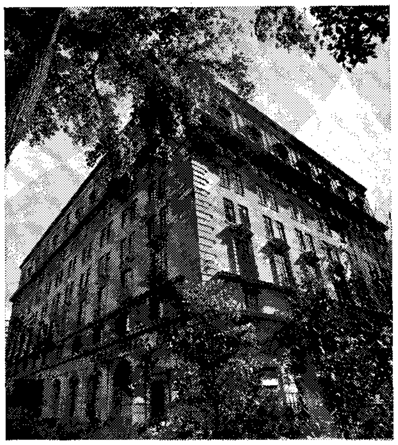

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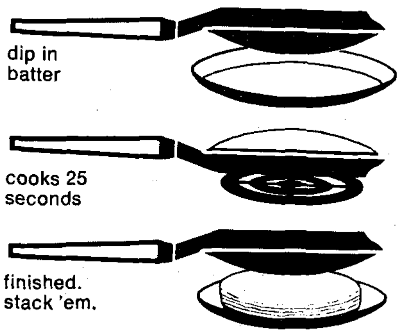

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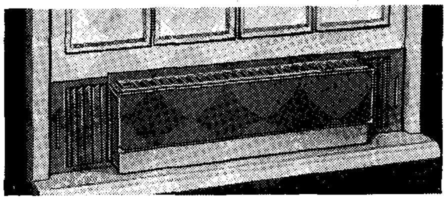

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istration policy, like the sudden changes that preceded it, had not been prepared for by any public announcements. Its genesis had been in the hidden deliberation of just two men—the President and his national-security adviser Henry Kissinger—and the foundation for it had been laid in deeper secrecy than had ever prevailed before in American policy. Even the Joint Chiefs of Staff had been excluded from knowledge of the plans, and they, in one of the many breakdowns of orderly procedure in the White House during this period, had attempted to set up a system for spying on Kissinger and the President. They had been "reorganized" out of their traditional role in advising Presidents, and were far from happy about it. After the announcements of the two trips had been issued, the President and Kissinger, instead of revealing the thinking that had gone into the two decisions, regaled the country with details of how secrecy had been maintained. Henry Kissinger told the story of his pretended stomach ailment in Pakistan. A White House staff member revealed that the President had never worked on the China trip in the Oval Office, for fear someone might learn something about it by glancing at papers lying on his desk.

Over three years, the character—or, at least, the public image—of the Nixon Administration had changed several times with jarring abruptness. But the manner in which change itself occurred in the Nixon Administration had remained unchanged. Continuity in all its forms had been dispensed with. The productions of the Nixon Administration emerged from nowhere, and sank back into nowhere when their usefulness was at an end. Policy that shook the country and the world sprang full-grown from the brains of a handful of men. New law, lacking in any precedent, emerged from that bottomless well of power—the "inherent" power to defend the Constitution in whatever manner the Administration pleased. New, formless institutions were brought into being through the secret, unrecorded labors of the Advisory Council. And if any Nixon policies were anticipated by public statements, these were usually virtual anti-guides to what was about to occur. When the President was on the verge of dividing the country in a way that it had never been divided before, for example, and was about to enclose himself in the deepest isolation ever experienced by an American President, he announced his wish to bring America together and to run an "open" Administration. (Odd-

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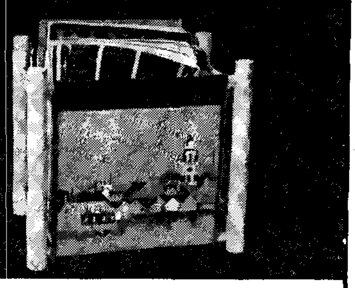

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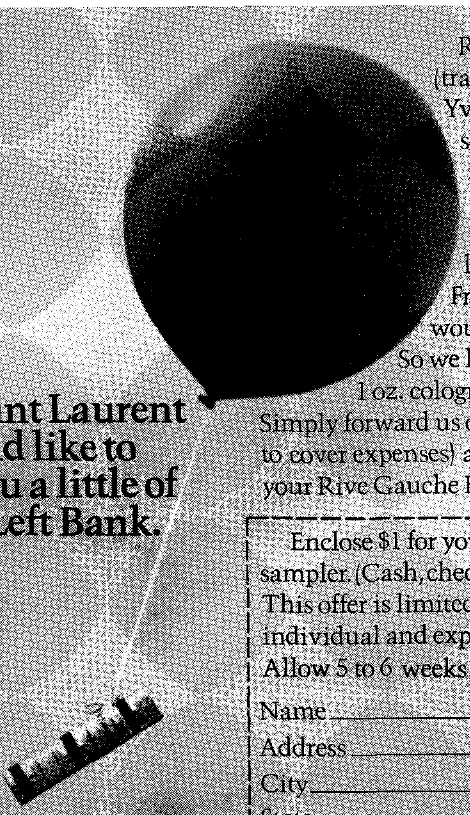
ly, there is no evidence that in this instance the President was aware of the about-face he was soon to perform.) When he was about to exclude the Secretary of State almost completely from the major decisions on foreign policy, he announced, "I intend to have a very strong Secretary of State." When he was about to launch a drive to further centralize power in his own hands, he promised to return power to the people. Once a policy had emerged, discussion of it was often discouraged. Sometimes—after the trip to China and the trip to Russia had been announced, for example—the information released about the policy was insufficient for informed debate. At other times, it was suggested that debate would ruin the policy and would therefore be unpatriotic. Finally, when a policy or a new institution was discarded—to be replaced, often, by its apparent opposite—it vanished absolutely; no trace remained of its ever having existed. A few weeks after the President attempted, in public addresses in a succession of cities and states, to incite the nation against its rebellious young people, for example, he had referred to his efforts "to quiet this country down." Policy became a series of unconnected episodes. Memory and anticipation were both sheared away, leaving the public enclosed in a supercharged, claustrophobic present—a present in which the rule was to keep your eye riveted on the prestidigitator's surprise of the moment, and never look back.

IN early October, a few days before the announcement of the Russian trip, the affair of Richard Nixon, William C. Sullivan, J. Edgar Hoover, and the summaries of the warrantless telephone taps reached a temporary climax. A power struggle between Nixon and Hoover which was of a sort never seen before in the United States between a President and one of his appointees broke out. Hoover forced the retirement of Sullivan and changed the locks on his door. Sullivan, however, had already handed the summaries over to Assistant Attorney General Mardian, and they were now in John Ehrlichman's office in the White House. Sullivan's forced retirement was the signal for the White House to initiate a covert public-relations offensive against Hoover. The list of grievances against him was long. He had blocked the Huston plan single-handed. The White House was afraid that he might reveal the warrantless taps. He had not coöperated with the campaign



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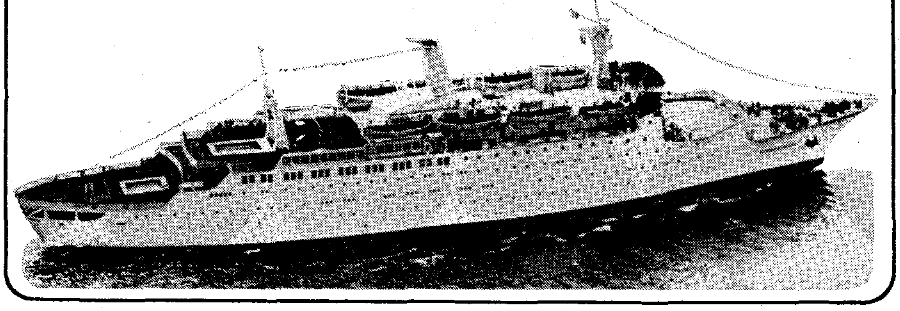

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to tear down Ellsberg's image in order to get at the Democrats. (In the summer, David Young had written in a memo to Ehrlichman that "only the F.B.I." thought Ellsberg had been "the sole prime mover" in the release of the Pentagon Papers. This opinion threw cold water on the enticing theory of the "even larger network" of conspirators which Young was developing.) And in August Hoover had seemed to deliberately misconstrue an instruction from H. R. Haldeman in a way that caused the Administration serious embarrassment. Haldeman had ordered a discreet investigation of the CBS newsman Daniel Schorr. Hoover, instead of conducting a discreet inquiry, conducted a full investigation, including interviews with Schorr's friends and acquaintances, who naturally told Schorr what was happening. The incident was soon in the news, and the Administration had to invent a story to the effect that Schorr was under consideration for an Administration job having to do with environmental affairs.

Now the White House set out to tear down Hoover's image. The techniques were some of the usual ones: the leaking of distorted information to the press, the hidden orchestration of an "offensive" against the man who was to be "discredited." On October 10th, the campaign opened with an article in the *Times*, citing "high officials of the intelligence community," about Hoover's conduct of his office. The gist of the information was that Hoover was doddering and had become a menace to national security. "Leading members of the intelligence community" were so alarmed by his behavior, the article said, that they were breaking their customary rule of silence in order to recommend that he be "deposed." The article went on to report that "several prominent members of the Administration" were said to favor his retirement, but not Nixon himself. One of the complaints against Hoover was that "the F.B.I. broke off direct liaison with the C.I.A. a year and a half ago." That was around the time the White House had been pushing the Huston plan. A second complaint was against the forced retirement of Sullivan, who was described in the article as enjoying "a reputation as a scholarly researcher on Communist philosophy and tactics." A third complaint was that Hoover was reluctant to run the "risks of counter-espionage work." He supposedly feared the "sullying of his reputation" if he should bungle a job. "As an example of such risks," the article said, "the officials point out that an F.B.I. man might find himself apprehended by the police when he does a 'bag job'—a surreptitious piece of counter-espionage sometimes involving illegal activity." The article implied that the proposed "bag jobs" were against foreign enemy agents. A "Justice Department official" commented that "the agents are basically trained in criminal procedures . . . and the subtleties of intelligence work seem to elude them." Hoover's political foes were many, particularly among the people he was said to have described as "the 'jackals of the press' and the A.C.L.U." They had wanted him removed for many years, and they were not choosy about the grounds for his removal. He would not maintain liaison with the C.I.A.? He had forced the retirement of a "scholarly researcher on Communist philosophy"? He would not perform "bag jobs"? Then he must go. But Hoover endured.

ON October 14th, H. R. Haldeman received a memo from an advance man informing him that in the course of a scheduled trip to Charlotte, North Carolina, to attend a rally with Billy Graham the President could expect demonstrations that were "violent" and would find the demonstrators carrying signs that were "obscene." Haldeman wrote the word "Good" next to the two adjectives, and when the memo went on to report that the demonstrations would be against Billy Graham, too, he wrote the comment "Great!" The memo continued, "The Charlotte Police Department is extremely tough and will probably use force," and Haldeman wrote "Good" once again. The memo went on to say that arrangements had, however, been made to keep demonstrators out of the rally itself. The formula devised for the 1970 congressional campaign was still in effect: use the demonstrators as a foil to win popularity for the President—and if some are beaten up by the police, all the better—but don't let them get too close. The difference was that now the President, in accordance with the rules imposed by his new image, would remain aloof rather than jump into the fray.

ALL through the spring, summer, and the early fall, Patrick Buchanan and his "planning group" for the 1972 Presidential campaign had been pondering strategy and sending memos to Haldeman, Mitchell, and the President. By October, the strategy had jelled. Buchanan outlined it in a memo to Haldeman and Mitchell dated October 5th and titled "Dividing the Democrats." The theme had been emerging gradually during the year. Back in March, in his memo on the "Muskie Watch," Buchanan had recommended to the President that the Republican "attack" should "focus on those issues that divide the Democrats, not those that unite Republicans," and had gone on to explain, "It should exacerbate and elevate those issues on which Democrats are divided—forcing Muskie to either straddle, or come down on one side or the other." Then, in July, he had advised, "Maintain as guiding political principle that our great hope for 1972 lies in maintaining or exacerbating the deep Democratic rift." As Buchanan saw it, a united Democratic Party was the greatest danger that the President faced in the coming election, and therefore everything possible should be done to make Democrats angry at one another and destroy their unity. Indirect as this strategy might be, it was not to be a peripheral effort; it was to be the "guiding political principle" for the election year. One question, though, was how the Republicans in the White House could exercise remote control over the behavior of the Democratic Party. How could the central plank of the Republican platform be something that the Democrats would do; namely, destroy themselves? The planning group had many techniques to suggest. Almost all of them involved covert action, action taken under false pretenses, or action taken for a hidden purpose. Together, the planning group's proposals added up to the first plan for a wholly subterranean Presidential campaign strategy ever to be devised.

One technique was secretly to promote extreme elements on both the far right and the far left of the Democratic Party. On the right, the candidacy of George Wallace would be promoted. Not long before, the White House, far from trying to promote Wallace's candidacy, had wished to eliminate him altogether from Presidential politics, and had secretly funnelled four hundred thousand dollars left over from the 1968 Presidential campaign to his rival in the Democratic gubernatorial primary in Alabama in 1970. But now the White House had found a use for Wallace. If he ran in the Democratic Presidential primaries, this would be "an excellent vehicle for surfacing and hardening the divisions within the Democratic Party," Buchanan wrote in his October 5th memo. On the left, Buchanan wanted the

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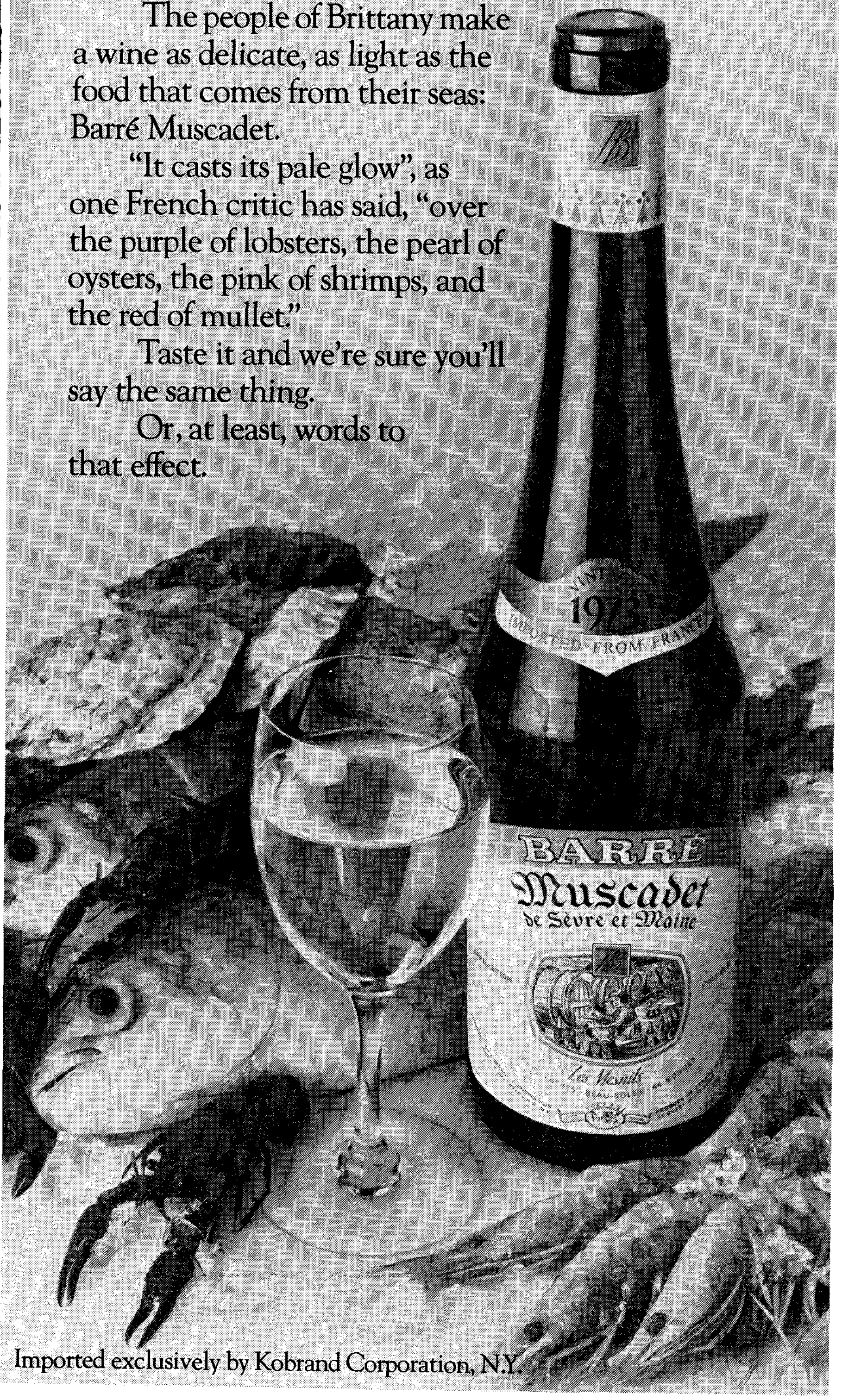

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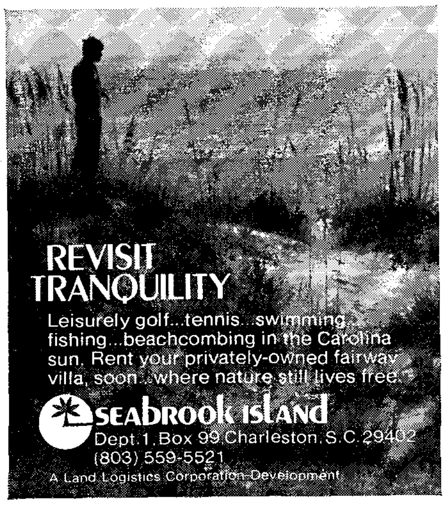

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White House to promote a fourth-party movement. “Top level consideration should be given to ways and means to promote, assist, and fund a Fourth Party candidacy of the Left Democrats and/or the Black Democrats,” he wrote. “There is nothing that can so advance the President’s chances for reëlection—not a trip to China, not four and a half per cent unemployment—as a realistic black . . . campaign.” At this point in his memo, Buchanan, shifting to an alternate strategy, began to sound like a chairman of the Democratic National Committee. “We should continue to champion the cause of the blacks within the Democratic Party,” he wrote, the point being that a party identified with black people would be less appealing to white people. The policy of promoting extremism while pretending to oppose it was born in 1969 and 1970, during the Presidential Offensive. In those years, the President had systematically exaggerated the threat posed to him by the far left. Now his men were yearning once again for violence, and the President’s chief aide, H. R. Haldeman, was noting on memos that violent and obscene demonstrations against the President were “good.”

A second technique for dividing the Democrats was to make public statements whose sole purpose was to start quarrels between the right and the left wings of the Party. There was, for instance, the strategy of “Republican Praise for Any Democratic Support on Vietnam.” If the White House praised, say, Senator Humphrey or Senator Muskie for supporting the President on Vietnam, it would go “far toward making them ‘Establishment’ and driving a wedge between them and the ideological hard core of their party,” the planning group wrote. The complementary strategy was for the White House to “take the side of the Far Left” whenever possible—for instance, by “saying we disagree with them, but that they have a just cause, and the Power Elite within the Party is denying them effective participation.” The planning group was indifferent about whether to promote the far right more or the far left more. As long as a move increased national division, it was acceptable. Muskie was the prime target during this period, and in the July memo Buchanan and his planning group had recommended that “any stick should be used to beat him”—that “he can and should be attacked from Right and Left.”

The whole gamut of covert operations would also be brought into play. The rigged letters-to-the-editor would, of course, continue to flow. And Buchanan thought that an “outside direct mail group”—a front group, that is—would be useful in sending things to “columnists, editorial writers, and political writers in order to get all our negative propaganda into their hands.” Another suggestion was to “get a poll” showing Humphrey as the leading candidate, since this would frighten the left wing of the Party. Also, “we should have several divisive questions worked up and distributed at major press conferences of the leading Democrats.” Turning to the “Governors/Cabinet officers/Hill people,” Buchanan wanted a decision on “how these types are to be used;” for instance, a decision on “Dole’s use”—Senator Robert Dole of Kansas, the chairman of the Republican National Committee. Buchanan and the planning group even gave momentary consideration to a “straight” operation: “We ought to consider how to set this [a ‘Mailing Operation to Democrats’] up, with perhaps the least possible ‘Republican’ credentials; or perhaps if that cannot be avoided, set up some ‘Kremlinologist’ operation for the Democratic Party, acknowledge it; and play it straight.” He meant that in this case the White House might consider acknowledging its sponsorship of one of its anti-Democrat operations. It was the planning group’s sole recommendation of a “straight” operation. The group’s operations were all designed in the White House, and were therefore the responsibility of the President (it was he, not Patrick Buchanan, whom the people had elected), but, as far as the public was to know, the President would be taking no part in any of them. Not after 1970. He was a “statesman” now. He was to be “used to the absolute minimum.” For “the President and the Presidency” were the “quintessential political assets” and should be “used” only “*in extremis*.”

But all these techniques—clandestine support for far-right and far-left groups, public statements slyly designed to set one Democrat against another, and covert propaganda of various kinds—were only incidental to a far more important technique: to divide the Democrats by exploiting the full range of policy decisions available to the President. Though the exploitation of policy to win votes for oneself or one's own party was far from unfamiliar in American politics, the White House strategy for 1972 was different. The aim was not to make the President an appealing candidate but to arrange circumstances so that the Democratic candidate would be forced to make himself unappealing. By no means the least strange thing about adopting "dividing the Democrats" as the principal aim of the election effort was the fact that virtually no one outside the White House was to know that that was the strategy. For example, when, during the summer, in a speech before a Catholic fraternal organization, the President promised aid to Catholic schools, there were many people who interpreted his move as a crude attempt to win Catholic votes, but there were few or none who guessed that he might be doing it because, as Patrick Buchanan put it, "clearly this divides the Democrats who run the New York *Times* from the Democrats who run for office in Queens and the North Bronx." The public's mind was prepared for a less highly developed strain of cynicism than the one that the White House was concentrating on. No one guessed that Nixon's purpose was not so much to draw votes to himself as to "elevate" the issue so that it became an irritant in the body politic which would prevent Democratic unity.

Supposedly, one good issue for dividing the Democrats, in the opinion of the planning group, was the war. At times, however, the White House seemed to be stymied as to how to keep the issue alive. In his memo in March on the "Muskie Watch," Buchanan had written, "Less and less is this an issue dividing Democrats; more and more is it a unifying issue as conservative Democrats begin to adopt a 'let's get the hell out' stance." A few months later, he said that the issue should be exacerbated, but he made no specific suggestions about how to do it. (The experience of the two previous years had shown that an escalation of the war would bring about all the division you could ever want, yet it had also shown that such division did not necessarily pay off at the polls.)

Another good action to take for the purpose of embittering Democrats against each other was "a cutback in welfare," Buchanan believed. Cutting off aid to the poor "might well be considered philistine or worse by the media, but would seem to be good politics," he wrote in his October memo. And he noted, "Like other proposals,

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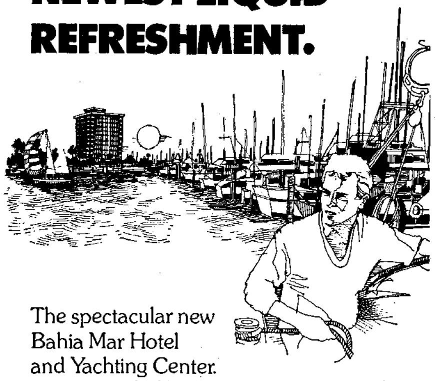

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the above calls for what the Vice-President termed 'positive polarization.' " "Positive polarization," then, had been the steady policy of the Administration since the fall of 1969. In the first two years, it had been partly out in the open. Now it was concealed.

Still another division that Buchanan thought it would be a good idea to exacerbate by framing provocative policy was "South versus North." "Here the dividing line is essentially that of the race issue," he pointed out. Therefore, the issue of race was the one to dwell on. But to do that "we need more than just rhetoric and mailings," he wrote. "Actions taken by the President and Administration are decisive here." One action that offered high promise for dividing the Democrats along racial lines, Buchanan thought, was the nomination of certain kinds of Supreme Court Justices. The nomination of a "Southern Strict Constructionist will force Democratic Northern Liberals and major candidates to anger either the South with a veto vote or the blacks and the labor movement and the northern liberals," he explained. The struggle over the nominations of Haynsworth and Carswell had already shown just how much division you could get if you were to choose Justices for their capacity for stirring up the opposition. At that time, the President had assailed the Senate for its "act of regional discrimination" in refusing to confirm Haynsworth and Carswell. Now Buchanan was apparently hoping for a repeat performance.

But although the nomination of a certain kind of Supreme Court Justice was one means of proved effectiveness for promoting hostility between the North and the South, a still greater opportunity lay in the President's power to provoke a Constitutional crisis. Buchanan reported that the voters tended to blame the busing of schoolchildren on the Administration in power, regardless of any statements against busing which it might put out. The public, he thought, did not understand that the integration of schools took place by order of the judicial branch and was therefore a matter of law. Mere statements were not enough to get on the politically advantageous side of this issue. Instead, "this requires the kind of historic decision, bringing a Constitutional end to the national pressure to integrate races in housing and schooling—which requires a decision on the part of the President," he wrote in October. "This would really tear up the pea patch; and our current policy is one of accommodation with the courts not confrontation." The President is sworn to faithfully execute the laws of the United States, and it is the duty of the courts to decide what these laws are, but Patrick Buchanan and his planning group wanted the President to engage in a "confrontation" with the courts. Once again, the affinity of the right-wing strategists in the White House with the left-wing fringe in the streets was showing itself. And once again the difference was that when a few disorderly defendants defied a judge a commotion of manageable proportions would occur, but when the President engaged in a "confrontation" with the courts the foundation of the law, and of the courts, could be destroyed. For if the executive branch defied the law, then who would enforce it? The benefits in terms of national turmoil could be great, Buchanan thought. "In conclusion, this is a potential throw of the dice that could bring the media on our heads, and cut the Democratic Party and country in half; my view is that we would have far the larger half," he wrote. "But that is not my decision." Whether or not it had been White House strategy in the first two years of the Administration intentionally to embitter American life and destroy national unity in the hope of consolidating itself in power, that was the strategy now. It was to "throw . . . the dice," "cut . . . the country in half," and pick up "far the larger half" of the shattered remains.

ON October 13th—the day after the President announced his trip to Russia, and a week after his planning group had sent him its recommendations on how to divide the Democrats—the President submitted six names to the American Bar Association as possible nominees for two new vacancies that had opened up on the Supreme Court. The names were those of Sylvia Bacon, a trial judge on the Superior Court of the District of Columbia, who had been a lawyer in the Nixon Justice Department and had worked on the District of Columbia crime bill; Robert Byrd, a Democratic senator from West Virginia, who had been to law school but had not been admitted to the bar and had never practiced law, and who had once been a member of the Ku Klux Klan (an affiliation he had since repudiated); Charles Clark, of Mississippi, a judge on the United States Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, who had first come to prominence when, as a lawyer, he defended Governor Ross Barnett of Mississippi against contempt charges after Barnett tried to block James Meredith from enrolling at the University of Mississippi; Paul Roney, also a judge on the United States Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, whom President Nixon had appointed to Judge Carswell's seat when Carswell made his abortive run for the Senate; Mildred Lillie, a judge on the California Court of Appeals, about whom very little was known; and Herschel Friday, a municipal-bond lawyer from Little Rock, Arkansas, who was an acquaintance of Attorney General Mitchell (Mitchell had been a municipal-bond lawyer before joining the Nixon Administration), and who had done considerable work in an effort to prevent the integration of public schools in Little Rock. None of the President's choices enjoyed a national reputation as a jurist. Only Senator Byrd and Mr. Friday, for example, were listed in *Who's Who in America*, to which newsmen and people in the legal profession turned in bewilderment when they learned the potential nominees' names. In legal circles, there was dismay, and in some political circles there was anger. In a statement issued two days after the names were made known, Senator Edward Kennedy said, "Surely, the compilation and submission of this list will rank as one of the great insults to the Supreme Court in its history." And he charged that President Nixon was "a radical in the true sense of the word . . . a man who seeks to undermine one of the basic and vital institutions of our nation—the Supreme Court as an equal partner of government." By October 20th, the President had narrowed the list before the American Bar Association to two—Judge Lillie and Mr. Friday. That night, the Association, which had approved both Haynsworth and Carswell, refused to approve either Lillie or Friday. But instead of making its decision public it informed President Nixon of it privately. The next day, he went on national television to announce the nomination of two men who had not been on the list of six. They were William Rehnquist, a right-wing lawyer from the Justice Department, and Lewis Powell, a conservative lawyer from Virginia and a former president of the American Bar Association.

The President's potential nominees may have been unqualified as Justices of the Supreme Court, but, just as Buchanan had predicted, they were perfectly qualified to "divide the Democrats." The suggestion of Senator Byrd

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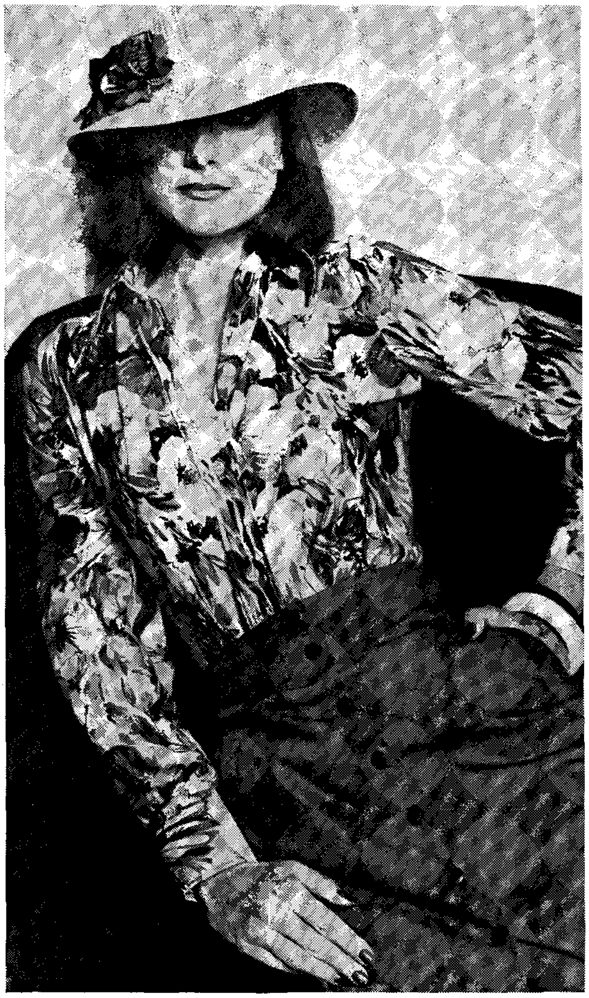

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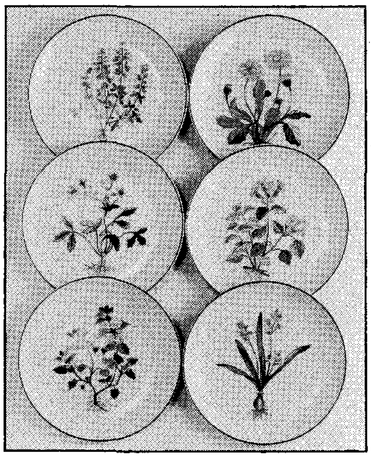

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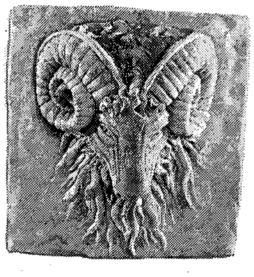

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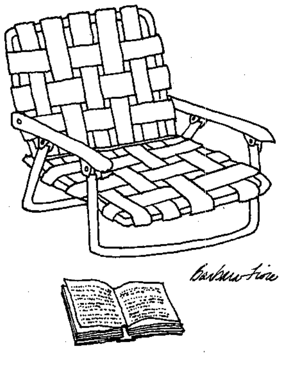
was particularly well suited to this work, since it forced Democrats who supported civil-rights legislation (which Byrd had strongly opposed in the Senate) to repudiate either their convictions or their colleague from the South. And the planning group in the White House couldn't have hoped for better results from the President's move than the statement by Senator Kennedy in which he called the list "one of the great insults" to the Supreme Court. Another man to fall into the trap was Senator McGovern, who first praised the trial nomination of Byrd and then, a day later, in a move that must have been especially annoying to Senator Byrd, withdrew his praise, saying that it would be intolerable to have a "racist" on the Court.

Within a few months, the Senate confirmed Powell and Rehnquist.

THE last half of 1971—from the time when the Pentagon Papers were published through the final months of the year—was a period of clandestine preparation for the Presidential campaign of 1972. Funds had secretly been raised. An election strategy had secretly been settled upon. A team of underground operators had secretly been recruited and had carried out its first crime—the break-in at Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office. A plan to stage a political show trial—Ellsberg's—that would drag in members of the opposition party was forming. The Ellsberg project, however, was only part of a much larger plan to use government agencies to punish people who White House staff men decided were "enemies." Their idea of enemies was sweeping. In its first two years, the Administration had engaged in "combat" with what it perceived to be a network of foes including, among others, supposed anarchists and murderers, whom it merged with demonstrators against the war and the Democratic Party. Now the field of enemies had expanded, and the men in the White House had come to look upon many Americans in all walks of life—businessmen, professional people, actors, athletes, professors—as enemies. In its early stages, the Enemies Project was an informal, ad-hoc undertaking. Any high White House official who wanted to get someone in trouble could put that person's name down on the list. Hundreds of names poured in. They were taken from lists of Democratic contributors, and lifted from political advertisements, and culled from newspaper articles. In August, it fell to John Dean to systematize the effort. In a memo prepared for Haldeman and Ehrlichman, he recommended steps to "maximize the fact of our incumbency in dealing with persons known to be active in their opposition to our Administration." He thought that the Administration should explore ways to "use the available federal machinery to screw our political enemies"—ways, that is, to find out "who . . . we should be giving a hard time," and to "screw them (e.g., grant availability, federal contracts, litigation, prosecution, etc.)." In September, Charles Colson sent John Dean an "Opponent Priority Activity" list of twenty enemies, which had been prepared the previous June by a member of Colson's staff, and is believed to be the first of a series of formal enemies lists. Other lists were much longer. One composite list had seven categories—"Politicos," "Media," "Organizations," "Labor," "Celebrities," "Business," and "Academics"—and included people barely connected with politics, such as Joe Namath, the football player, and Barbra Streisand, the actress. Many of the Democratic officials whom Young had hoped to entangle in his "larger network" of Pentagon Papers conspirators—Morton Halperin, Leslie Gelb, Clark Clifford, and Robert McNamara—were on the lists.

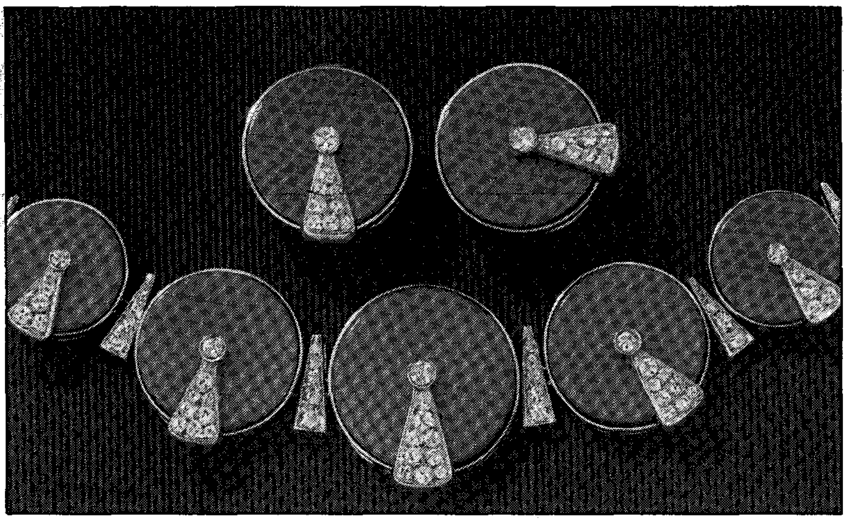


The twenty people on Colson's September list were classified as being on "go status." The separate names were followed by comments and, in most cases, by recommendations. Daniel Schorr was on the list and was described as a "real media enemy." The columnist Mary McGrory was on the list and was described as having written "daily hate-Nixon articles." Sidney Davidoff, an aide to Mayor Lindsay, was included and was described as "a first class S.O.B., wheeler-dealer, and suspected bagman." And it was noted that "positive results would really shake the Lindsay camp and Lindsay's plan to capture youth vote." S. Stanley Munro, Jr., who was Senator Henry Jackson's administrative assistant, was on the list, and the notation was "We should give him a try. Positive results would stick a pin in Jackson's white hat." And after the name of Morton

Halperin was the comment "A scandal would be most helpful here." The Enemies Project, like so many of the Nixon Administration's undertakings, was aimed largely at manipulating images. In its aims, the project was no different from the project to smear Ellsberg or to smear the late President Kennedy. The Ellsberg prosecution was only a means of putting on a show; throwing Ellsberg in prison for life was only one method of getting at the really important thing—his image. The cable forgery, too, was only a means of destroying the image of a highly regarded Democrat—albeit a deceased one. For this public-relations campaign did not stop at the grave's edge. Not content to defame the living, the men in the White House had gone to work on the images of the dead.

THE punitive spirit of the Enemies Project carried over into the rest of the Administration's work, and began to permeate the business of the White House in its small details as well as in its broad philosophy. At the pettiest level, White House social life came to be regulated by a system of punishments and rewards. During the summer, an aide named Frederic Malek, who kept an eye on this aspect of White House affairs, told a reporter, "We've corralled all the goodies that are available." Cabinet aides who were "deserving" or who needed a boost "from a morale standpoint" would be rewarded with an engraved invitation to a White House black-tie function. Under the old, disorganized system of socializing at the White House, Malek pointed out, the President "could be inviting someone we want to get rid of." Now anyone of that kind would be left out in the cold. Malek was also empowered to impose more serious punishment. One of his principal jobs, he told the reporter, was to ferret out "bad guys" and to fire them. Almost from the start, Malek had been an important figure in the reorganizational struggles. For example, in 1970, two days after Interior Secretary Walter Hickel left his post, Malek had installed himself in the Interior Department and ordered six high Interior officials to clear out their desks and get out of the building by five o'clock that afternoon.

One organization that the White House was particularly eager to get under control was the Internal Revenue Service. Randolph Thrower, the head of the I.R.S., was removed, and a new man, Johnnie Walters, was appointed. John Dean, in a "talking



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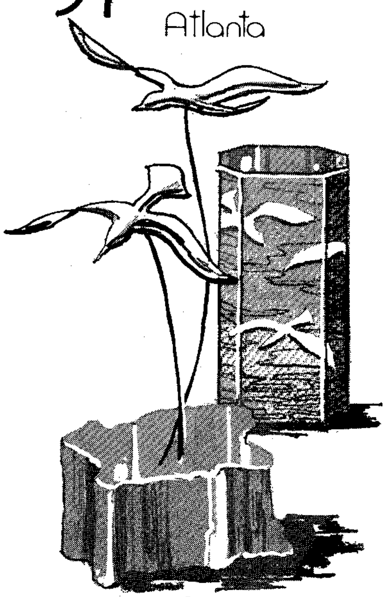

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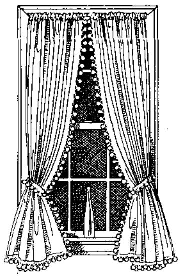

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paper" to Haldeman briefing him for a meeting with Walters, wrote, "Walters *must* be more responsive in two key areas: personnel and political actions." He added that "Walters should understand that when a request comes to him, it is his responsibility to accomplish it—without the White House having to tell him how to do it." The whole agency should be reorganized, Dean thought: "Walters should be told to make the changes in personnel and policy which will give the Administration semblance of control over the hostile bureaucracy of I.R.S." Dean looked forward to the same level of coöperation throughout the government. The Enemies Project, he wrote, "should have access to and the full support of the top officials of the agency or department in proceeding to deal with the individual."

The Administration was also laying plans for corralling "the goodies" on a government-wide scale. It had begun to divide up the federal budget to reward friends and punish enemies. A "responsiveness program" was set up, under Malek's guidance, which channelled federal money to groups that gave the President political support, and cut off federal money from groups that opposed the President. In March of 1972, after planning had been under way for some months, Malek submitted a master design of the responsiveness program to Haldeman which warned of the danger of "adverse publicity" and of the need to "keep the President and the White House disassociated" from the program. To accomplish these ends, "written communications would be kept to a minimum. . . . Information about the program would be transmitted verbally." As for the few documents that would have to be prepared, they "would not indicate White House involvement in any way." But, whether oral or written, "communications concerning the program . . . would be structured to give the impression that the program was initiated by the [Cabinet] Department head without the knowledge of the White House." Patrick Buchanan, in one of his memos on "Dividing the Democrats," had written, "Since taking office, the President has increased by five hundred per cent . . . the food-stamp and food-assistance funds, and he still gets it in the neck for 'starving the poor.' Methinks there would have been more gratitude and greater rewards if those funds had been directed to the President's potential friends in the working class and their interests." (What's more, such a move would, Buchanan wrote, "force a division within the Democratic Party.") The law was already well on its way to being restyled as an instrument for punishing political enemies. Now federal funding was being diverted to the same purpose. By late 1971, in other words, the federal government was being transformed into a machine for punishing and rewarding the whole American people.

THROUGHOUT the President's tenure, the press had repeatedly developed the notion that the "open," trusting Administration so many people had looked forward to eagerly in 1968 was at hand. The fall of 1971, when the Enemies Project was getting under way, was another such period, and one news magazine informed its readers that "the political paranoia of the first years, when the entire Administration from the President down behaved as if all of Washington was booby-trapped, is fading."

EARLY in December, a full-scale war broke out between India and Pakistan, both of which received military aid from the United States. At issue was the fate of East Pakistan, a region that was separated from the seat of government in West Pakistan by the full breadth of India. In the winter of 1970 and 1971, elections had been held in East Pakistan, and a party in opposition to the ruling party in West Pakistan had won a heavy majority of the votes. The government's initial response was to suspend the newly elected government and to jail its leader, Sheikh Mujibur Rahman. Then, in the months that followed, government forces began to massacre hundreds of thousands of people in East Pakistan. At the same time, millions of refugees flooded across East Pakistan's western border into India. The United States government made no comment on the massacres, and it continued to ship arms to West Pakistan. In the summer of 1971, India, a nation that had a long history of bitter and bloody relations with Pakistan and an equally long history of good relations with the United States, signed a friendship treaty with the Soviet Union—in part because of the apparently close relationship between the United States and Pakistan.

The area was one that the government had not been greatly concerned about in recent years, and the crisis seemed to offer opportunities for fresh thinking; before long, however, certain familiar patterns, well-known to observers of government policy in regard to Indo-China, began to assert themselves. When the war broke out, the officially stated United States policy was one of neutrality. Washington announced that arms shipments to both sides were being suspended. The President, in a seemingly off-the-cuff remark, described India as "a clear-cut aggressor." At about the same time, information that the United States was continuing to send military supplies to Pakistan surfaced in the press. Because the President's remark seemed to undercut the official policy of neutrality, Henry Kissinger called a "background" news conference, at which he told reporters that there had been "some comments that the Administration is anti-India," but that these were "totally inaccurate." He also made reference to a "love affair" between India and the United States. However, in a meeting of a high-ranking White House committee called the Washington Special Action Group, whose function is to deal with crises, Kissinger described the President as "furious," and told the members, "I am getting hell every half hour from the President that we are not being tough enough on India. He has just called me again. He does not believe we are carrying out his wishes. He wants to tilt in favor of Pakistan. He feels everything we do comes out otherwise." And the following day he informed them that "whoever is doing the backgrounding at State is invoking the President's wrath." Through the Action Group, Kissinger ordered that steps be taken against India. One was financial: A.I.D. programs to India were to be cut off. Another had to do with demeanor: American officials were to show "a certain coolness" toward Indian officials. The Indian Ambassador was to get the treatment prescribed by Frederic Malek for "bad guys" in the federal bureaucracy—he was "not to be treated at too high a level." Not for the first time, the Administration was pursuing one policy in public and pursuing an opposite policy in private.

Very shortly after the war began, it became evident to most observers that India would win and East Pakistan would become an independent nation. Nevertheless, the President's wrath continued unabated, and he took two more steps, which briefly transformed what had been a local war into a global crisis. The President began to look upon the war on the subcontinent as the doing not of India or Pakistan but of the Soviet Union. Accordingly, the Administration began making gestures of warning to the Russians. First, the

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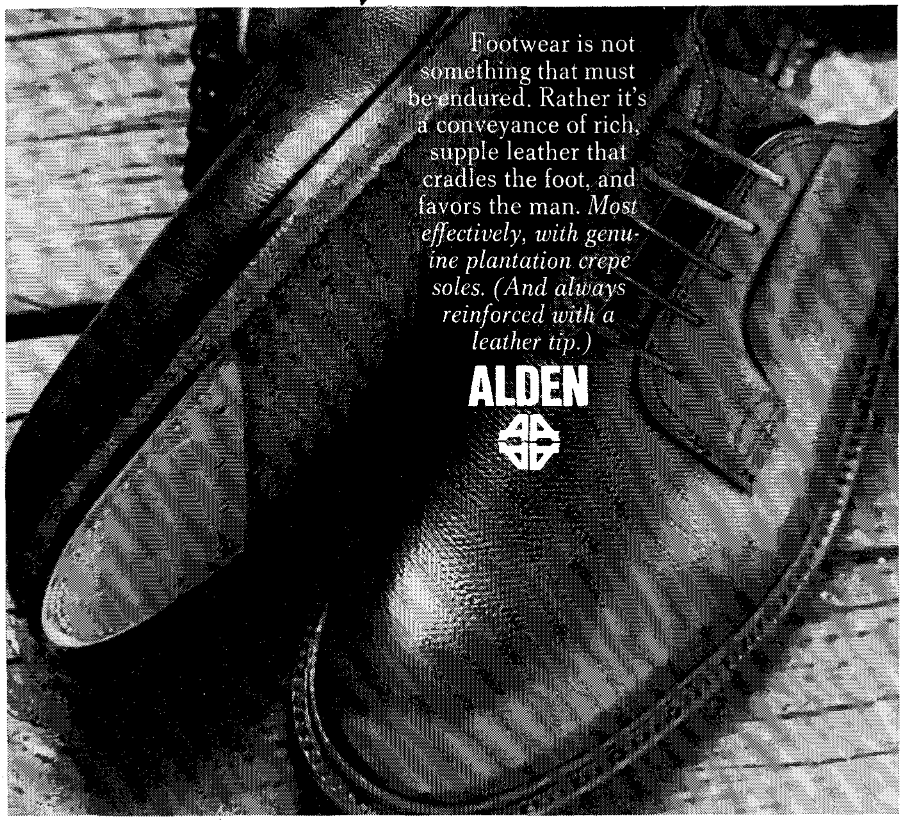

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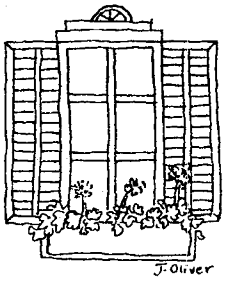
President ordered the aircraft carrier Enterprise into the Indian Ocean. Second, Henry Kissinger let it be known, in another "background" press conference, that if the Soviet Union did not show restraint in the crisis, the President might be obliged to reconsider his plans for a trip to Moscow. Apparently, the Administration had come to believe that Moscow was in control of the course of events on the subcontinent. Outside the White House, however, there were very few observers who believed that the Russians had enough influence with India to call her back from the greatest—indeed, the only—military victory in her history as an independent nation. Shortly thereafter, India did win the war, and eventually the Enterprise retired, unused, from the field.



The war had come at a time when the Administration was sorting out its friends from its enemies. Plainly, someone had put India on the enemies list, and it seemed to have been the President. The distinguishing features of an enemies operation were all present: the conflict with the bureaucracies (in this case, the State Department), the use of the available federal agencies to punish the offender, and the strenuous attempts to keep the policy concealed from the public. What was new was that the target for retribution in this case was not Joe Namath or Barbra Streisand but a nation of five hundred million people.

The Administration's actions in the India-Pakistan crisis and its actions at home in preparation for the 1972 election showed once more the unity of the Administration's preoccupations; as early as 1969 the President had come to regard the various crises he faced at home and abroad as parts of a single crisis of Presidential authority. John Dean spoke of "screwing" those whom the President considered his domestic enemies. Henry Kissinger spoke of "tilting" against a country that the President considered the nation's foreign enemy. Dean's word was spiteful and vindictive. Kissinger's was cold and neutral. Yet they referred to government actions that were strikingly alike. The technique of "tilting" against a nation—a sort of across-the-board churlishness, in which military policy, aid policy, diplomacy, and even personal demeanor were all focussed on providing unpleasant experiences for the target nation—grew naturally out of a tendency in foreign affairs which had been strengthening at least since the beginning of the Vietnam war. This was the tendency to frame American policy in terms of "inducements" and "sanctions," which were merely discreet terms for rewards and punishments. There was nothing new or complicated in the idea. But it was new as a guiding principle for American policy; and in the hands of foreign-policy analysts of the nineteen-sixties who devised such policies as that of "graduated pressure," or "escalation," in which a carefully measured level of punishment was combined with carefully calculated threats of more punishment, the strategy reached a high degree of apparent sophistication. It developed a specialized vocabulary, and seemed capable of endless elaboration. For instance, in the new thinking the two main possibilities—punishment and reward—were not mutually exclusive. The United States might bomb a country and at the same time offer it large amounts of foreign aid. And if this policy was emotionally and morally confusing to the recipient country, it was a point of pride with the policy's practitioners that *they* kept *their* emotions out of it. The sanctions and the inducements were to be applied dispassionately, and the softening influence of compassion and the hardening influence of belligerent anger were to be banished equally. The technique for harassing the Administration's enemies, on the other hand, was born of passion and nurtured on pique, and was carried forward in a spirit of vengeance and hope of partisan political gain. While foreign policy was becoming colder and colder, domestic policy was heating up. It was Americans, not Russians or Vietnamese, who aroused the bitterest hatred in the Administration. The special epithets were reserved for their countrymen. There might be foes abroad, but the "vultures" and "eunuchs" were all at home. Still, the domestic technique, too, was part of a system of punishments and rewards. It could be said that one important strategy in the President's reëlection effort was to "tilt" the whole federal government against the Democrats and their natural constituencies. Equally, it could be said that foreign policy was becoming, in one of its aspects, a matter of "screwing" the enemies of the United States.

The two techniques overlapped in more than one way. A cardinal tenet of United States global strategy was the notion of "linkage." The doctrine of linkage dictated that conflicts in different parts of the world had to be considered primarily in the context of the overarching struggle between the great powers of the world, and only secondarily in terms of local significance, so that a setback for South Vietnam was to be seen primarily as a setback for the United States, and a setback for North Vietnam was to be seen as a setback for Russia, or perhaps for China (depending on which of the two powers preoccupied the United States more at a given moment in the war). It was by a sudden extension of the linkage theory to affairs on the Indian subcontinent that President Nixon had been able to interpret the Indian campaign in East Pakistan as a menace to the United States. Again, the permutations were endless, since defeat on the subcontinent might jeopardize the American position in Indo-China, and defeat in Indo-China might threaten the American position in the Middle East. In the system for punishing the domestic enemies, the notion of linkage had its counterpart in the blurring of all the domestic enemies into one big enemy. Just as India was construed as an agent of the Soviet Union, Daniel Ellsberg—or Charles Manson, for that matter—was construed as somehow in league with the Democratic Party.

There was another way, too, in which the two techniques overlapped. The Nixon Administration's foreign-policy strategists had long been convinced that each series of events in each crisis around the world was far more important for the appearance—or image—it created than for any tangible results. The strategists' preoccupation with images was in one sense an elaboration of the theory of linkage, for they assumed that the power of the United States and that of its Communist adversaries were linked on the level of appearances. This combination of the doctrine of linkage and the interest in appearances was, of course, nothing other than the doctrine of credibility, which had been guiding ever-wider areas of American foreign policy for more than a decade. And President Nixon and his men, by instinct and emotion, had arrived at a similar doctrine to guide their conduct of domestic affairs.

The tendency to transform policy into a system of punishments and rewards, the tendency to link all events into a single global scheme, and the tendency to value the images, or symbolism, of events more highly than the

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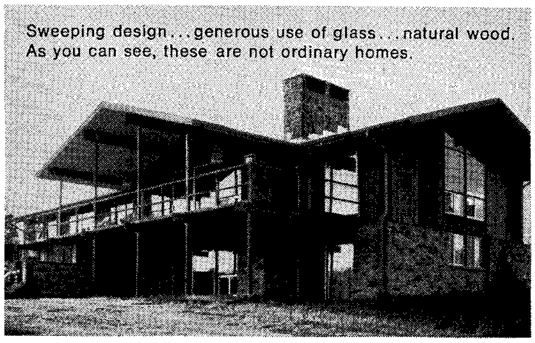

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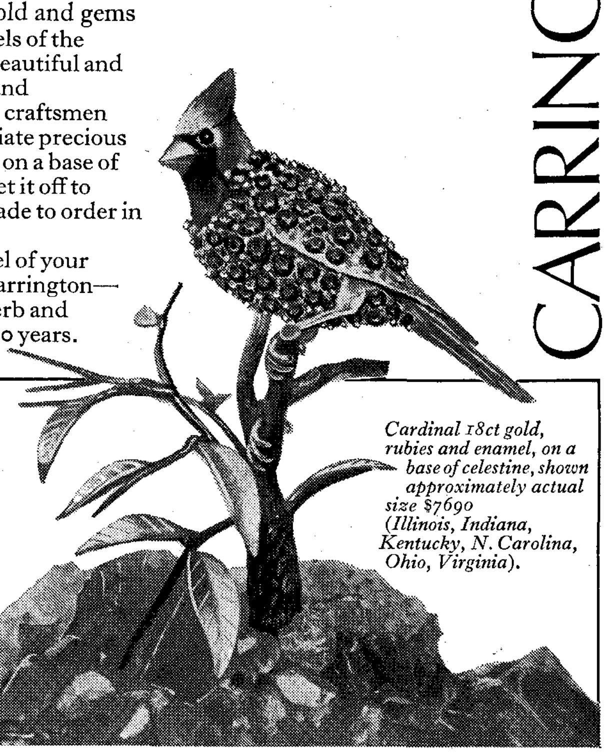

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substance were the elements of a pattern of behavior which now seemed to determine the actions of the Nixon Administration in every political area, both foreign and domestic. The pattern apparently had its source in the doctrine of credibility, particularly in connection with the war in Indo-China, but now it had spread to encompass events as disparate as United States policy toward India and Pakistan and the attempt to make a show trial out of the case of Daniel Ellsberg. Credibility was an image of power. Punishments and rewards were the weapons with which to battle for credibility. And since the President's image was at stake wherever he chose to intervene with those weapons, the world of Presidential action became a totally "linked" battleground on which the prime issue was always the issue of the President's credibility. The struggle, therefore, was carried forward on a single, boundaryless field of action, against a single, undifferentiated foe. And since, in this far-ranging, often abstract and symbolic combat, the foe abroad was indistinguishable from the foe at home, and the President's political foes were indistinguishable from the nation's foes, what was the coming election but one more front, to be held at any cost, and by any means, in the struggle to protect the nation from its enemies?

—JONATHAN SCHELL

(This is the third part of a six-part article.)

•

DEAR HELOISE:

Let me tell you about my idea. As my two children shed their baby teeth, I kept them in a box until I had the complete sets.

I shaped pink play dough and inserted the little teeth in the proper places. The playdough hardened, and now I have permanent keepsakes of their little mouths.

They resemble tiny dentures. I prize them very highly. PAULINE STEWART *—Heloise Cruse's column in the Detroit Free Press.*

And *we* prize *you*, Pauline Stewart.

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[From the Exeter College (Oxford) Association Register]

He [Ronald Tolkien] took the major part in planning the programme of refurbishing and refurnishing undergraduate rooms in the College. This programme is now complete and, not only do we have some 23 extra people accommodated as a result of ingenuity, but all undergraduate rooms in College have central heating and almost all have washbasins.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Star-Cross'd in Boston

"NOWADAYS, one hardly ever hears a really beautiful and technically perfect trill; very rarely, flawless mordents; very seldom, a rounded coloratura, a true, unaffected portamento, a perfect equalization of all the registers, and absolute maintenance of intonation through all the various nuances of crescendo and diminuendo. . . . And the public, accustomed to imperfect execution, overlooks the defects of the singer if only he is a capable actor and knows his stage routine." That lament for the passing of bel-canto glories, which might be sounded after any of the Rossini, Donizetti, and Bellini revivals of our day, was penned by Richard Wagner, in "Mein Leben," and was prompted by his memories of hearing Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient as Bellini's Romeo, that "daring, romantic figure of the youthful lover." Romeo was one of the great nineteenth-century roles for sopranos and mezzo-sopranos—Pasta and Malibran among them—until, in Gounod's setting of the story, it became a tenor's province. Wagner used "I Capuleti e i Montecchi," Bellini's Romeo and Juliet opera, as a stick with which to beat Weber's "Euryanthe" and all "solid German music," and said he would never forget the impression it made on him. Berlioz was more critical, except of a passage in the first-act finale when

> the lovers, forcibly separated, escape for a moment and rush into each other's arms, singing "We shall meet in heaven." The setting of these words, which is intense, passionate, and full of life and fire, is sung in unison, which, in these special circumstances, intensifies the power of the melody in the most wonderful manner. Whether it was owing to the setting of the musical phrase, to the unexpected effect of the unison, or to the actual beauty of the tune itself, I do not know; but I was completely carried away, and applauded frantically.

I had long wanted to be carried away by "I Capuleti" as Berlioz and Wagner were, but had to wait until the Opera Company of Boston's production of the piece, last week, to achieve that wish. In the late sixties, the opera was quite often given—in Milan, Rome, Amsterdam, Edinburgh, and Montreal—but always in an edition by Claudio Abbado marred by many cuts, by some reorchestration, and, most gravely, by the recasting of Romeo as a tenor. While most of the role was taken down an octave, passages in the mezzo's chalumeau register were left at the original pitch, with disastrous effect on both Bellini's melodic line and his expressive deployment of tessitura. In his earlier performances, Abbado even divided that famous unison, giving Romeo its first statement and Juliet its second, but by 1968 he allowed the voices to join in octaves. Giacomo Aragall was the usual Romeo, and Luciano Pavarotti the Tybalt. Juliets ranged from Renata Scotto to Anna Moffo. (The only other roles, Capulet and Friar Laurence, are subaltern.) As if in excess of loving tenderness, Abbado, conducting these performances, tended to slow down allegro to andante, and andante to adagio, and put the cabalettas through dainty, moderate paces. (Lorin Maazel did much the same in a Rome radio performance of the fifties, which had Fiorenza Cossotto as its hero.) The melodies were gently and affectionately molded, but the brilliance and force of Bellini's music—the qualities that first brought him fame—were missing. Bellinians disappointed in the opera were left reflecting that it had, after all, been run up in a great hurry (to plug a gap in the Venice season of 1829-30 when Giovanni Pacini failed in a commission). Bellini used up music from his earlier pieces "Adelson e Salvini" and "Zaira;" his librettist, Felice Romani, adjusted a libretto he had made four years earlier for Nicola Vaccai.

But the strength of Ottocento operas can be judged neither from the vocal scores nor from lacklustre theatre performances in faulty texts. Sarah Caldwell, musical and stage director of the Boston presentation, and Tatiana Troyanos and Beverly Sills, its Romeo and Juliet, have now rewritten the "Capuleti" chapter in the twentieth century's book of Bellini criticism. Does it need stressing that Miss Caldwell's baton is a more subtle, trenchant, and precise musicological instrument than the most learned of thematic and harmonic analyses? By her control of tempo, of timbres, and of rubato within a phrase, Miss Caldwell revealed Bellini's intentions in this work. For the first time, I became aware that the melody which transported Berlioz derives its rhythmic shape from the middle section of the lovers' duet in the preceding scene. Moreover, Juliet's music has a "motto" rhythm; each of her three solos—the entrance air "O quante volte," "Morte io non temo," which opens Act II, and its cabaletta, "Ah! non poss'io partire"—begins with a rhythm that can be represented as *rum tum-ti tum tum/rum-ti tum-ti tum.* "O quante volte" is an elaborated and refined reworking of Nelly's romanza in Bellini's first opera, "Adelson e Salvini." In the new version, a horn solo, warm and a little solemn in tone (kin to the melody of the duet "Il rival salvar tu puoi" in "I Puritani"), introduces the scene. Juliet sings recitative, unaccompanied but punctuated by the orchestra. The flexible horn solo is resumed, and above it Juliet sings of the fever that burns her. She goes to the window, and cooling breaths seem to spring up from the harp. Then the romanza begins. Both the situation and some turns of phrase in the melody recall Desdemona's scene in the last act of Rossini's "Otello." Perhaps unconsciously, Bellini transposed his "Adelson" number into Rossini's key of G minor, and remembered Desdemona's harp. The second measure of "O quante volte," lifted into a new harmonic context, becomes, note for note, the second measure of "Morte io non temo;" and those same five notes are then used as the sixth measure of "Ah! non poss'io." Juliet, a role consistent in its musical characterization but not at all monotonous, was composed for the very gentle, delicate singer Maria Caradori-Allan (later the first soprano in Mendelssohn's "Elijah"), admired not for dramatic power but for her sweetness, flexibility, and faultless style. It was a lapse on Miss Sills' part to shrill out a high E flat at the end of the first finale, but otherwise she was tender, touching, and sensitive. She would not have satisfied Wagner, for we did not hear "a really beautiful and technically perfect trill" (her trills started correctly but then slipped downward into a vague oscillation) or, for that matter, "absolute maintenance of intonation" in sustained high notes. Moreover, she made rather heavy weather of, gave almost Sutherlandian overemphasis to, some recitative lines that call for simple, unaffected delivery. But a public accustomed to vocal execution far more imperfect than this could easily overlook the technical defects of a singer who delivered the phrases with so eloquent a feeling for their musical sense. Most of the soft music was sounded in exquisite-

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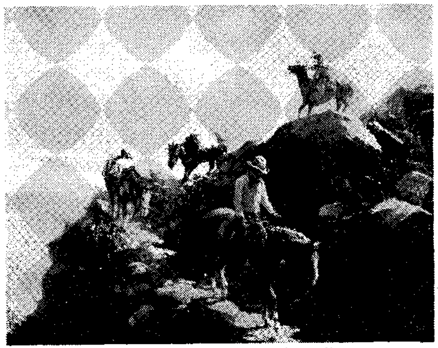

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ly judged tone colors, and Miss Sills knows how to join note to note to make communicative music. ("Song," said Wagner, "is the language in which mankind must communicate its musical ideas," and he said it with Bellini's music in mind.) Miss Sills looked beautiful; her acting was vivid and poignant.

Juliet's keys are G minor and A major; the tempo indications of her three solos are andante sostenuto, lento, and andante; her melodies move by step. The solo music for Romeo and Tybalt is in C major and G major, and their melodies leap. It was probably Juliet's music that led a critic of the Venetian première to discern in "I Capuleti" "a completely new genre, not noisy, but pensive, harmonious, and very gentle." This is the genre for which the Bellini of "La Sonnambula," much of "Norma," and "I Puritani" is conventionally admired. But his earlier operas "Il Pirata" and "La Straniera" were hailed for their energy and passion of declamation. (It was from them that Donizetti learned his vigorous dramatic manner, while Bellini went on to develop a milder lyrical vein.) "I Capuleti" is the transitional work. Where Maazel and Abbado, with ears only for its lyrical side, took Tybalt's cabaletta at a snail's pace and turned Romeo's defiant allegro marziale, "La tremenda ultrice spada," into a funeral march, Miss Caldwell was fiery and fearless in her employment of Bellini's heavy brass. Her dashing approach to the spirited episodes, her almost reckless but never unjustified tempi, gave, by contrast, new depth to the romantic and the pathetic scenes, and showed "I Capuleti" to be a more various, interesting, and shapely opera than in recent years it has been held to be.

Miss Troyanos, the Romeo, has an exceptionally fine instrument, with a timbre distinctive in ways that are hard to describe. It is not one of those bright, tense, forcefully projected mezzos, but has warm, full tones that rise without audible break into the soprano range. (In their duet, Romeo and Juliet sing their solo strophes at the same pitch.) Her acting lacked bravura; her rather heavy Roman features did not flash. Wagner's niece Johanna (his first Elisabeth in "Tannhäuser") chose Romeo for her London début, in 1856, and the impresario Benjamin Lumley recalled the occasion thus: "She appeared: tall, stately, self-possessed, clothed in glittering mail, with her fine fair hair flung in masses on her neck . . . She sang! The sonorous voice, which heralded the mission of the young warrior to his enemies, rang through the house as penetrating and as awakening as a clarion." None of this could apply to Miss Troyanos' entry, except the epithet "sonorous." By beauty of tone, easy, unforced power, smoothness of phrasing, fullness and evenness of sound, and flexibility and accuracy in divisions, she triumphed. Tybalt (who combines the roles of Shakespeare's Tybalt and Paris) was played by Boston's rising young tenor Joey Evans. He sang his aria with charm and finesse of manner, and in fresh, clearly projected tones. In his duet with Romeo he pushed the voice slightly too hard but at least ventured all the florid writing, which Pavarotti used to simplify. The Capulet and the Laurence were unimpressive. The parts are so small that it hardly mattered.

Consistently impressive was Miss Caldwell's musical direction. Who, since Tullio Serafin died, has been able to shape a Bellini score so surely and so sensitively? There was an almost miraculous feeling for the just tempi, for the small inflections within a phrase, for the relation of one movement to the next, for the control of dynamic gradients that give life to this music. The solo instrumental playing—the horn already mentioned, the cello in the prelude to Act II, the clarinet that winds through Romeo's reverie in the following scene—was all admirable. Miss Caldwell's stage direction had the same unobtrusive certainty of touch. She essayed only one questionable tour de force: setting Romeo and Tybalt to fight while they sang their duet. It was ingeniously achieved but distracting and out of style; the swords should clash only when the pair have reached their cadence on "All'armi!" Excellent scenery, by Herbert Senn and Helen Pond, turned the limitations of the Orpheum Theatre stage to positive advantage, and Yasmina Bozin's costumes were handsome. All in all, a whizzing evening in the theatre—and a major contribution to Bellini studies.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

By Mr. BOWEN (for himself, Mr. COCHRAN, Mr. GINN, Mr. JEFFORDS, Mr. MONTGOMERY, and Mr. SISK):

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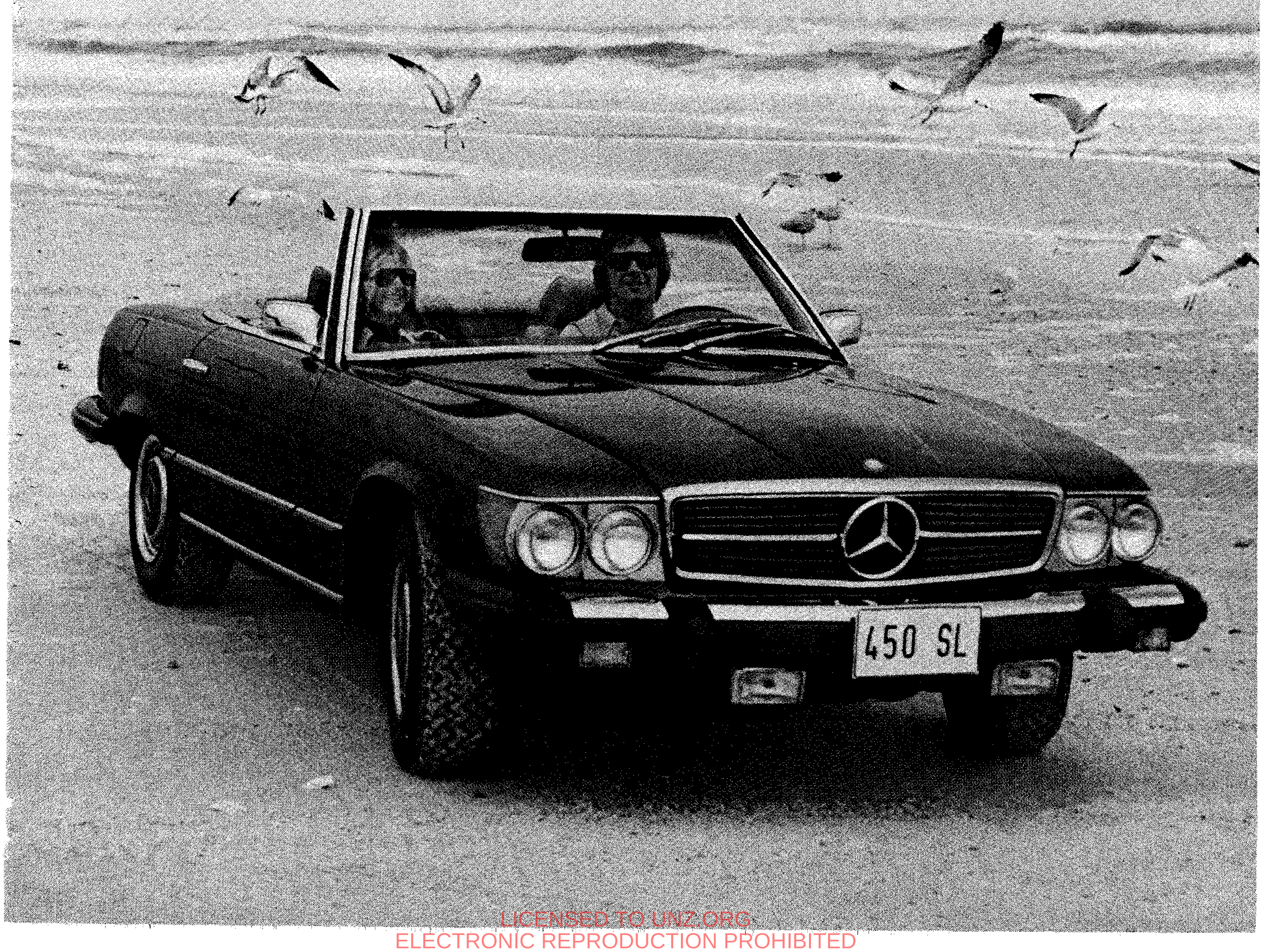

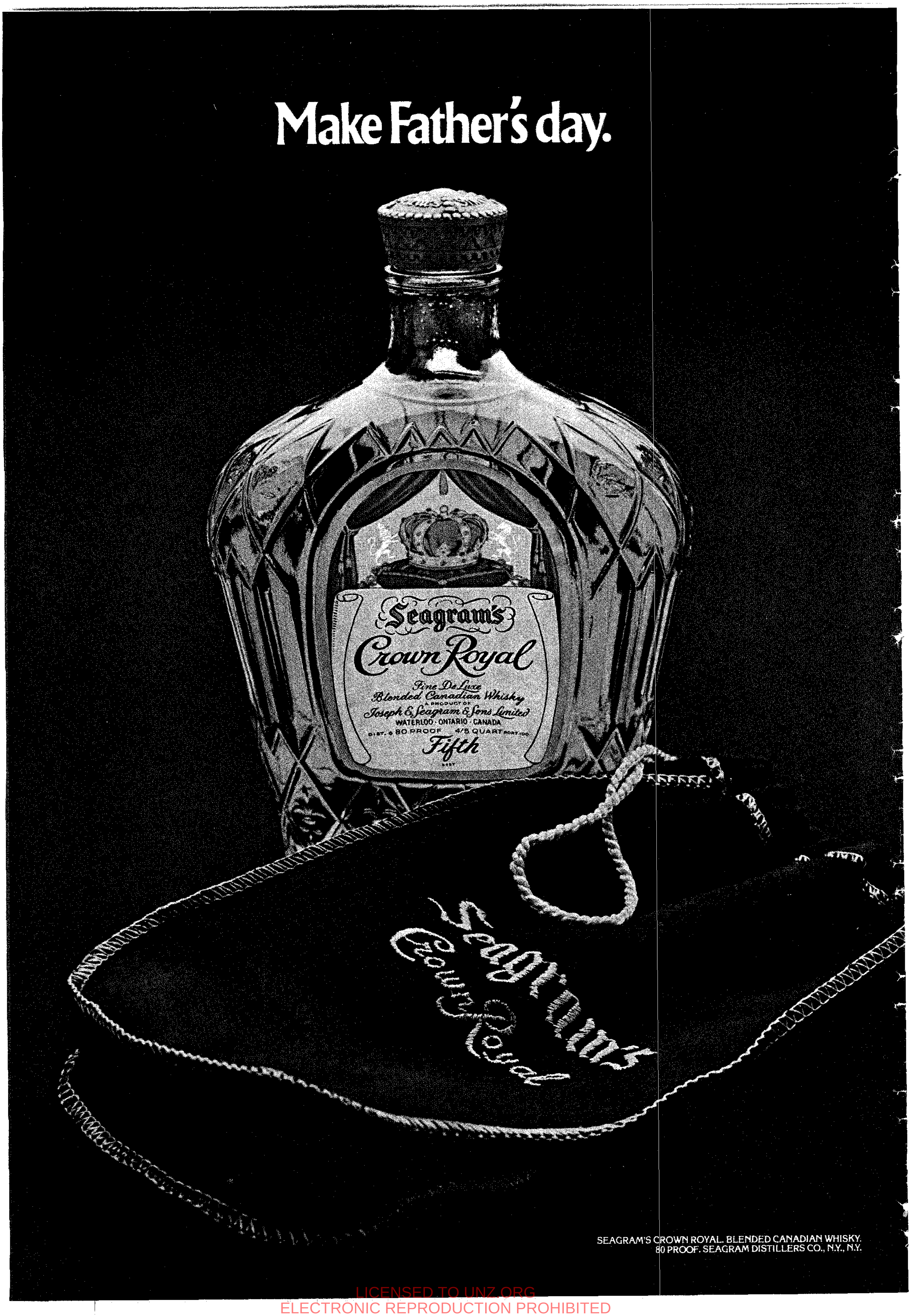
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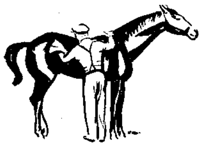
THE RACE TRACK

Avatar's Belmont

AVATAR, Foolish Pleasure, Master Derby. So ended the hundred-and-seventh Belmont Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday. Avatar, standing off the charge of Foolish Pleasure, who came bearing down on him in the last hundred yards, won by a neck. Three and a half lengths away, Master Derby passed a tiring Diabolo to be third by four lengths. Prince Thou Art led the four other starters. It was an enthralling race from beginning to end. Singh, fractious in the paddock, was quickest away, but Diabolo was first around the clubhouse turn and led by open daylight for more than a mile. Then Master Derby and Avatar began to move up. I've seen Shoemaker, who was on Avatar, in many races, but I can't recall his riding a better one or making a stronger finish. He was always in a good position, keeping well out from the rails in the best footing. Avatar took the lead much sooner than Shoemaker expected or wanted him to, since he slows down once he gets in front—deciding, no doubt, that he has done enough. So Shoemaker had to show him that he hadn't. And when Foolish Pleasure came up with a great rush, I could imagine Shoemaker wishing that someone would pick up the winning post and run like anything toward him. Anyhow, it was his fifth Belmont victory in eight tries, which isn't bad going.

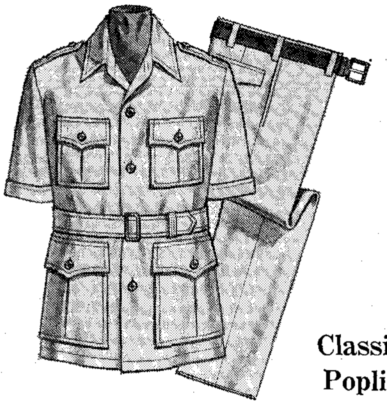


Bred and owned by Arthur A. Seeligson, Jr., a San Antonio oil, cattle, and investments executive, who has been in racing eight years or so, mostly in California, Avatar is an upstanding chestnut colt by Graustark out of Brown Berry, and there's a look about him that reminds you of his sire. He is trained by Tommy Doyle, who still has much of the brogue he brought over from Dublin and The Curragh, where he broke into racing. Doyle's first job in this country was with Yancey Christmas, one of Maryland's celebrated Christmas brothers, who, he says, taught him a lot. He also says that he knew the first time he laid eyes on him that Avatar was a classic horse. Avatar won only one of his four starts at two, but he was a star at Santa Anita, winning the Santa Anita Derby there shortly before running second to Foolish Pleasure in the Kentucky Derby. (There are those who maintain that if he and Diabolo hadn't bumped the way they did at Churchill Downs they would have run one-two.) In the Preakness, he had no racing luck again, finishing fifth. His share of the $193,600 Belmont purse was $116,160.

Foolish Pleasure ran the same game, hard-going race he ran in the Wood, the Derby, and the Preakness, but he isn't the picture horse he was earlier in the season, and he was very much on edge while he was being saddled. Master Derby, the Preakness winner, had no excuses, either. Smiley Adams, who trains him, was very unhappy when the track dried out so much after the cloudburst that stopped the races the day before. Master Derby, you know, is quite a mudlark. Though everybody thought the track was fast, it couldn't have been, because the Belmont was run in 2:28⅕—four seconds and a tick slower than Secretariat's time. Or maybe these three-year-olds are slower. Diabolo went as far as he could, and Prince Thou Art, my pick on looks, was never in the picture. By the way, ask your computer, "Name me a race in which each of the first six runners had won a Derby earlier in the season."

Belmont Park had a big day, too. Blessed by real June weather, a crowd of 60,321 had the time of its life, incidentally betting $6,478,115 in the tote. The OTB shops around town took in $2,442,589, of which $1,649,591 was bet on the Belmont.

ENGLAND'S Derby Stakes had its hundred-and-ninety-sixth running earlier in the week. Eighteen colts and a filly started over the up-and-down-hill, mile-and-a-half course at Epsom, at the end of which a colt named Grundy led the field home by three lengths. Nobiliary, the filly, was second, and Hunza Dancer, an American-bred, was third. The stunning disappointment of the race was Nijinsky's son Green Dancer, who is the best of his age in France and was the 3–2 favorite. He finished sixth. Grundy, by Great Nephew out of Word from Lundy, was unbeaten last year and was well fancied until he was kicked in the head by another horse while training early this spring. He got over that well enough to win the Irish 2,000 Guineas. He is owned by Dr. Carlo Vittadini, whose Orange Bay won the Italian Derby shortly before the Epsom Derby. How lucky can an owner get? —AUDAX MINOR



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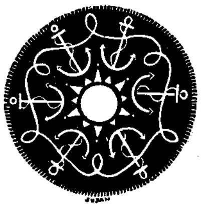
DANCING

Through the Looking Glass

THE New York City Ballet's Ravel series didn't include a ballet to "Miroirs" (although two excerpts from that suite were danced), but mirrors were a theme nonetheless—especially on the final program. The left-right symmetry of the dances in Balanchine's "Le Tombeau de Couperin," in which the company is divided into Left Quadrille and Right Quadrille; the multiple refractions of the corps in the "Rapsodie Espagnole;" "Gaspard de la Nuit," with a variety of scenic elements actually composed of mirrors that bounced light into the audience; Jerome Robbins' "Chansons Madécasses," composed for a white couple whose movements are duplicated by a black couple. I doubt if any of this was intended as a motif by the makers of the festival, but the coincidences do suggest a pattern in the responsiveness of the visual mind to Ravel's music, and it isn't necessary to go back to the mirror of Death in "La Valse" to see how this strain of visual implication may be entirely reasonable even though it isn't clear. Things are often like that in ballet; one accepts a kind of dream logic in what one sees. The "mirrors" in Ravel are more than an ornament but less than a conceit; though they may haunt the imagination, they do not trouble the intellect, and since it's an imaginative world we enter when we go to the ballet, the fact that we are unable to formulate their meanings only strengthens their power to affect us.



I will leave to those who cannot accept this last statement the problem of puzzling out the meaning of Robbins' "Chansons Madécasses." The whole ballet seems to turn on the text of the second of the "Songs of the Madagasque," which deals with racist abominations, and the dark-skinned and dark-clothed couple is evidently there to indicate something suspect about the white couple. But what? Bad conscience, sexual hypocrisy, racial guilt? Robbins' mirror images don't come from the world of ballet or of Ravel; they come from the world of Edward Albee. Doubling the roles in a pas de deux and casting the doubles as blacks is a playwright's, not a choreographer's, idea, and a corny one at that. Not involving the two couples is astute corn. The audience for the Ravel festival probably included a lot of people who prefer acting to dancing—who like ballets that make you think. I never saw a good ballet that made me think. But in Robbins' ballet there's no way to think even if one wants to. The only reason one can't formulate a meaning for what he has put on the stage is that there isn't any.

In the middle scene of "Gaspard de la Nuit" ("The Gibbet"), some black-bandaged figures hang slowly swaying at the ends of ropes. Two of them struggle in a tortuous and obscure way to make love while processions, cowled and draped, cross the stage holding hand mirrors. The other scenes are not as interesting or as succinct. I have no great objection to the flashy décor, by the French designer Bernard Daydé; the materials and workmanship are first-rate. But Balanchine now seems beyond the steadfast chic of Paris and its appetite for morbid pleasantries. "Gaspard" gives us a taste of Les Ballets 1933. However, Balanchine isn't re-creating what that sort of thing was all about, he's just indicating. Perhaps I could have enjoyed the whole piece more if "Ivesiana" hadn't been revived earlier this season. Next to its flat, equivocal terror, "Gaspard" looks frail, melodramatic, and out of touch.

Mirror oppositions are central to "Le Tombeau de Couperin," Balanchine's setting of Ravel's eighteenth-century-style court dances. Symmetrical repeats and reversals are an elaborate form of courtesy; intricacy in the figures tests everyone equally. The four dances are performed by a double octet: two sets of four couples each. Not until the third dance does the invisible mirror partition between the sets break down. Followed for its ritual changes, the ballet is fascinating, but the narrow rhythms continuing straight through to the end of each piece keep punctuating those changes in a way that makes them seem sadly inevitable. The mirror maze is a lovely bauble but a claustrophobe's nightmare.

The "Rapsodie Espagnole" is a musical trap of a different construction: a theatrical fantasy of the concert hall. Although it is pictorial music of the most imaginative kind, its images are like mental movies—impractically paced for choreography. Until Balanchine staged it, I wouldn't have believed it could be made into a ballet. Even Balanchine doesn't quite bring it off; the explosive rhythms of the Feria are a little too short-breathed to let him expand the finale to a full-scale sizzling climax, the shifting tone-poem contrasts tend to look fitful and edgy on the stage, and there's an awkward moment at the end of the Habañera, which is set as a pas de deux, when the dancers, subsiding from their tango, have no cover for their exit. But Balanchine is at his most insistent and resourceful; he works at the piece as if it were the first one he'd ever made, and just because the material is so recalcitrant his superb craftsmanship is the more exposed—you can see him preparing his effects, hovering in discreet withdrawals or holding actions, then pouncing in a massed attack. The fun of the ballet is in the suspense of its strategy, in watching Balanchine maneuver. The marvel of it is that so much of it works as a *stage* fantasy; even the edginess becomes at times wonderfully suspenseful. And with music this tricky to handle—and this familiar—the decision to make the ballet not high serious art but wittily ersatz art seems entirely appropriate. The "Rapsodie" is pop Balanchine—Hollywood Spanish; spectral and glamorous, it looks like the most expensive entertainment available at some oasis of a resort hotel.

Balanchine loads the stage with those long-stemmed nymphs of his and arrays them in open, steady poses, balances, and splits to the floor. The girls of the corps de ballet are the heart of the piece, and never have they danced more scrupulously. The opening sequence, with them all spread out in diagonals and one by one converting écarté positions into closed and then open croisés, is like a redoing of the opening of the "Symphony in Three Movements" (also a corps piece); this time, everybody gets it right. Karin von Aroldingen dances scrupulously, too, but apart from some languid hand and arm gestures that recall "La Valse" her role is little more than a projection of the corps. Peter Schaufuss has a more brilliant role and shows off some Baryshnikov-style steps, but neither he nor Nolan T'Sani, as the tango partner, seems to know what kind of presence is called for. Harlequin makeup or a carnival mask might help Schaufuss become the spirit of fiesta, and probably T'Sani should wear a domino—it's that kind of part. The costumes, by Michael Avedon, are boleros and short ruffled dresses in turquoise and black, while the men wear black body tights with touches of turquoise and green. Ronald Bates has achieved his best lighting of the festival—a look of the high desert at dusk.

In Balanchine's "Tzigane," there was and there can only be Suzanne Farrell. With no one else could this florid gypsy-violin rhapsody find so comfortable a home in the theatre. The first half, scored for solo violin, becomes a five-minute dance solo that touches a new height in contemporary virtuoso performance. Farrell's dancing is a seamless flow, and to isolate certain effects is to give a false picture of what she does, but there were moments in this performance that stopped my breath: a high, motionless piqué balance lightly stepped into from nowhere, a headlong plunge into arabesque penchée effortlessly held as she turned over to face the sky, chaîné turns changing speed, some marvellous in-place pirouettes (triples!) slowing to an insolent balance-finish, which she executed with her hands cupping her head. But so subtle is Farrell's dance instinct that half the time she seems only to be standing there, turning from side to side, slipping quickly onto or off point, and now and then, in a playful deformation of a czardas step, turning in her toes. The daredevil feats pass without a murmur from the audience. Then, after all this dream dancing, she goes on and finishes the piece with a masterful Peter Martins and a wholly extraneous ensemble.

There were three other ballets on this heavy program. Balanchine's choreography for Patricia McBride to "Pavane pour une Infante Défunte" was, curiously, a miss. Robbins' "Un Barque sur l'Ocean" made five boys look sweetly pretty. Jacques d'Amboise's "Sarabande and Danse" was recital stuff, with Colleen Neary performing willingly but wildly. The Ravel festival, which everyone expected so little from, has turned out rather well. Of sixteen premières, there were five that deserve to enter the repertory: "Rapsodie Espagnole," "Tzigane," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "Sonatine"—all by Balanchine—and "Ma Mère l'Oye," by Robbins. Perhaps also Robbins' "Concerto in G," and certainly, if the right conditions for performing it can be found, "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges." "Gaspard de la Nuit" will probably be around for another season or two. At a maximum, that gives us eight out of sixteen tries, which is a better average than the eight out of twenty-one ballets that remain from the Stravinsky Festival of three years ago.

—ARLENE CROCE

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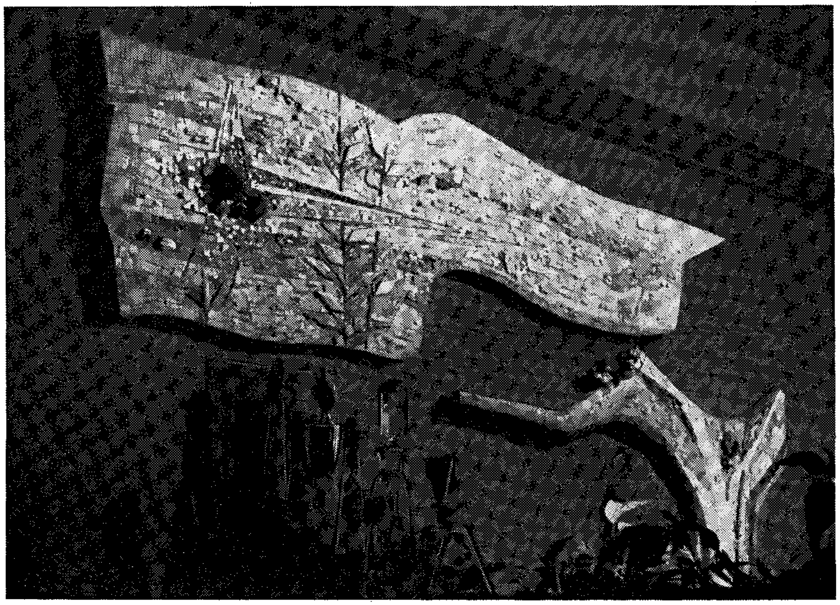

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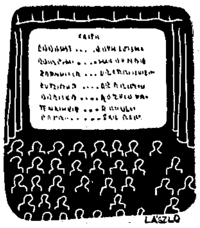
THE CURRENT CINEMA

"Love and Death" and "Nashville"



Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is named "Love and Death," a coupling of big concepts that says at once where the story is set. We are obviously going to be in the land of "War and Peace," of "Crime and Punishment," of "Fathers and Sons," though we turn out to be not really so much in Russia as in Russian literature. It is a literature seen through Woody Allen's unique prism of the grandiose but hesitant, as if it were being read by a student racked by anxieties about both the afterlife and the common cold. Mr. Allen, who wrote and directed the film, plays a nineteenth-century Russian named Boris. The weedy hero, swamped in progressively madder and longer-haired furs, which he begins to wear at breakfast, spends the picture surveying the course of his life in the best manner of his birthplace. His narration on the sound track is full of aperçus about agony and of manic confidences about his inmost yearnings; for nineteenth-century Russians, to publish a memoir was to sack a soul.

Boris's father is well heeled. This causes his sensitive son great hardship. The family, Boris tells us, has always had both a summer and a winter estate. The old boy, being a complete nut, also owns another piece of soil, which he carries around with him. It is a smallish sod, easily kept in a pocket. He reveals later in the film that he is planning to build a guesthouse on it. "With a little, little swimming pool, for fleas?" his radical son fills in, paying as much attention to the visions of rich dodderers as he can muster. Perhaps Boris has been sickened of the grand life by the fact that his father plainly needs a padded room of his own more sorely than a guesthouse. Anyway, though Boris is highborn enough to talk sonorously about having had his first experience of death from a serf, he nourishes furtive liberal leanings and tends in extremity to disguise himself as a waiter. The *luxe* of his beautiful floppy blouses is an embarrassment to him, you feel, like the matter of his breeding. He gives you the impression that in modern times he would cleave by nature to the anonymous clothes of a college kid plagued by bookish worries; his true class is not a nobleman's but the class of St. Petersburg 1798. We see his very Slavic preoccupations already troubling him when the film shows us the embodiment of him at the age of twelve, played by an earnest-looking, skinny child with the name Alfred Lutter III, which sounds as if it were made up by Woody Allen to give the boy a sense of security. The young Boris, looking charmingly like his brilliant, nervous aftermath, asks what happens when we die, and whether there are girls. The adult Boris, boasting in a throwaway voice of having grown to full manhood, but looking only slightly older and no less skinny than Alfred Lutter III, has the same unanswered questions on his mind. Living as he does in an extremely Russian setting of relatives and metaphysics, he reminisces on the sound track about Uncle Nikolai and his wonderful laugh (a shot of a bellowing man with a face like an adenoidal dolphin); confides that he lately had a strange dream (a shot of a number of upended coffins on a long lawn, with waiters rushing out of them in a kitchen temper before decorously dancing together); and conducts talkative scenes of passion with Sonja, his cousin twice removed. (She is played by the vividly alert Diane Keaton, one of the few witty women in public life so far who have managed also to be clowns without feeling unconsciously bound to mock themselves.) Sonja, says Boris, concealing his natural uncertainty beneath dash, is an incredibly complex woman. He treats his beloved as if she were a brainy sophomore with whom he dreams of being wonderfully unhappy on a run-down estate full of discontented serfs, pickled beets, and sexy duologues about the epistemological questions of the universe. The word "epistemological" is one that fascinates them both. Sonja, an idyllic beauty with her hair drawn back in an early activist bun, suggests with interest that the quickest analysis of her complexity would be to say that she's half saint, half whore. "Here's hoping I get the half that eats," says Boris, not caring which. The way the idea is built and wrecked is very much the method of the beautifully hilarious film: some piece of high-flying talk, veiling considerable tentativeness, will characteristically collapse into a piece of surreal common sense about looking out for No. 1.

Both love and death represent questions of glorious and appetizing pain to the High Romantic and bespectacled Boris, who approaches them with a surging soul and a rather testy intellect. In the case of love, his general approach is that it is by nature and privilege agonizing but that sex is underrated. Sonja tells him that sex without love is an empty experience. He feels that, as empty experiences go, it's not bad. Boris has a fine empty time with a posh and farcically beautiful countess (Olga Georges-Picot), except that he nearly missed it because she didn't express herself clearly enough for his lucid taste when she was making the assignation. "My room at midnight," she said. "Perfect," he said. Pause. "Will you be there, too?" The film often makes the point that, where lustful intent is concerned, clarity is all. A man impersonating Napoleon says to Sonja, "Shall we to bed?" Entirely confused, as Boris would be, she asks, "Shall we *what* to bed?" She was meant for Boris by Heaven. When the duality of Mind and Body comes up, Boris is a great respecter of Mind, which you can feel him confusing at defeated moments with the severely educated Sonja, but he is forced to notice that Body has all the fun, and he sometimes wishes that Sonja and he would stop their philosophy exchanges and have it, too.

Boris is deterred in love by a severe case of hypochondria ("an ulcer condition" and herpes). He is equivalently deterred in war by pacifism. To his loutishly brave family, who egg him on to fight Napoleon, he correctly describes himself as a militant coward. He vehemently does not care at all for killing people, and he is not in the slightest persuaded by current jingoistic talk about the dangers of the French invading Russia with all their rich sauces. He can't pull a trigger on a man he thinks is Napoleon; he can't take it in that a battle prospect strewn with corpses is a scene of anything worse than the results of Army cooking; and his only successful dealing with a weapon is as ammunition, in a stylishly shot combat sequence in which he plays a human cannonball. The Napoleonic battle scenes—wonderfully photographed by Ghislain Cloquet so that they look like Goyas (and rivalled in beauty only by a dinner-table scene in which the exquisite Sonja snores while her first, pre-Boris, clinker husband talks about herring)—are characteristically interrupted by the sight of a flock of charming sheep on the battlefield. The shot comes right in the middle of brilliant military photography and corresponds emotionally to the shot of the bewildered Pierre at Borodino in the

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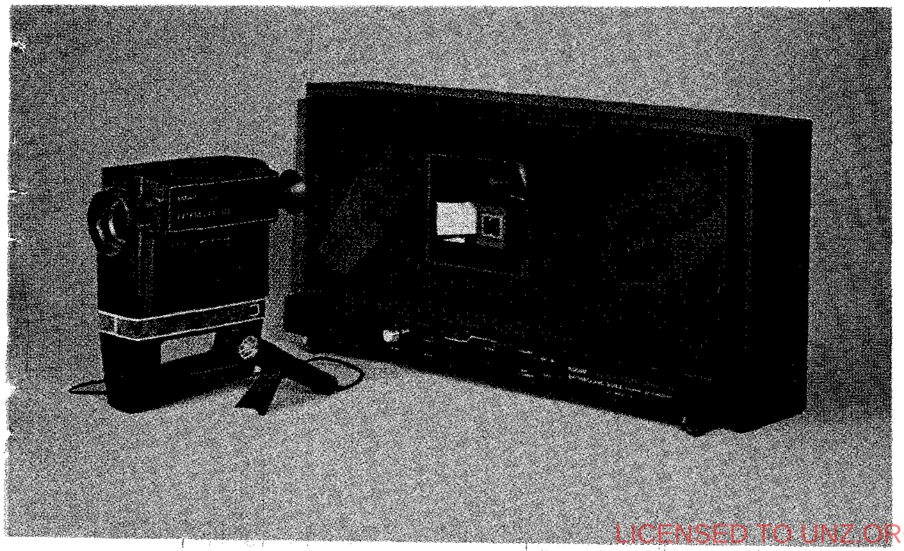

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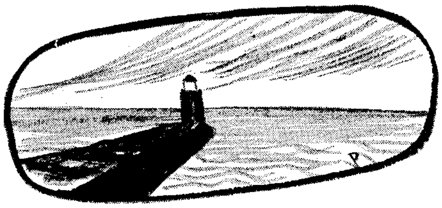
Soviet "War and Peace." Boris's dislike of killing comes from his dislike of tangling with absolutes. Death, as far as he can tell, is an absolute, though he reserves the right to be wrong about the nonexistence of God. As he says to Sonja, suppose he blew his brains out and then read in the papers that there was something up there. Pressed to murder for Russia's sake, he asks himself what Socrates would say. The thought of Socrates leads him back to the safe terrain of nonviolent illogic: "A: Socrates was a man. B: All men are mortal. C: Therefore all men are Socrates." Boris must spend a lot of his life climbing out of the pit of false syllogisms: it is probably the exercise for which Sonja marries him, and lives with him in a shack in the snow, dedicated as she is to having arguments with him about St. Thomas Aquinas when she isn't cooking economical sleet recipes.

Woody Allen and Diane Keaton have become an unbeatable new team at pacing haywire intellectual backchat. Their style together works as if each of them were a less mock-assertive Groucho Marx with a duplicate of him to play against. For such a recklessly funny film, the impression is weirdly serene. The feeling comes not just from the photography and the editing and the stately Prokofieff music but, more fundamentally, from the cast of Woody Allen's mind. He is the only wit alive who could manage with such easy style the skiddy topics of some of the movie's best jokes. Comedians who deal in sexual uncertainty can be dire, like comedians who trade on pretending to be cowards, because both sorts profit by affecting to have qualities that they secretly despise; but Woody Allen makes haplessness about love seem one of the conditions laid down for loving, much as he makes fear of death seem one of the conditions laid down for living. No one who wasn't petrified by mortality could make a comedy that was so palliatively funny about the straits we inhabit. God, if he exists, is described as an underachiever, presumably because of the Deity's failure to put an end to the anguish that comedy tries to see us through. In a monologue addressed to the audience, Boris says that he is going to run, not walk, through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, so as to get out of it faster. At the end of the film, he has been incredulously executed by French troops, and appears to Sonja outside her window, standing beside Death. Death is a well-built, well-fed figure, a lot taller than his victim, dressed in a white sheet that covers his face, and carrying a scythe. He seems quite affable, given his facelessness, but Boris finds him terrible company. He tells Sonja that the state of death is worse than the chicken at a restaurant they both know. Then there is a long shot of him, through a colonnade of plane trees by a river, doing a Maypole dance with Death. It is a scene of peculiar carnival respite, like the experience of watching the whole movie. "Love and Death" strikes me as majestically funny: the most shapely piece of cinema that Woody Allen has yet made, and one of comedy's hardiest ripostes to extinction.

ROBERT ALTMAN'S "Nashville" is about the cement filling in a decayed tooth, about effort annulled by void, about the nothing that comes of nothing. Its twenty-four characters are caught up in the industry of the home town of country-and-Western music, which markets to unrooted people a false impression of belonging to the historic. Transients and fame-clamberers are visible to us here in predicaments that Nashville's promotional idea of itself won't let them perceive: they hear "The Star-Spangled Banner" playing, they see drum majorettes, they sing songs celebrating two hundred years of Americanness and perform in the Grand Ole Opry, and they are ashamed not to feel like oak trees. This is the America their forebears bequeathed them. Their own songs tell them so. But if that's true, why does their purchase on life slip all the time, as if they were trying to plant themselves in pavement? The experience is unexplained, hurtful, but familiar. They know perfectly well that the touted tradition of Nashville is a hole in the air. They know that in its outpourings of bumph about plain talk, deep-country manners, and the leitmotivs of national belonging it is providing them in truth with no idiom, no ethic, and no sense of anything communal. Forced to hide this discrepancy between the heavily merchandised easy stride of the Nashville man and their own gait, which is forced to a scuttle, the visitors and the ambitious newcomers have tantrums, breakdowns, attacks of violence, impulses to break up the fabric of marriages, and spasms of affectation which freeze them in their professional postures of bogus simplicity, as if their own songs were stares from a Gorgon.



When the film begins, a gritty and egomaniacal local celebrity called Haven Hamilton (Henry Gibson) is recording a song that asserts, "We must be doing somethin' right to last two hundred years." Haven is a censorious, dowagerly figure, dressed in a silver-embroidered white suit with trousers carefully cut to disguise the fact that his legs aren't as long as they might be. This is a fact that no one dares to mention; his height is very dear to him, and he has a terrible temper, as we see when he brings it to bear on a young pianist in the studio. Haven has presence without charm. Wearing his spangly suit and his carefully combed sideburns, he looks like a tenth-generation, indoor, run-to-seed descendant of some rodeo rider, whose original bravado and sinew have degenerated into puny matters of ambition and will to self-aggrandizement. "We must be doing somethin' right to last two hundred years" is a lie when he sings the lines, for he knows perfectly well that it is only drive, not any natural rectitude, that enables him to last two minutes.

As the twenty-four characters begin to be drawn together by the experience of the music business, they also begin to be drawn together by Nashville's matching hole in the air: the politicking there on behalf of a Wallacelike candidate called Hal Phillip Walker, representing "the Replacement Party." We never get more than a glimpse of Walker. Thematically, it is not the originator of the political line but his tall, dapper advance man (Michael Murphy) whom the film concentrates on, though we hear some of Walker's cant, often drowned by the noise of airplanes or speedway cars or the very country music that he wants to use to bolster his Tennessee chances. His proposals, which are so many bees in the bonnet, include a new national anthem, the abolition of lawyers in government (particularly in Congress), the abolition of the Electoral College, the abolition of subsidies to farmers. He addresses his audiences as "fellow taxpayers and stockholders of America." Everything he stands for has to do with the power of money. The invisible deluding voice believes exceedingly in the Americanness of push, which is an idea that passes muster nationally in a good many places if the word "push" is changed to "individualism." He says in a relayed scrap of oratory, "The Lord is not going to do the replacing, and the powers that

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be are not going to replace themselves." But if his party is to do the replacing, what is it to replace? And replace with what? He doesn't go into it. He just remarks, in a voice suggesting a key political point, that there is truth in the old saying that there's no such thing as a free lunch. "Nashville" is a film about fatuous words parading as home truths, about the drive to succeed substituting for love of work, about surfaces passing themselves off as bedrock, about raw and buffeted people conning themselves into thinking they are bastions supported by history. What history? We see the edifice that caused Nashville to be called "The Athens of the South": a confection of slightly Greek columns, put up in the thirties.

If a few of the symbols of "Nashville" seem trite or shallow, its ordaining presence tells us that it is realized with vital mastery and firmness. Altman's long new film—it runs over two and a half hours—will be remembered and honored less for its intellectual content than for its technical and emotional reach. Its intellectual content is simple and rather unctuous, especially in its windily familiar equation of pop-star worship with the Presidential system, and in its theory about the reasons for political assassination in America. The killing of a hugely popular singer at the open-air concert ending the picture is a climax that—coming as it does after a deliberately inchoate mass of footage specifically designed to explore character rather than to expound plot—seems aesthetically false. The climax appears to tidy up the loose ends, but they are not really the ends we were left with. It seems important to make these points; it's more important, though, to say that technically and emotionally the film is a crowning work and a harbinger. This is one of the ways that films will go, and Altman will have been the first to be there. He uses every tool at his disposal, including, especially, his own experience in having made "M*A*S*H," "Brewster McCloud," "McCabe & Mrs. Miller," "Thieves Like Us," and "California Split;" and he develops the possibilities of improvisation with unmatched invention and point, covering the takes with multi-track recording systems and with a large number of cameras going at once, so that no good accident of post-Stanislavskian acting is lost.

Improvisation is famous in the profession for its dangers as well as for its splendors. The greatest danger is born of the fact that actors don't write as well as writers. There are scenes in "Nashville" that simply run on too long, into elaboration or awkwardness or gush, including a scene in which an old man played by Keenan Wynn—otherwise a fine and dignified actor—hears that his wife has died, and a scene of a flailing argument on a concert platform between a pop star's possessive manager-husband (Allen Garfield) and Hal Phillip Walker's advance man. There is also a disastrously conceived parody of a chatty BBC interviewer in a hat (Geraldine Chaplin), which ineptly takes on targets of hauteur and archness that have been more skillfully shot at for decades by more knowledgeable people, including the Goons and the "Beyond the Fringe" team, and coming right up to "Monty Python's Flying Circus." The girl introduces herself as "Opal, of the British Broadcasting Company," combining a slip about her professionalism with a mistake about a fact in a way that is comparable to an American board chairman abroad introducing himself as "Hank, of Trans World Airplanes." The screenplay of the film is by Joan Tewkesbury, who collaborated with Altman on the screenplay for his "Thieves Like Us." Faults like the dopey Opal—not the intelligent Miss Chaplin's fault, as far as one can guess—are less important than the dozens of splendid situations that the script offers to Altman's cast. The actors are the best collection he has ever used. They include many of the people one has come to think of as his repertory company, topped up by some brilliant newcomers to it. Barbara Harris plays a little drifter determined to make it as a singer in Nashville; dressed in a miniskirt and carrying a straw bag decorated with two large pieces of artificial fruit, she movingly hangs about a stage door in the hope of meeting a singer who will give her a chance piece of help, and keeps her poise in the face of much humiliation from the stage-doorkeeper. In the big final scene, which is rightly hers, she takes over the stage in the emergency after the assassination and carries the crowd with her by sheer, jarred courage. The number she belts out is called—with a misleading jauntiness typical of the film's theme—"It Don't Worry Me," but Miss Harris lets us know that the girl she is playing is very worried indeed. The lyrics and music of the song are by Keith Carradine, who also acts in the picture as Tom, a vain young stud who viciously seizes a telephone to speak to some girl or other so as to punish a young woman a great deal less casual than he is for having the purposefulness to say that she must go back home now to her family. It is a good setup for a good scene. The young woman is played by Lily Tomlin, most famous up to now for "Laugh-In," and for her wonderfully steady comic impersonations on records and in night clubs: especially her creation of a stuffy-nosed, contralto-voiced little girl of five and a half. Miss Tomlin's performance in "Nashville" is her first straight piece of acting, and it is quite marvellous. In a scene with the character's two deaf children, and in a late-night dive, where she amazes herself by going to be picked up by Tom, and, later, in bed with him, where she teaches him a few words of sign language, and tries to like smoking, Miss Tomlin commands the whole screen through the attentiveness and affection in her long, clever face. The assassinated singer, called Barbara Jean, is played by Ronee Blakley. Like many of the cast, she wrote her own lyrics and music. Barbara Jean is a shy, scared girl who wears white dresses for concerts and who paints her fingernails when she is in a hospital room recovering from a nervous faint. Miss Blakley suggests a great deal going on behind the childlike behavior. In the scene of the fingernail painting, she implies that the character is doing it not so much to blot out the sound on the radio of her replacement singer as to help her to deal with the fact that her porcine manager-husband, who knows all too well how to manipulate her, is hurting her by listening so intently. There is an extraordinary piece of acting by Miss Blakley when Barbara Jean falters to a stop on a concert stage after singing two numbers and begins to chatter uncontrollably to the audience. One barely understands at first what is happening. Her collapse is a piercing depiction of a particular American temperament driven to its particular limits, which is what much of the sensibility of "Nashville" is about.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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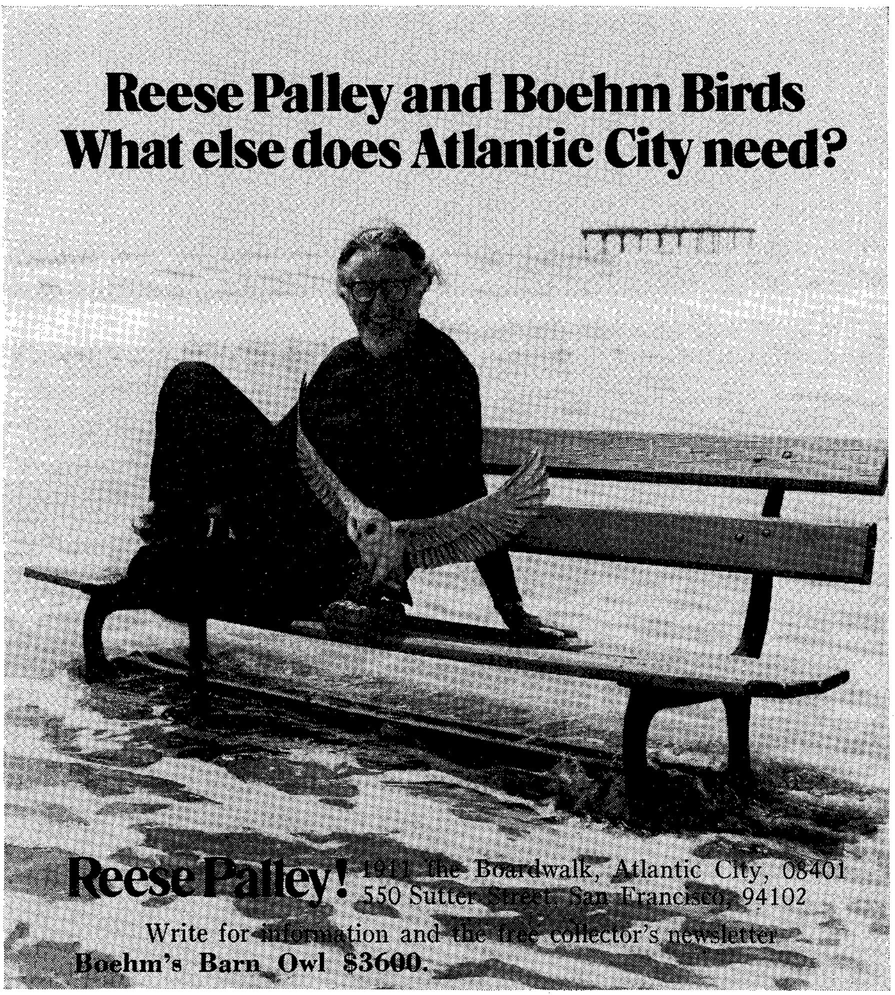

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AROUND CITY HALL

Crisis and Credibility

IN recent years at City Hall, the weeks between mid-May and late June have been the season of the annual budget crisis—a heavy-breathing affair noted for its mathematical subplots, mayoral ultimatums, dissolves to the borough presidents, segues to the City Council leaders, pauses for station identification while all forces regroup, and statistical coups. Just before the last possible date on which the City Charter decrees that the new budget must be passed, everything is suddenly resolved, in the manner of a soap opera that has been abruptly cancelled. Hundred-million-dollar discrepancies magically disappear, unreconcilable differences are reconciled, all loose ends of the plot are tied together in middle-of-the-night conferences, and the resulting package—ragged, ill-shaped, and bursting at the seams with accruals, rollovers, prepayments, and raids on rainy-day funds—is declared to be the balanced budget that the Charter requires, and is voted into law, to be publicly forgotten until the next budget crisis, the following spring. This time, of course, the plot line was rather different. The 1974-75 budget began noticeably coming apart as early as last September, exposing many of its most ungainly discrepancies. Seriatim announcements of emergency measures to get the current budget back into some semblance of balance led to the realization that what Mayor Beame called his "austerity budget" for the next fiscal year, which begins July 1st, would have a vast deficit. On April 22nd, Beame put the figure at six hundred forty-one and a half million dollars, and soon afterward New Yorkers also discovered that the city didn't have the cash to pay off a billion dollars in short-term notes falling due before the end of the fiscal year, not to mention another two billion it would have to come up with in July and August. Before the end of the fiscal year, without further emergency measures, the city would have to default on its obligations for the first time in history. The annual budget show began to sound less like the soaps than like high drama, with even a prospect of tragedy. Yet, despite the fact that the city's proposed new budget came to twelve billion sixty-eight million dollars—second only to that of the federal government—the atmosphere at City Hall has been oddly reminiscent of what one might encounter in the working quarters of a small businessman whose financial condition has deteriorated to the point where the term "bankruptcy" is being spoken aloud all over town but no one says it within hearing of the principal. (Bankruptcy is "not even anything I would think about," Mayor Beame told Sam Roberts, of the *News*, late in May.) As the situation grows worse each day, the boss puts the best possible face on things, abetted by his trusty assistants (viewed as the trustiest in Beame's organization is James Cavanagh, for eleven years Beame's co-worker in the Bureau of the Budget, his close ally in the eight years when Beame was city comptroller, and First Deputy Mayor since Beame took office, in January of 1974). Resisting all expert advice, on the ground that nobody knows their line as they do, they spend their time publicly blaming the crowd they took over the business from, dirty work by the competition, and the uncoöperative attitude of friends or chance acquaintances who won't acknowledge their obligation to help, even when they're reminded that not helping will have an adverse effect on their own bank balances. There has been little time lately for frivolity at City Hall, but if there had been any whistling in the marble corridors a suitable melody might have been "I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store." In "Abie's Irish Woes," this year's version of the annual musical spoof put on by local political reporters, one of the hit scenes showed Cavanagh singing to that tune, "I got an office next to Abie,/ He's always knocking on my door./ We run a billion-dollar city/ Like a corner candy store."

"The chef would like to compliment you, sir, on the way you put that away."

Last week, of course, the state's new Democratic governor, Hugh Carey—who was said to be disillusioned by the Mayor's insistence that those from whom he was demanding googolian sums should not presume to question his budget figures or his claim of having already made "every possible cut" in city expenses—set in motion a plan to bail the city out. However it was semantically prettied up to save Beame's feelings, it would amount to putting the local government in partial receiver-

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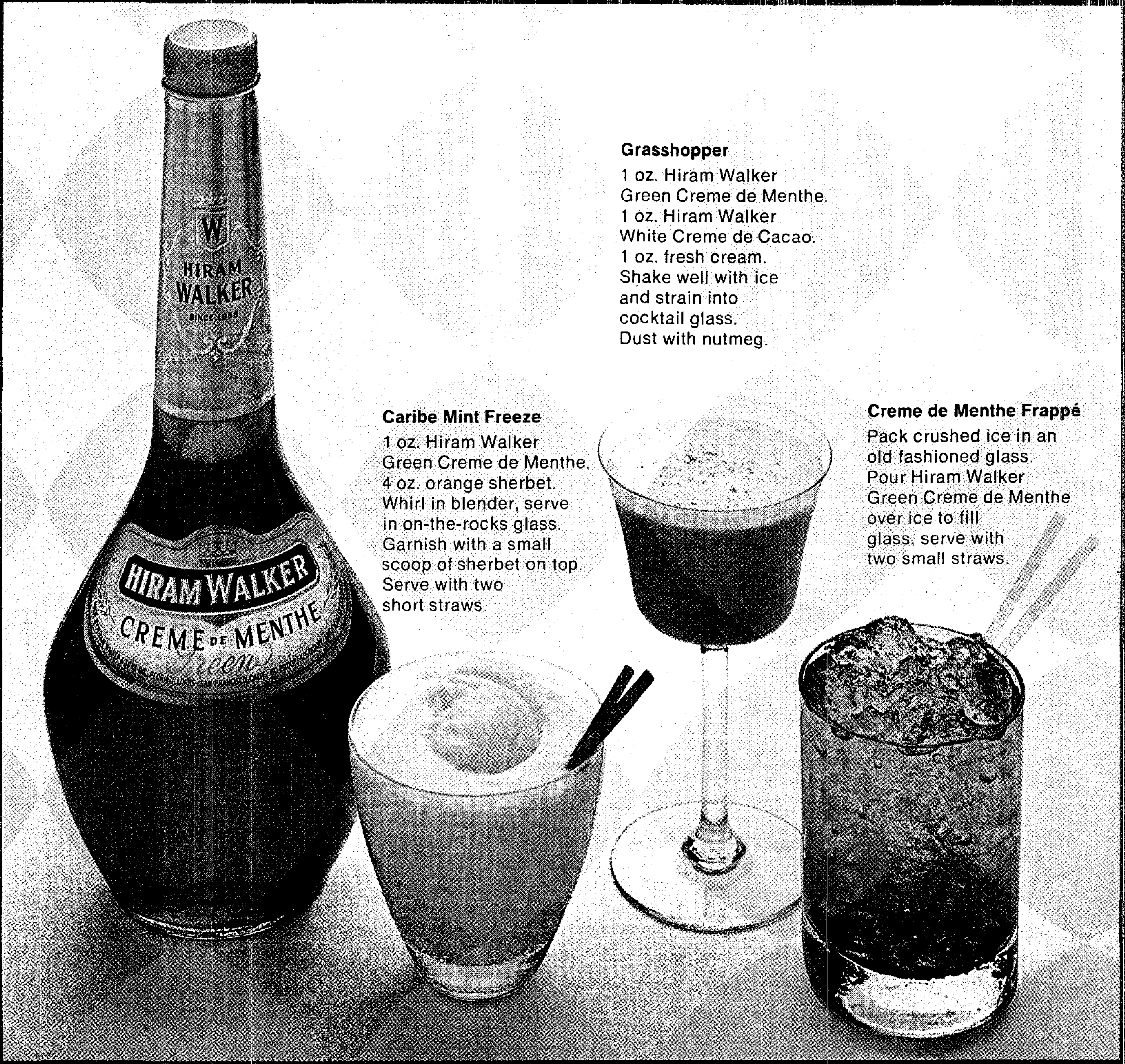

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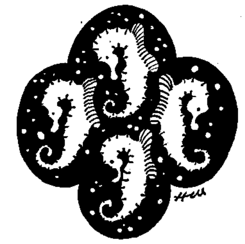
ship. The subsequent pitched battle over whether the city should accept Albany's surrender terms was only the climax of many weeks in which City Hall's preoccupation with its money problems had left almost no time for anything else. One morning late last month, a bearded man on eight-foot stilts, decked out as Uncle Sam, lumbered aimlessly around City Hall Plaza for nearly an hour without attracting anything more than an upward glance until Tony Calvacca, a *Post* photographer from Room 9, the City Hall pressroom, had the bright idea of getting a picture of him peering into Mayor Beame's office window. The caption would have been that the visitor was trying to discover where Beame, who, as comptroller under Mayor Wagner and Mayor Lindsay, was famous for coming up with hidden supplies of city cash at the eleventh hour in past budget crises, had stashed the money this time. But the man on stilts had disappeared, and no one gave him another thought. Since the middle of May, even such events as the Mayagüez crisis, an invasion by local Chinese residents that was said to be the largest City Hall demonstration by one ethnic group in history, a ten-day-long inauguration of the local celebration of the Bicentennial, and a two-day visit by the 1976 Presidential Convention-site-selection committee of the Democratic National Committee have been treated at City Hall as no more than momentary distractions from the current fiscal troubles. On the day last month when most Americans were hanging on the latest news bulletins for word of the Mayagüez rescue, the burning suspense at City Hall was over the chances of an entirely different White House rescue operation: whether or not Washington would help the city float a ninety-day billion-dollar loan to take care of what City Hall likes to call its "cash-flow problem"—a problem created by its borrowing far ahead against future revenues. Everyone knows that some of the revenues, especially real-estate taxes, will never be paid. "That's not cash flow, that's deficit," one Republican legislator in Albany complained, but "deficit" is already in heavy use in other city fiscal connections. The city wasn't asking Washington for a loan, State Senator H. Carl McCall wrote sympathetically in Harlem's *Amsterdam News;* rather, "the Mayor was simply admitting to being temporarily financially embarrassed and asking if he could use the President's credit card for a while." Accompanied by Governor Carey, Beame had gone down to Washington on May 13th and explained the situation personally to President Ford. Ford had agreed to give the city an answer by 4 P.M. the next day, but it was only a few hours after the New Yorkers left that the President was making the decision to recapture the Mayagüez and bomb Cambodia, so he missed the deadline, and, while this was understandable, the logic of the affair didn't improve the spirits of what is popularly known as the Beame team. (The Mayagüez rescue wasn't entirely ignored at City Hall. In midmorning, City Councilwoman Miriam Friedlander, who represents Manhattan's lower East Side, issued a press release that read, "I have sent the following telegram to President Ford: 'Shocked at irresponsible reopening of Indo-Chinese War. Urge immediate cessation and withdrawal and convert war funds to emergency urban aid.' ") Then, five hours later, as Beame was attending a political dinner, he received Ford's message: the President had turned the city down and suggested that the Mayor look to Albany for help. Beame, in a speech at the dinner, angrily accused the President of caring less about the eight million people of the city than about the stockholders of Lockheed (to whom he had lent his credit card), and if the big news of the night hadn't been the latest development in the financial crisis it would surely have been the Mayor's uncharacteristically rude tone. In his sixteen and a half months in office, the Mayor and his staff had frequently called attention to the amiable relationship that prevailed between him and the heads of government in both Washington and Albany, as opposed to the way things were under John Lindsay, his more combative predecessor, and last December, in year-end interviews, Beame invariably listed this intergovernmental amity as one of his significant accomplishments. The President's message, however, had declared that the financial problems of the city had not been "squarely faced;" and the rejection, of course, brought closer the possibility that the city might ignominiously default on its debts this year, for the first time—and in the regime of Abe Beame, the financial magician. "Ninety-nine per cent of his ego is wrapped up around his fiscal knowledge," a member of Beame's staff told



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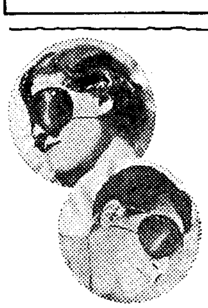

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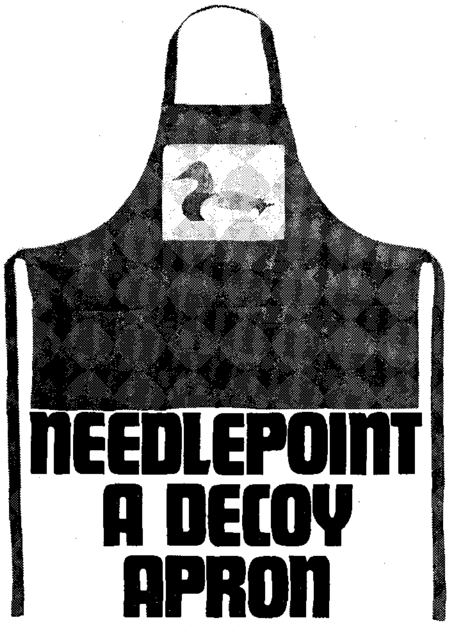

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the *Post* reporter George Arzt last summer. “If you attack that, that soft, genteel man turns into a tiger and will rip your hide off.” At the political dinner, Governor Carey’s words for Ford, his old colleague in the House of Representatives, had been even angrier than Beame’s, but a few nights later he took a different tack. “When Jerry Ford was playing football, he was never able to keep his mind on two things at once,” he said. “So this time he got mixed up. He rescued in Cambodia and bombed New York.”

LAST week’s demonstrations at City Hall over the proposed new budget cuts were only a continuation of what has been going on since the first retrenchments were tentatively announced, last November. In the months since, the concern inside City Hall over the consequences of the city’s troubled finances has been reflected on its doorstep. Each of the Mayor’s widely headlined announcements of proposed reductions in personnel and services has brought crowds of distraught, sign-bearing citizens to lower Broadway to protest that, no matter what the city’s financial predicament, their imposition was “unthinkable.” This preoccupation with the budget crisis outside as well as inside City Hall has been so steady that there was an air almost of surprise last month when some twenty-five hundred residents marched over from nearby Chinatown to register their protest on an entirely different issue—one that, at least to headline addicts, seemed almost to be left over from another decade: police brutality. The incident that set off the demonstration was the alleged beating two weeks earlier of a twenty-seven-year-old Chinese engineer inside the Fifth Precinct station after a dispute over a traffic accident. A week later, on May 19th, the Chinatown demonstrators were back, in even greater force. On that day, though, most of the coming and going from City Hall was through the back door, as reporters and officials checked at intervals on how things were going at the Municipal Building, across Centre Street, where Comptroller Harrison J. Goldin was meeting in his office with representatives of the city’s most powerful banks. It was the banks, of course, that had brought the financial crisis to a head. Beginning late in 1974, they had demonstrated their lack of faith in the city’s fiscal soundness by declining to buy its short-term notes except at disastrously high interest. Then, on May 17th, a two-hundred-and-eighty-million-dollar note issue set for the nineteenth had been hastily cancelled after the city learned that no bank would enter a bid at any interest rate, and Goldin was trying to persuade the bankers to enter a joint bid to save the city from defaulting on obligations that would come due between May 30th and June 6th. Meanwhile, however, the visitors in front of City Hall were in no danger of being ignored. This time, they numbered a record-breaking ten thousand, and they were demanding the transfer out of Chinatown’s Fifth Precinct of Captain Edward McCabe, whom they blamed not only for having brought about the hostile relationship between police and Chinatown residents but also for having told television reporters after the first City Hall demonstration, “We’ve been working on illegal gambling, and there may be some resentment”—a remark that, according to Man Bun Lee, Chinatown’s unofficial mayor, implied that all the Chinese in the city were criminals. Eventually, six leaders of the demonstration were escorted into City Hall, where Cavanagh and Police Commissioner Michael Codd assured them that their demand would be considered.

Thus, leaders of the Beame team, as they turned back to their budget computations, faced a further dilemma. They could refuse to transfer McCabe, thus angering an increasingly militant local ethnic group, or they could transfer him, thus further angering the leaders of the Patrolmen’s Benevolent Association, the policemen’s union, with whom the city was already locked in mortal combat over proposed layoffs to help resolve the budget crisis. Fortunately, most of the Chinese demonstrators cleared out by midafternoon, so that a Washington visitor—Frank C. Herringer, the Urban Mass Transportation Administrator—could come in by the front door to deliver a check for eighty-seven and a half million dollars, which was due the city under the 1974 National Mass Transportation Assistance Act. In accordance with an amendment to that act which was proposed by the Mayor and is widely known as the “Beame shuffle,” the city could use the money for operating expenses. For the occasion, the Mayor’s staff had prepared a two-by-three-foot mockup of the check for the Mayor to pose with, but by the time Herringer arrived it was almost three o’clock, and, mindful of his reputation for keeping a careful watch on the city’s pennies, Beame didn’t prolong the ceremony. “Get the real check over to the bank before three o’clock or we’ll lose between twelve and thirteen thousand dollars' interest," he told his staff, to affectionate laughter. Since the arrival of the check was the one cheerful development in a long series of dismal events (more of the same were to come), few had the heart to point out that the eighty-seven and a half million dollars is, in a way, a symbol of what brought the city to its present plight, representing, as it does, the use of capital funds for current expenses, which will require borrowing at high interest when the money must be returned. By the terms of the National Mass Transportation Assistance Act, within the next fiscal year the eighty-seven and a half million, which will have long since been used to maintain the politically all-important thirty-five-cent subway fare, must be restored to the city's allotment for transit construction, thus unbalancing even further a future city budget—if, as the doomsayers would put it, there is a future city to need a future budget.

INCLUDED in the bad news Beame got between his receipt of the Presidential rejection and his receipt of the welcome check was Secretary of the Treasury William Simon's announcement that the effect of a default by the city would be "negligible," which shot down the Mayor's arguing point that federal and state agencies and the financial community must help the city out because of the damaging effect that a default would have on the national financial market. The next day, when the Mayor turned to Albany, as the President had proposed—presumably, the idea of the Republican Administration had been to put the Democratic governor on the spot—Carey indicated a desire to be helpful, but only if the Legislature's Republicans were willing to raise taxes to finance such assistance, so that the state wouldn't have to engage in further deficit financing itself and end up in the same pickle the city was in. The answer from the Republican Majority Leader of the State Senate, Warren Anderson, of Binghamton, was firmly in the negative. Although the Democrats won control of both the governorship and the State Assembly in the November election, any legislation can be blocked by the still Republican Senate. Of the proposal to give what most upstate Republicans regard as the profligate Democratic city more state aid or taxing powers, Anderson said, "I can only liken it to someone addicted to heroin. Do you really help him by giving him more?" The city's banks and the President's economic advisers in Washing-

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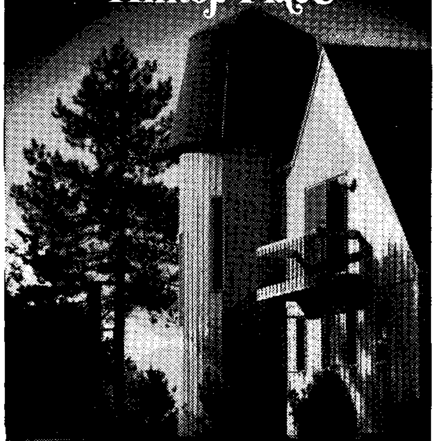

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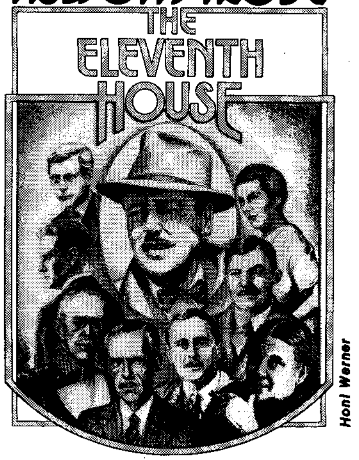

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ton had complained that Beame had failed to demonstrate an understanding of the seriousness of the city's condition by making significant reductions in city expenses, and Anderson made the same complaint. In Albany, as elsewhere, Beame had contended that no further reductions could be made in his proposed austerity budget, and that funds to cover its deficit of six hundred and forty-one and a half million dollars would have to be provided by other means. The cuts he had already made, he insisted, were "murderous." In last winter's flurry over the deficit in the budget for the current fiscal year (which still comes to several hundred million dollars, a fact largely forgotten in the turmoil over the cash-flow problem and the budget for the coming year), the Mayor had announced a number of layoffs among the city's three hundred and thirty-eight thousand employees. On November 22nd, he had ordered the firing of fifteen hundred and ten workers, including five hundred and twenty-five career civil servants. On December 11th, he had announced the firing of thirty-seven hundred and twenty-five more, including nine hundred from the uniformed services. On January 15th, four thousand and fifty were ordered fired, including seven hundred and fifty in uniform. In the next week, the civil-service unions, with the exception of the P.B.A., offered a few slight contract concessions, which the administration announced would make it possible not to fire any of their members. On April 22nd, Beame announced the projected dismissal of 13,782 more workers. Nevertheless, by mid-May, six months after the first announced firings, the total number of city employees actually laid off was nineteen hundred and forty-one—a number that included not a single member of the powerful civil-service unions. After the Mayor's April announcement of city firings, the *News* began running what it called a Budget Box Score, which each day concluded with the information, "As of 5 P.M. yesterday, not one employee had been dropped from the payroll." On the day after Beame got news from Albany of Anderson's rejection, which was two days after he got the bad news from Washington, he announced that the failure of the two governments to help the city balance its austerity budget would require the dismissal of thirty-eight thousand more workers, along with drastic cuts in city services. In tones that *Business Week* described as being reminiscent of a great Shakespearean

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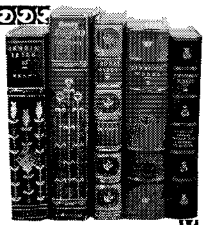

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tragedian, the Mayor emphasized in his litany such prospects as a twenty-five-per-cent cut in police street patrols, the dispersal of sixty-six fire companies, and the closing of eight city hospitals. To his indignation, the press greeted his announcement with some skepticism, noting that it sounded much like the old Lindsay days, when the former Mayor, in what was then derisively referred to as "showboating," was forever threatening a horrendous number of dismissals if state and federal aid weren't forthcoming. "*I'm* not Lindsay," Beame told reporters furiously. "My credibility is too important to me."

A week after visiting the White House, the small embattled Mayor met with the leaders of the P.B.A. and the fire and sanitation unions, and Victor Gotbaum, the head of District Council 37, which handles collective bargaining for a hundred and ten thousand city workers, and whose pronouncement on the budget crisis last December was "Not one civil servant will be laid off. Repeat. Not one civil servant will be laid off." Beame proposed that in order to avoid the layoff of thousands of their members, which the Mayor has the right to order at any time, they make it possible to spread the available jobs among more workers by agreeing to a four-day week, which would require the opening of collective-bargaining contracts or doing without a six-per-cent salary increase after July 1st. Everyone in the room understood what a member of the Beame administration remarked to the *Times* reporter Fred Ferretti later: "Any union leader in this town would prefer layoffs to anything else—in a crunch. . . . Don't forget, a union leader has to run for election, too, and if somebody's laid off he doesn't have a vote." (He does have a vote, however, in a mayoral election.) If the Mayor wanted to discuss any four-day week, Gotbaum said later, "let him discuss it as a monologue." Twenty-four hours after the meeting with the union leaders, Beame announced that he didn't really have any use for the four-day-week proposal, and called it "a one-shot gimmick." He had put it forward, he said a few days later, only to assess the impact—perhaps the impact on the people in Albany and Washington who had implied that his proposed measures to deal with the crisis stopped short of politically unpopular remedies. A few days later, Joel Harnett, the head of the local City Club, remarked that while the general unemployment rate in the city had reached eleven and a half per cent, the civil-service unions, with the Mayor's coöperation, had so far succeeded in their determination to keep their own unemployment rate at zero.

The conviction that the Mayor was indeed coöperating was not weakened by his urging earlier this year that Congress change the federal law so that city workers he might have to lay off could almost immediately be rehired under the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act, a federal Labor Department program designed to provide jobs for the long-term unemployed, with priority going to chronically unemployed veterans, heads of households, and welfare recipients. He had been unsuccessful, although a number of the nineteen hundred and forty-one city employees actually let go had been rehired under the C.E.T.A. program after the minimal thirty days of unemployment required by the act. In April it was discovered that of a total of eighteen persons the head of the Mayor's Office of Neighborhood Services had gone ahead and hired under this program, thirteen were Democratic leaders, members of the Party's state committee, or otherwise allied with Democratic clubhouses; and the Labor Department began an investigation. In the afternoon of a day late last month when City Hall reporters were coping with half a dozen breaking stories on the budget crisis, there appeared in Room 9 a press release announcing that the Labor Department had ordered seven of the employees dismissed, on the ground that regulations prohibit hiring "as a reward for political services or as a form of political patronage." An emissary from the Mayor's office reported that the Labor Department had insisted that the news be released at that time—which, of course, would increase the chances of its getting little press attention. Of the many tricks to managing the news, timing, of course, is among the most useful. A memorable example was John Lindsay's announcement of the sudden resignation of a controversial police commissioner on a Saturday morning at the beginning of a long Labor Day weekend, when virtually the entire local press corps was on the high seas, on a Room 9 junket to Bermuda. On this recent occasion, however, timing did not work. A call to the Labor Department revealed that the news of the political use to which the Beame administration had been putting programs

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intended to help the city's truly needy was released so late in the day at City Hall's request, and the story was thereupon sent out over the A.P. and U.P.I. wires marked "Urgent," and was thus guaranteed special attention. The story on the *Times'* front page the next morning included a reference to the apparent attempt at what was, if not a coverup, a slide-by. Late on the following Friday, at the beginning of the long Memorial Day weekend, the Mayor's office announced the transfer of Captain McCabe out of Chinatown, so the statements of gratification from Chinatown received little coverage, but by the time everybody got back from the weekend a new and more important post had been found for McCabe, and he insisted that he was quite content with the change. Unfortunately, no similarly satisfactory compromise seemed to be in sight for the budget crisis.

BY this time, it had become apparent that since the Republicans have only an eight-member majority in the State Senate, the pivotal votes for any prospective state aid to help fill the six-hundred-forty-one-and-a-half-million-dollar gap in Beame's austerity budget would be those of the seven Republican senators from the city, who might find their party loyalty in conflict with their responsibilities toward their constituents in the five boroughs. However, it nearly always takes the endorsements of two parties to elect a Republican in this Democratic city, and six of the seven ran last November with Conservative as well as Republican support; they represent, for the most part, middle-income areas of homeowners, and, above all, oppose an increase in taxes, which in their view would only encourage further city extravagance, such as the coddling of welfare clients. ("I have some welfare clients in my district, but at least they are entitled to it," one of them, Senator Martin Knorr, of Queens, has said.) Matthew Troy, the chairman of the City Council Finance Committee, suggested that in retaliation the Mayor should simply cut all programs in the Republican senators' districts, but that turned out not to be so simple. Several of their districts coincide with those of powerful Democratic city councilmen, and one of the uncoöperative senators shares much of his Queens district with Troy himself. "I only made the suggestion in a fit of temper," Troy explained hastily. The seventh Republican senator, Roy Goodman, who ran with Liberal Party support on the East Side of Manhattan, infuriated Beame by indicating that he was constantly on the phone with his fellow-Republican William Simon, from whom Beame hadn't heard lately. One of Goodman's ideas was that the city could sell some of its public structures—for instance, its four major East River bridges—which would bring it some badly needed cash, and then lease them back, paying the purchasers an annual rental. This led to jokes about the fellows who used to sell the Brooklyn Bridge having been before their time, but Beame's proposed austerity budget remained shy of the same six hundred forty-one and a half million dollars.

At the extravaganza inaugurating the city's Bicentennial celebration (for which the ground around City Hall had just been resodded, at a cost of seventeen thousand dollars), the Mayor, transformed by recent adversity from a mild-mannered conciliator, turned into a latter-day Patrick Henry. He didn't allow abstractions of history to divert him from the problems uppermost in his mind. He declared that the city's struggle against "economic subjugation" was "as real as our struggle against political subjugation two centuries ago," took a swipe at Goodman by declaring that "no American should be asked to mortgage the Statue of Liberty as the price to provide the quality of life that we have worked so hard and so long to achieve," denounced "the Tories of our time," and warned his listeners against "being dominated by the will of a handful of people who have never stood for election before the citizenry, but, nevertheless, seek to dictate our destiny from bank boardrooms, from union halls, or from the ivory towers of self-anointed oracles." The old union man's surprise inclusion of the unions among the city's enemies caused some listeners to be reminded of John Lindsay's railing against the "power brokers" in another decade.

The following week, Beame entertained the delegates from the Democratic Party's site-selection committee at Gracie Mansion, wearing a fixed smile and resisting any temptation to greet them at the door with the news that they couldn't have come at a worse time. (Some of the local newspapers and television stations assigned their movie-star reporters rather than their political experts to the two-day tour of the city's special attractions, and one of these, interviewing the delegates, went up to Patrick J. Cunningham—the county leader of the Bronx as well as the chairman of the site-

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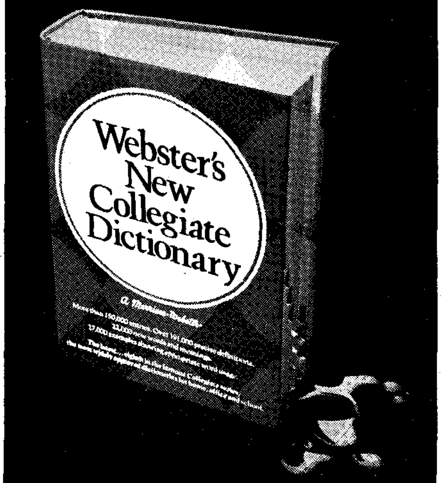

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selection committee—and asked what he thought of New York. After a startled pause, Cunningham said, "Why, I tell you, you've got a great city here. A *great* city.") Meanwhile, Beame had received a letter from the bank boardrooms announcing that the city's financial community would not be able to help the city further, although it might reconsider if the administration came up with "a satisfactorily balanced 1975-76 City budget," and if a commission was appointed to help get the city on a sound financial basis. It had also been noted that Beame had reduced his Bicentennial Day list of the people's enemies by one category: the unions. In recent days, he and the union leaders, especially Gotbaum, have been staunch allies, joining in attacks on the insensitivity to the city's problems displayed by Republicans in Washington and Albany, and particularly the hostility of the banks, although the bankers' responsibility to their stockholders not to invest more of their money in city bonds when some notes from previous issues were going for well below their face value could be compared to the union leaders' feeling of obligation not to reduce their membership to a four-day week.

It wasn't until after the press had revealed some of the details of Carey's partial-receivership plan—which would solve the city's cash-flow problem but would require the surrendering of a considerable measure of local financial control to a new state agency tentatively known as the Municipal Assistance Corporation, or, as Carey called it, "Big Mac"—that, on the final day required by law, the Mayor at last offered a formal budget to the Board of Estimate and the City Council. Preceding the presentation with a televised speech in the City Council chamber that the *News* denounced as "a grandstand play," Beame in effect offered two budgets: the old austerity budget, including the six-hundred-forty-one-and-a-half-million-dollar gap, for which there was no visible means of support, and a "crisis budget." In the crisis version, Beame, perhaps to dramatize his contention that he had previously made "all possible cuts," now made impossible ones, slashing virtually every program that most New Yorkers consider essential to their safety and well-being—a "horror list," as Beame's staff cynically called it, that would presumably cause local voters to rise up and demand that politicians elsewhere give the Mayor what he wanted on his own terms or else. However, in view

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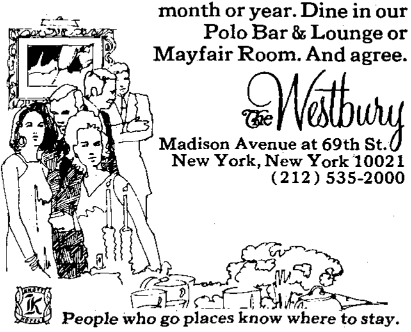

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of Senator Anderson's previous comment about heroin, Beame may have chosen a poor phrase to describe the treatment forced on the city by the "financial houses in our State and national capitals." He described it as "a cold turkey" treatment. The Mayor announced that more than seventy-two thousand positions would be eliminated from the city rolls by June 30th, although these turned out to include some employees who in the last year had died, retired, or moved to Suffolk County, and some, including about three thousand policemen, who had never been hired in the first place, although their hiring had been a big point in Beame's mayoralty campaign. (A Police Department official mentioned the next day that the police had been asked to concentrate their proposed cuts on policemen on street-patrol duty—the loss that would, of course, frighten New Yorkers most.) It was a budget that, as Sam Roberts noted in the *News*, the Mayor "can't possibly expect anyone to take seriously." If the Big Mac scheme should work out as planned, the city's debt service would be considerably reduced, but meanwhile employees of the city's Department of Personnel were working seven days a week on massive overtime, trying to settle the seniority status of the thousands of workers scheduled to be let go. Since in six months the city was able to arrange layoffs for only nineteen hundred and forty-one workers, it seems unlikely that any sizable number will be on the streets by the advertised deadline, but this skepticism is little comfort to city employees with low seniority or to all those citizens waiting to see what services will be withdrawn, what taxes will be imposed, whether the city will be saved from default, whether it can even meet its next payroll, what is real and what is merely grandstanding as each day's episode of the great budget serial unfolds. —ANDY LOGAN

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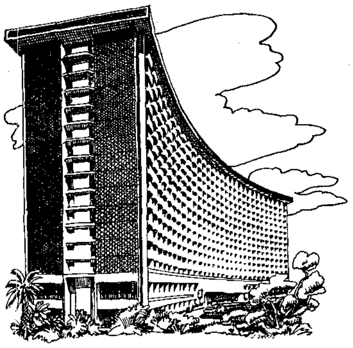

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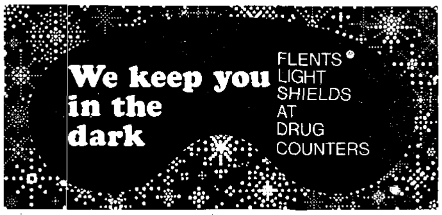

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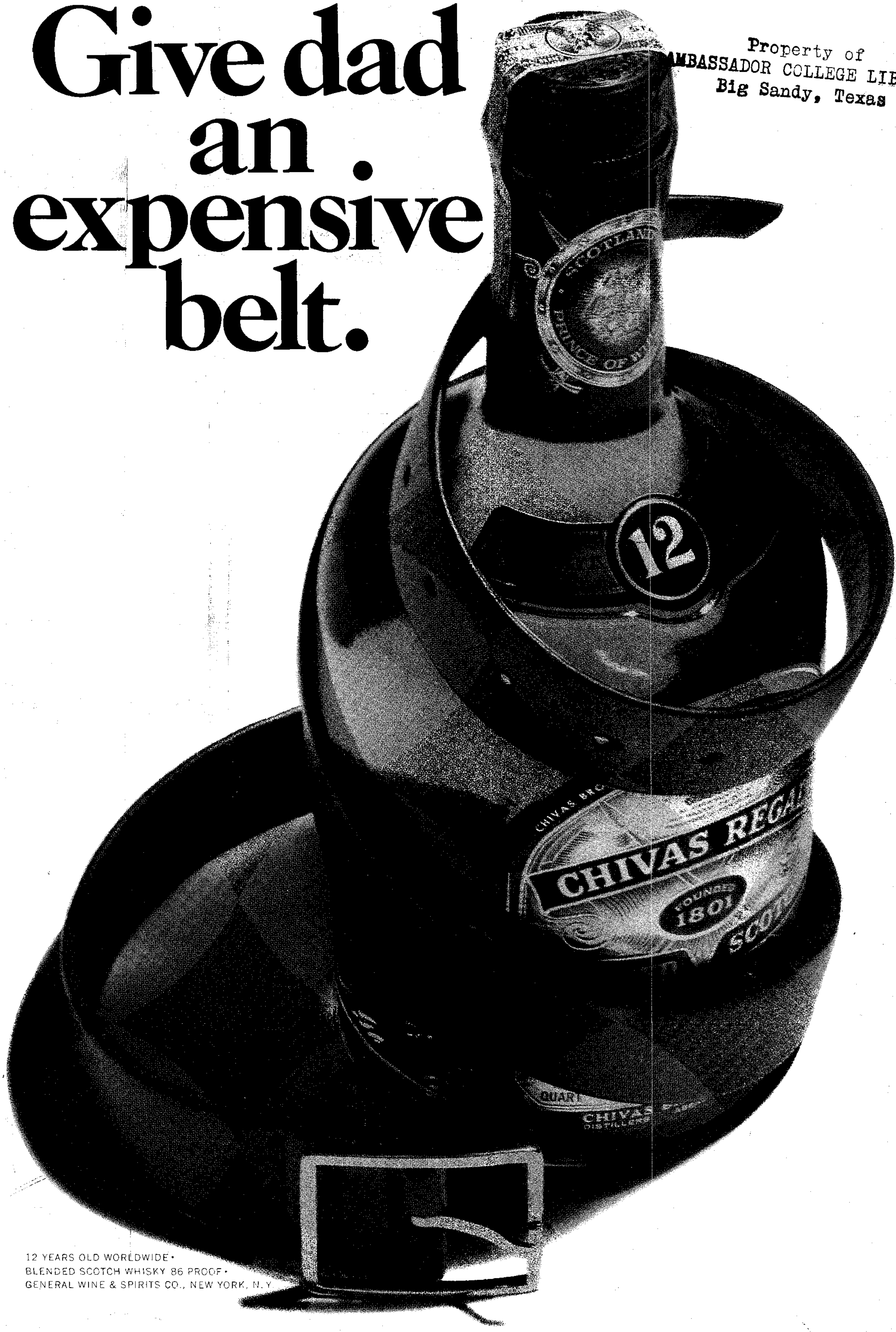
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